

ENDEAVOUR TO BE WHAT YOU WOULD APPEAR TO BE.

THE
FAMILY ECONOMIST;

A Penny Monthly Magazine,

FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES.

VOL. IV.

1851.



The Cottage Homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook,
And round the hamlet fanes :
From glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves,

The free fair homes of England !
Long, long in hut and hall ;
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

LONDON:
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW ;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

GOOD INSTRUCTION IS AS NECESSARY AS FOOD.

A LAZY MAN CARRIES ABOUT HIM A PERPETUAL BURDEN.

YOU MUST BE CONTENT TO LOSE A FLY, IF YOU MEAN TO CATCH A TROUT.

MOTTOES

PRINTED ON THE COVERS OF THE FAMILY ECONOMIST IN 1851.

DELICATE fare is the mother of sickness.
Every man is a pilot in a calm sea.
Excess and envy waste the flesh and the spirit.

Every man has as much vanity as he is deficient in understanding.

Idleness has no advocates but many friends.
Fair words often dress foul deeds.

Good men are safe when bad ones are at odds.

Kindle not passion's fire, it burns with dreadful ire.

Inns and fresh acquaintances are dangerous.
The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

A passionate man scourgeth himself with his own scorpions.

The world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

A quiet conscience sleeps during thunder.

One never loses by doing a good turn.

An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.

All things are soon prepared in a well-ordered house.

However little we may have to do let us do that little well.

Affected gravity is the very essence of imposture.

The voluptuous passions are utter enemies to all the noble faculties of the soul.

He who has his foot out of the mud can easily advise those who are in the mire.

Fair dealing is the bond and cement of society.

Pleasure is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

Money is a useful servant but a tyrannical master.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Well begun half done.

Labour makes a man.

Learning refines and elevates the mind.

Lying is the vice of a slave.

That virtue which parleys is near a surrender.

When fortune comes smiling she often designs mischief.

By persuading others we convince ourselves.

Use your wit as a buckler, not as a sword.

Evil men speak as they wish rather than what they know.

A passionate man scourgeth himself with his own scorpion.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

Assiduity in labour produces glory and fame.

When you have no observers be afraid of yourself.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

Act uprightly and fearlessly, as you would defy the devil and all his works.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.

He that reckons without his host must reckon again.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

High regions are never without storms.

Appetite runs wild while reason lags behind.

Attempt not to fly like an eagle with the wings of a wren.

As is the garden such is the gardener.

Truths, like roses, have thorns about them.

Many sift night and day and yet get nothing but bran.

He who hunts two hares leaves one and loses the other.

A good action is its own reward.

Temperance is the best physic.

A habit of close attention and application is invaluable.

Reading bad books is as dangerous to the mind as poison is to the body.

Say what is well and do what is better.

Make not your sail too large for your ship.

No mother is so wicked but desires to have good children.

When you have no observers be afraid of yourself.

Endeavour to be what you would appear to be.

Good instruction is as necessary as food.

A lazy man carries about him a perpetual burden.

You must be content to lose a fly, if you mean to catch a trout.

INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
Alarm Clock, the ..	176	Earth, the, Not Man's		In a Fix	100
American Advertisement	180	Abiding Place	120	Incognito, an	179
Answers to Enigmas ..	36	Economy	99	Indian Corn Flour, Im-	
Arrow Root, Chapter		Economy of Manures ..	58	proved Manufacture of	153
about	67	Easy Way of Gaining Five		Industry and Idleness	120
Arsenic, Sale of	178	Years of Life	200	Instinct	97
Artificial Tooth Manu-		Egyptian Mummies	180	Jeu di Esprit	80
factory	178	Employment of Women		Johnnies, the, a Tale	190
		in Farm Labours	216		
Barometer and the Wea-		Enigma	99	Keeping the Mouth ..	100
ther, the	166	Enigmatical Garden, an,	156,	Lady Physician	200
Bedsteads	21	179		Laziness	120
Be Truthful to Children	131	Excellence of Religion	60	Leech, the	133
Bees	199	Exercise Essential to		Letter Writing, about	147
Books	46	Health	31	Literature of the Gallows	236
Brian Family, the, 171, 185,		Excuses	121	Little Things	41
211, 227		Exhibition, the Great	122	Lodging Houses	199
British Revenue	40			Loquacity	220
Business Necessary	220	Favourite Window Plants,		Lozenge Manufacture ..	235
		the Management of, 56, 76,			
Calcined Granite, ...	180	118, 157, 197, 218		Marriage Good for Health	220
Canary Birds	116	Fit of Illness	40	Maxims for Gardeners ..	133
Care	200	Folly of Delay	40	Men's Minds	59
Channing at School ..	200	French Freedom of the		Money	100
Charades and Enigmas	75	Press	40	Moralities for Home	
Character	81	Friendship	53	Gossiping	162
Cherful Industry, a		Fresh Eggs, the	74	Will-making	203
Word to Workmen ..	112	Fry's, Mrs., Rules ..	220	Moralities of Cottage	
Chicory and Chicanery	152	Funeral Pomp	140	Architecture	180
Cheapness of the Great		Futility of Pride	20	Morning Prayer of a	
Glass House	140			Pedlar in a Barn ..	160
Cheap Place to Live in	220	Gardening, Questions and		Mother and the Child ..	120
Chests of Drawers 61, 102		Answers about	78	Musical Genius, a ..	55
Children's Marks	227	Generous Convict	34	Mustard, Adulteration of	120
Christmas	221	Gentility	100		
Cod Liver Oil	80	German Games	35	Natural Language of the	
Coffee Drinkers beware	46	Gold Used by Dentists	140	Hands	40
Commendation	100	Gleaning Corn	188	Need we Starve	39
Conversion	140	Good Hearts	20	Neighbours' Quarrels ..	42
Constipation, on	43	Good Memory, a	100	New Wants	54
Court of Chancery	160	Good Society	231	Nightingale, the	80
Cow Keeping	36	Good Word, a	100		
Cucumbers	120	Greatest Building in the		Observation for Fo-	
		World	140	reigners	100
Daguerreotyping in Co-		Great Lie, a	120	Office Hunter, the	60
lours	155			Once Caught Twice Shy	236
Dangers of Mental Idle-		Habitual Kindness	180	Onions, Maggot in ..	199
ness	220	Halliwell	196	Our Washerwoman ..	176
Dare to be Wise	40	Hatching Fish	200		
Devout Damsel, a	20	Health and its Blessings	20	Parsimony and Economy	60
Difficulty	100	Hint to forward Prettiness	120	Peace and War	60
Discretion	100	Housekeeping Accounts	3	Penny Theatres	236
Divine Light	120	Household Furniture, 22, 62,		Pepper and Mustard, about	224
Domestic Happiness, 5, 27,		102, 142, 202		Peto, Mr.	180
63, 91, 113		House Papering, Paint-		Philosophical Gleanings	8
Domestic Life under Mili-		ing, and Furniture ..	207	Pin and the Needle, the	40
tary Governments ..	130	How to become a Sala-		POETRY—	
Domestic Union	179	mander	160	Be ye Sober	175
Don't Complain	180	Impaired Health in Pa-		Cardinal's Curse, the	100
Drapers' Assistants	236	rents	236	Cheer up	232

	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
POETRY—		RECIPES—		Rupture, on	
Gentle Words ..	160	Grafting Wax ..	180	Ruses	19
Good and Bad House-		Grease, to take out of		Saying and Doing ..	
wifery	75	Boards, Marble, &c.	213	Scraps from an Observer's	
Home of Taste, the	16	Hair Brushes and		Note Book	232
Housewife's Evening		Combs to clean ..	74	Sense of Honour ..	120
Hymn	196	Hair Dye	214	Servant Girls' Expe-	
Lines, by Hood ..	200	Horseradish Vinegar	135	riences	104
Rub or Rust ..	34	Indian Pickle, choice		Servants	99
To a Child embracing		Recipe for	134	Shaneen, the Irish Or-	
his Mother	138	Ink, to make	194	phan,	9, 24, 47, 69
The Tree of the		— stains to remove	215	Shepherd of Tarn and	
Valley	236	Iron Moulds, to re-		Garrone, the	97
Who is my Neighbour	55	move	215	Sharp alternative ..	80
Wife's Appeal, the	99	Marble to clean ..	213	Shoemakers of North-	
Poet Wordsworth ..	160	Mildew out of linens		ampton, the	87
Poisonous Sweetmeats	140	to take	215	Simmel Cakes	174
Power of Divine Truth	20	Milk and Butter, to		Stop Thief	16
Prayer of St. Augustine	80	prevent unpleasant		Soap, a Chapter about	12
Prejudice against Vacci-		taste of when cows		Solution of Enigmatical	
nation	20	are fed on turnips	137	Garden	179
Proper use of the Tongue	60	Neats' Foot Oil ..	215	Sorrow	161
Quackery	200	Normandy Pippin		South, Dr.	236
Quackery as to Animal		Water	174	St. Bartholomew's Medi-	
Remedies	160	Oil for mahogany fur-		cine Chest	159
RECIPES—		niture	33	Stephenson, George, in	
Apple Drink	174	Oysters, the best me-		his youth	20
Apple Jelly	199	thod of keeping ..	33	Stimulation	53
Apricot and Peach		Offensive Feet ..	215	Strawberries	160
Water	174	Pewter and Tin, to		Suspicion and Caution	82
Baked Apple Drink	174	clean	215	Sydney Smith	160
Balls to take Grease		Prepared Fruit ..	34	Taking a House, on ..	
spots out of Clothes	215	Raspberry Water	174	Taste, a few words on	109, 207
Black Puddings with-		Salad Cream	135	Tenancy, the	98
out Blood	73	Samphire	137	Two Friends, the	126, 143
Black Reviver	214	Skins, to prepare	215	Umbrellas	
Blue Ink	214	Spring Fruit Sherbet	174	Use and Abuse of Popular	
Buns	72	Strawberry Water	174	Aperient Medicines	125, 149
Cherry Water	174	Strengthening the		Value of Labour ..	
Chilblains, valuable		Voice	215	Want of Thought ..	66
remedy for	33	Scouring Drops ..	215	Wardrobes	141
Cold Cream	34, 213	Tea Urns	72	Washstands	202
Coughs	213	Temperance Yeast	18	Water for Children ..	60
Currant Water	174	Thick Gingerbread	33	Ways and Means ..	88
Custard for plain		Unfermented Bread	137	What the Steam Engine	
families	137	Varnishing Paper-		does	100
Eggs, to preserve ..	215	hangings	215	What is it?	233
French Polish	214	Weak Eyes	215	Will Making	203
Flowers, to preserve	214	Woollens, to wash	33	Winter Evening's Amuse-	
Fruit Beverages ..	174	Yeast, to make	137	ments	233
Fruit Pudding	34	Rate of Mortality among		Wise Distinction ..	220
Furniture Polishers	214	persons of intemperate		Working Man, the, a	
Garlic, Shalot, or		habits	175	Gentleman	218
Onion Vinegar ..	135	Reading and Thinking	220	Yankee, a	
Gherkins, to pickle,		Reconciliation Societies	159	Yeast and Putrid Fever	95, 194
and to preserve the		Recognition of voice be-			
colour and crisp-		tween the Ewe and the			
ness of pickles	136	Lamb	80		
Gooseberry Water	174	Redeeming Forfeits	233		
		Riches	180		
		Reward of Diligence	200		

SAYING AND DOING.

‘HE said he would, and he didn’t!’

Such was the exclamation of a little girl, who ran home from school one afternoon to tell her mother how that her brother Johnny, having promised some days before to give her half of his next cake for helping him to do rather a hard sum, had failed to keep his promise.—He said he would, and he didn’t!

Whether Johnny was punished, or left to dismal reflections on his want of sincerity, we need not now inquire. The whole affair seems too trifling for notice. But life is made up of trifles: and this little incident set me thinking that it would not make a bad text on which to hold some friendly discourse with readers of the *Family Economist* on this first day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

I am perhaps safe in believing that no one will dispute the assertion, that we are all a year older than we were at the beginning of eighteen hundred and fifty. You all admit that, do you not, courteous readers? whether you are young or old, gentle or simple. I fancy I can hear you all say, with a hearty approval, There’s no denying that.

Now, having gained your assent to the assertion that we are a year older, let me put the question—Are we all a year wiser? Have we so lived during the past twelve months as to be able to lay a hand on our heart, and say we are happier by three hundred and sixty-five days than we were?

We have had an assertion, then a question, now must come a declaration. This will be an answer to the question. How many of us can answer it with—YES? Can you, reader? You, with wrinkled brow and spectacles on nose—you, full of manhood’s energies—you, imbued with womanly love and motherly tenderness—you, youth and maiden overflowing with hope—you, children, boy and girl, bounding with life and animal spirits? In palace or parlour, castle or cottage, what can you declare in reply to the question—Are we all a year wiser?

While you are considering whether to reply YES or NO, give me leave to state a few particulars which have come within my knowledge and experience during the past twelve months. We shall gather from them some information about *saying* and *doing*, which may, perhaps, make us more sensible of the difference between the two than we ever have been before. If it does this, we need not repent having spared the time to read them, especially as the reading will not be very wearisome. But to proceed to the particulars.

It came to my knowledge last January, that a certain young man, who had a love for books and literature, felt he should be able to improve his mind, and add to his usefulness and self-respect, if he would only devote to study every morning the two hours which he lost by lying in bed. A considerable portion of time would thus be gained, which would not interfere with business occupations: and as he thought of the pleasures of knowledge, he said to himself on the last day of December, 1849—‘I will begin the New Year, and go through with it, by early rising.’—He said he would, and he didn’t!

There was a certain master who had apprentices: and when he saw how they worked from morning till night, early and late in his service; how they laid aside boyish and youthful sports, and submitted to the hard duties of life, and helped to increase his profits—when he saw this,

he said to himself—‘ I will be more considerate towards my apprentices than I have been. Their evening hours of work shall be shortened, and I will endeavour to interest them in rational recreations. They shall come among my household, and feel that I am careful for their welfare. I will not stint them in food or payment ; and they shall see that if I blame what is blameworthy, so will I praise what is praiseworthy.’—He said he would, and he didn’t !

There were certain apprentices, also, who, talking among themselves at the end of 1849, said—‘ We’ll make a good start with the New Year, and keep it up. The shop shall be opened and swept out in good time every morning. When work is in hand, we will show that we can work ; and we will work more when our master is not looking at us, than when he is. We wont waste his property, neither will we pilfer it. In short, we will try to do our duty by him in all respects.’—They said they would, and they didn’t !

Then there was a damsel about sixteen, good-looking, and good-humoured—sometimes. She had numerous brothers and sisters, all younger than herself, and she saw how her mother strove to manage well, and keep things in order, and employ the father’s hard-won income to the best advantage. And she said within herself—‘ I will lay aside my pride and my foolish notions, and endeavour to assist my mother. I will strive to set a good example to my brothers and sisters. I will be patient with them, and sit with them during lesson-hours, and try to make their tasks pleasant to them. I will share in their little sports, and prove to them that concord is better than discord, and so train them to a habit of love and forbearance. And by-and-by we may hope that ours will be really a happy family.’—She said she would, and she didn’t !

There was the mother of a family who often complained that she was worried out of her life by her children. They were a perpetual plague to her. She was always scolding and slapping them, and yet they would not be good. One day she talked to a neighbour whose children were not a plague, but a pleasure, and after that she said to herself—‘ I will endeavour to check my hasty temper, and by ruling myself learn the best way of ruling my children. I will no longer pervert the love that I bear towards them by fretfulness. I will sympathise with them, enter into their feelings, and win their confidence. I will remember that mischief is not always malice ; that in most cases

‘ Evil is wrought from want of thought
More than from want of heart.’

Thus shall I best fulfil my duty ; promote my happiness by promoting theirs, and lead them to love me as their best friend as well as mother.’—She said she would, and she didn’t.

There was a lad who had accustomed himself to a bad practice of uttering falsehoods, which means that he told lies : wilful ones, planned beforehand. Although he often got himself into trouble by this means, and suffered pains and penalties, he would not leave off or amend his habit of speaking, until one day something set him thinking that telling falsehoods was not so very profitable after all.—‘ I wont tell any more,’ he said. ‘ If I am silly enough to do wrong, I will be honest enough to avow it when called upon. I wont send out any more lies into the world, where they may work great mischief. In future I will say that black is black, and white is white.’—He said he would, and he didn’t !

There was a tradesman who resolved not to cheat his customers any more—a mistress who said she would not worry or overwork her servant—a servant who promised to be faithful to her mistress—a man who vowed to go no more to the public-house—a woman who would waste no more time in scandal and gossip—a girl who would not quarrel—a boy who would not fight—a schoolmaster who would not be harsh to his scholars—a driver who would be kind to his horses—and a spendthrift who determined to be saving.—They all said they would, and they didn't!

Now let us come back to the question proposed a short time ago. Have you had time enough, friendly readers, to consider it? Well, I will not press you for an answer this time. But I should like to remind you in a quiet way, that every twelvemonth that passes leaves us fewer opportunities of commencing good resolves; and even the longest life cannot afford to throw away a chance. For my part I mean to try to live as long as Providence will let me, in the hope, that in course of time, after we have had many confidential intercommunications of thought and sentiment, you will all become very much wiser than I am. So, wishing you a happy New Year, I bid you, for the present—Farewell!

HOUSE-KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

A PROPER attention to order in the management of our affairs whether great or small is the true principle of economy. A want of system generally brings many other wants in its train; if a man will not take the trouble to manage his affairs properly he will very soon find himself without any affairs to manage. Order has been called the first law of heaven; and it is in the operations of nature that we indeed see the most perfect examples of order. Still there are many human undertakings in which the influence of order is clearly shown. How is it that the express train speeds along swifter than the wind, bearing its hundreds of passengers to their destination without injury to life or limb?—it is by order. With trustworthy engines, trustworthy firemen, trustworthy guards, and trustworthy clerks, railway directors are enabled to provide for the wants of the travelling public. Those who labour in large factories or workshops will know how much depends on order. When the machinery is in motion every man must be at his post, and if one part goes wrong then all goes wrong. It affords an illustration on a grand scale of the adage 'A place for everything and everything in its place.' The man who made that had a real knowledge of the value of order.

Look where we will we see benefits resulting from order. According to law,

whenever we drive in a cart, carriage, or waggon along our roads, we must, on meeting and passing another vehicle, pull to the left. Suppose this rule did not exist: how often we should run against each other, and what a number of accidents there would be. Again, in the streets we are all equal, that is, Dick has as much right to walk the streets as Tom, and the drayman as the duke, and hundreds of thousands of people do walk about in the busy and crowded streets of London, every day without inconvenience, entirely by observing a simple rule of order—which is, always to step to the right of the pavement on passing any one, or in other words, the people whom you pass should always be on your left side. Obedience to this one law makes walking easy in streets which otherwise would be impassable.

If a baker expects an additional run of customers, he prepares a larger number of loaves than usual; when a grocer anticipates a throng of buyers, he makes up piles of packets and packages beforehand, and so supplies quickly the demands of his purchasers. If tradesmen were not to make timely provision in this way, what a deal of time would be lost, and there would always be a crowd and confusion in the shop. We see clearly there could be no getting on comfortably without order.

But how is it that railway directors,

manufacturers, and tradesmen are able to keep up such a system of order? They have no more eyes or hands than other people, and yet they do contrive it, and very cleverly too. How is it?—Would you like to know, reader? It is because they keep a regular account of all their business transactions written down in books. For instance: a man buys so much iron, say £250. worth—then perhaps he pays £50. a year rent for his workshops; and he makes up the iron into various articles for sale and pays one or two hundred pounds to his workmen as wages. Well, he sets all these expenses down in a book, and he also sets down the sums which he receives for the manufactured goods, and thus he sees how much or how little profit he may have made; and he can always tell exactly how much he owes and how much is owing to him. This is the whole secret. No tradesman can ever tell whether he is winning or losing, unless he has a good system of book-keeping. Once a year he strikes a balance among all his various accounts, and so discovers if it will be best for him to be a little more saving or a little more liberal for the next twelvemonth. And as it is the custom to preserve these books, so can he look back through them from time to time and see when he has traded wisely or not wisely.

Now, it is a great advantage to be able to do this. It is like having a friend at your elbow to give it a jog and say—‘Don’t be overhasty: remember you made a mistake six months ago.’ And if it be an advantage to the great trader, it is also an advantage to the little trader. But we can go beyond, and say it is an advantage to all classes whether traders or not, most especially to the working-classes. There are thousands of working-people who read our pages—we hope they relish our advice and profit by it—and we should like to have a little friendly discourse with them on this matter; so, my honest friends, just sit down comfortably by your fire-sides for half-an-hour, and let us talk it over.

Most of you do not possess what is commonly called a stock-in-trade; but you have skill and ability to labour, and you sell this skill and ability to certain employers who give you a weekly wage for the same—perhaps fifteen, eighteen,

twenty, twenty-five, or thirty shillings a week, as the case may be. Well, you go home on Saturday with your money in your pocket, glad at receiving the reward of industry, and that the week’s toil is over, and you hand over the money to your wives and agree as to how it shall be laid out. There is so much for rent; so much for food; so much for schooling, for soap and candles and numerous articles best known to those who have a family to bring up. Sometimes you treat yourself to a better joint of meat than common, or a pie, or a few pints of ale extra, or two or three of the children want shoes, and then it happens that before the next Saturday comes you find the money is all gone, and you are obliged to go into debt, or to be half-starved for a couple of days; neither of them very comfortable alternatives.

So it goes on month after month, and too often year after year. You are always in a muddle. Work as hard as you will you don’t contrive to get on; and now and then you say to your wife, ‘I can’t think where all the money goes to. We have never got a penny to bless ourselves with.’ Keeping on in this sort of way, you at last come to think that it was meant to be so, that little good would come of trying to alter it, and that there’s no pleasure in the world except for the rich.

These are not the kind of thoughts that a man ought to live with, or a woman either, for the matter of that; and while we are upon the subject, I can’t help telling you, if you don’t try to get the right sort of notions it must be because you are a little careless or a little stupid. You have as many hands and eyes as a flourishing tradesman, and why should you not flourish as well as he? The difference is that he uses his head, and you don’t. He thinks, and you don’t. He keeps an account of his outlay and income in a book, and you don’t.

Therefore, my friends, the first thing you have to do is to get a book. Half a quire of writing-paper would do, or a school copy-book, or something of that sort, only it is best to have order in the book as well as elsewhere. There are several publications brought out for this purpose to suit students, or farmers, or gentlefolk, or merchants, but we do not

know of any that would suit you so well as the "Working-Man's Housekeeping Book," lately published by the Editors of the *Family Economist*. If we knew of any other that would answer your purpose better, we should recommend it, but we don't, and so if you want to make a beginning in the way of good management, you will do well to buy one of these books, which costs sixpence, and try your hand.

Then, having got the book, you must make a resolution to set down regularly all your expenses every week. You will see the names printed of all the articles you are likely to want in your family. Say for instance, Bread—opposite to this word you write 4s., or more or less, as the case may be. Then Meat 3s., Soap 5d., Tea 1s., Coffee 9d., Sugar 8d., and so on. When all the purchases are set down, then you add up the different sums and find out what they amount to. Perhaps you will see that you have two shillings left out of the pound which you brought home, and so your week's expenses will be eighteen shillings, and the two shillings over may be put into the savings' bank.

In two months you will have got the history of eight weeks' outlay, and on looking them over you will be glad or sorry according to circumstances. Perhaps you will see 1s. 2d. a week set down for beer, a pint a day; and may be 6d. a week for gin. Seeing the thing written down you begin to think that perhaps you could have done without beer or gin. One and eight-pence a week for eight weeks—13s. 4d.—ah! if that had only been put in the savings' bank with the other 2s. weekly, there would be more

than a pound altogether! and a pound in the savings' bank is a nest-egg not to be despised in these times, I can tell you. Many a man has come to fortune from smaller beginnings than that.

Now, I hope you begin to understand the great benefit of keeping an account of house-expenses or your own personal expenses. Everything must be set down; nothing left out. If you keep 5s. a week to spend at the public-house, it must go into the book. And when after a time you see all the amounts in black and white before you, you can judge where some expense may be cut down, or where others may be increased. You can see where you have spent foolishly, or saved wisely. This is a great advantage.

Cobbett said it was desirable for every man to keep a diary, even if he set down nothing more every day than which way the wind blew. It is the habit—the order, that is the good. It causes you to take a pen in hand and to fix your thoughts on an important point in your worldly welfare every day. It leads you to remember that some day you will grow old and not able to work, and that a few pounds saved up against that time would be a very comfortable help. In short, if you want to know all the benefits of keeping a family account book, you must get one and make a trial. Bear in mind the rhymes of old Tusser who wrote 300 years ago:

"Ill huswifery careth
For this nor for that!
Good huswifery spareth
For fear ye wot what."

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

PART I.

"In the pursuit of happiness, in which all are, to a greater or less degree, engaged," observes a popular writer; "we not unfrequently overlook the source of the purest and most substantial of all earth's joys. We row far, and toil hard, for that which may most easily be obtained at our own fire-sides."

"Home," he continues, "is the congenial soil of the purest affections, and the noblest virtues of the heart. Why has God filled the earth with these little bands of united

individuals, called families, if He had not in this arrangement, designed to promote the virtue and the happiness of men? If there be anything that will soothe the agitating passions of the soul, which will calm that turbulence of feeling which the din and bustle of the world so frequently excite, it is the soothing influence of a cheerful fire-side. If you would find the noblest specimens of human nature—if you would find warm sympathy and overflowing kindness, most harmo-

niously united with unyielding integrity, with manly independence, you must go to the man whose affections lure him to the serene enjoyments of domestic life—who goes out into the world to discharge his duties, and returns to his quiet home for happiness and repose. The feelings and affections which are unavoidably cherished by the influence of domestic life, are totally at variance with the envyings and jealousies, and towering ambition, which have scattered desolation over the world, and have sent weeping and mourning into so many families. Home is the citadel in which we are to select our weapons, and gird on the armour which shall fortify us against the temptations of the world; and it is with the utmost difficulty that any one can acquire or retain those feelings of sympathy, of generosity, and of enlarged philanthropy which at times adorn our species, if there be not the influence of home to give birth to these affections, and to nurture them. The wisdom of God is most manifestly exhibited in the restraint which home almost invariably throws around us. You can hardly find an abandoned man, who has not abandoned the joys of domestic life. There is something in the very atmosphere which surrounds the family hearth, which will not allow vice to luxuriate there. If you wish to find the profligate and the degraded, you must turn away from that holy sanctuary, and seek them in haunts of revelry. On the other hand, if you find a young man who does not love home, whose taste is formed for other joys, who can see no happiness in the serene enjoyment of the domestic circle, you may depend upon it he is not to be trusted. And the unfortunate being who is bound to him by wedlock, must pass her solitary evenings weeping over her husband's broken vows. But he who has, in early life, acquired a fondness for fire-side joys, and whose heart is panting for a home of his own, will find that joys bloom brightly enough there, to allure his presence. He will go out into the world to transact his business, and return to his home for his rest and his joy."

The above quotation is a somewhat long one; it is, however, so good, and so much to our purpose, that we could not forbear appropriating it, as an apt and a happy introduction to a short series of

articles which we hope to furnish on the subject of Domestic Happiness.

It is not every home that is a happy one. It is a sad but certain fact, that in many domestic circles, where no outward impediment to peace and enjoyment appear to exist, there is an utter want of that serenity and repose which indicate the possession of happiness. There may be much prosperity; and the luxuries of life may be very thickly scattered around the domestic hearth, but home pleasures are utterly wanting. Now, there is some reason for this—some deficiency which needs to be supplied, or some cause which requires to be removed, or some incongruity which ought to be reconciled or blended. In such a home, the gifts of Providence seem thrown away, so far as comfort is concerned, for comfort there is none. Indeed, the facilities for enjoyment which prosperity gives, are too often perverted into perennial sources of unhappiness.

On the other hand, it is delightful to contemplate the gentle and softening and enriching influence of Domestic Happiness in some families where there is little, apart from it, to attract. Poverty is a weary thing; but poverty itself may be divested of half its wretchedness when it presses upon a peaceful home. 'Better is a dinner of herbs,' says the wise man, 'where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith;' and very plain, homespun happiness is vastly preferable to splendid misery. It will be, then, an interesting and useful inquiry—What constitutes Domestic Happiness? How is it to be secured, retained, and enjoyed?

We shall endeavour plainly and faithfully to answer these questions hereafter; meanwhile, let us say that Domestic Happiness, like other good things, to be obtained, must be sought after with wisdom and earnestness; and that for its possession, some matters of inferior consequence will, perhaps, have to be sacrificed; but surely no sacrifices can be too great to obtain so desirable a blessing.

For instance, the man who is determined *at all events* to rise in the world, who looks upon the possession of riches as the great thing to be striven for, is not likely to have, or to enjoy much domestic happiness. How can he, when his mind is pre-occupied with another object which he deems of far greater importance, and

to which all else must give way? Such an one is too sensibly engrossed with schemes of aggrandisement to condescend to the quiet pleasures of home, or to take a fitting share in its duties. He may succeed, or he may fail in the accomplishment of the great object of his existence; but, succeeding or failing, he misses that which he has never sought with all his heart, and which, therefore, he has not been likely to find.

We wish not to be misunderstood here; —“Almost every individual must of course, pass much of his time in active employment, away from home. He must do this to support his family; he must do this to discharge those duties which he owes to society. *He* cannot love home, or anything else, who is a lazy lounge, from morning to night, around the fire-side. He has neither heart nor life to know the meaning of the word *enjoyment*. No man can be happy who has not constant employment to engage his heart and his hands. But this business of life, in which necessarily most of our hours must be passed, is but a means for the attainment of an end, and that end is happiness.” Here then is the error into which too many fall: the accumulation of property is, to them, the end, and not the means. With them, happiness and property are terms of similar import. Who can wonder, therefore, that they are strangers to the pure and serene pleasures of domestic life?

The indulgence of sensual pleasures is utterly at variance with domestic happiness. Go to the home of a drunkard, or a glutton, and say, reader, is it there that you expect to find a happy family? It is not that every intemperate man ruins himself and his household by the gratification of his gross appetites, though this is the natural tendency of such pleasures; but it is because the pursuit of such pleasures leads in a direction totally opposite to the joys of home,—therefore it is that domestic wretchedness is the certain lot of the dissipated man; and so far as he himself is concerned, it is his deserved doom. But, alas, for his wife and children! No fitful affection which he may exhibit—no indulgences he may sometimes lavish upon them—can redeem them from the certain destruction of their domestic happiness. And if such be the hapless con-

dition of the family where the unworthy gratification of intemperate habits misleads the husband and father,—what, reader, must be the tenfold misery of that household—we will not call it *home*—where the guilty and misguided one is the wife and mother?

Self-will can never have a happy home. Let the man—lord of creation as he may style himself—who is determined to have his own way in all things,—who will bear no one to cross his path,—who expects all about him to watch for his nod;—let him, we say, keep clear of domestic entanglements; for domestic happiness he will never attain. And let not the woman who means to carry all before her, by force or by artifice,—who can endure no contradiction;—who will yield to no terms of fitness or of reason,—let her not venture within the circle of domestic ties. There is no domestic happiness in store for her. No such thing. *Self-will must* be sacrificed on the altar of domestic affection.

The man who would have a truly happy home must sacrifice much of his love for general or promiscuous society,—that is, if such a love be strongly implanted within him. The world, especially the younger part of it, makes a great mistake in this particular. A person is seen to shine in company. He is the life and soul of a party. His talents to amuse are called into full play. He is all smiles and small talk—delightful small talk. He is polite, sometimes even to fulsomeness, to females, especially to young females. Or, in a company of his own sex exclusively, he can keep the table in a state of perpetual excitement by his liveliness and his wit—can sing a good song, tell a good tale, and pass the bottle with perfect good will. ‘He is a right-down good fellow,’ say his male associates,—‘always in his element; never out of tune or temper.’ ‘What a delightful man!’ exclaims a fair admirer of his suavity and politeness; ‘What a treasure of a husband he must be!’ But it is not so. In nine cases out of ten, the wives and families of such ‘good fellows,’ and ‘delightful men,’ have a very small portion of domestic bliss. The qualities which recommend such an one to society, and make him a general favourite there, are not good home virtues. His own fire-side is deserted for more

exciting scenes, or when he is found there, it is too often in a state of collapse. His vivacity has disappeared; his brow is contracted into an ominous frown. In short, he answers too faithfully to the character of Bunyan's Talkative—"An angel abroad—a devil at home." Of such an one, most justly has it been said,—“You call him a brute who breaks his wife's *head*, so he also is a brute who breaks her *heart*; and how many an unhappy wife sits friendless and alone during all the hours of the evening, and even of the night, when her faithless husband is seeking his pleasures in other society. How painful must be her reflections on thus finding her fondest anticipations disappointed, and the fire-side, at which she hoped to be blest with sympathy and society, deserted and desolate!” We do not mean, however, that a man cannot be an agreeable social companion, and, at the same time, a kind domestic husband. This would be untrue. But what we mean is, that one whose inordinate love of display leads him into general society,—who is never so much *at* home as when he is *from* home,—who thinks the sober realities of the family heartless tasteless and unrelishable compared with the glittering amusements of society in general,—who lavishes his compliments and smiles so freely upon his female acquaintances, that he has none to spare for the friend of his bosom,—can neither give nor appreciate domestic happiness. And we would warn those whose natural or acquired habits tend to the dissipation and whirl of what are called social pleasures, that an inordinate attachment to such pleasures must be abandoned before they can have happy homes.

We might add here, that the excitement of political fervour, is unfavourable to domestic happiness. We admit that every man has duties as a citizen, and that it is preposterous and insolent to say of the members of any class in society, however humble, that they have nothing to do with politics. But we do nevertheless

affirm, that political partizanship is very destructive of the home virtues; and that the man who would enjoy much fire-side pleasure, must perhaps give up the ardent pursuits of what he may deem, and of what we also might deem, abstractedly considered,—his just political rights. This may seem to some a mean and dastardly course. We cannot help it. Nor do we say that a man should cast away all care for the one object, in order to secure the other; but we do say, let him take care which is the subordinate object, and which the superior. Political happiness is a good thing truly; but domestic happiness is a better.

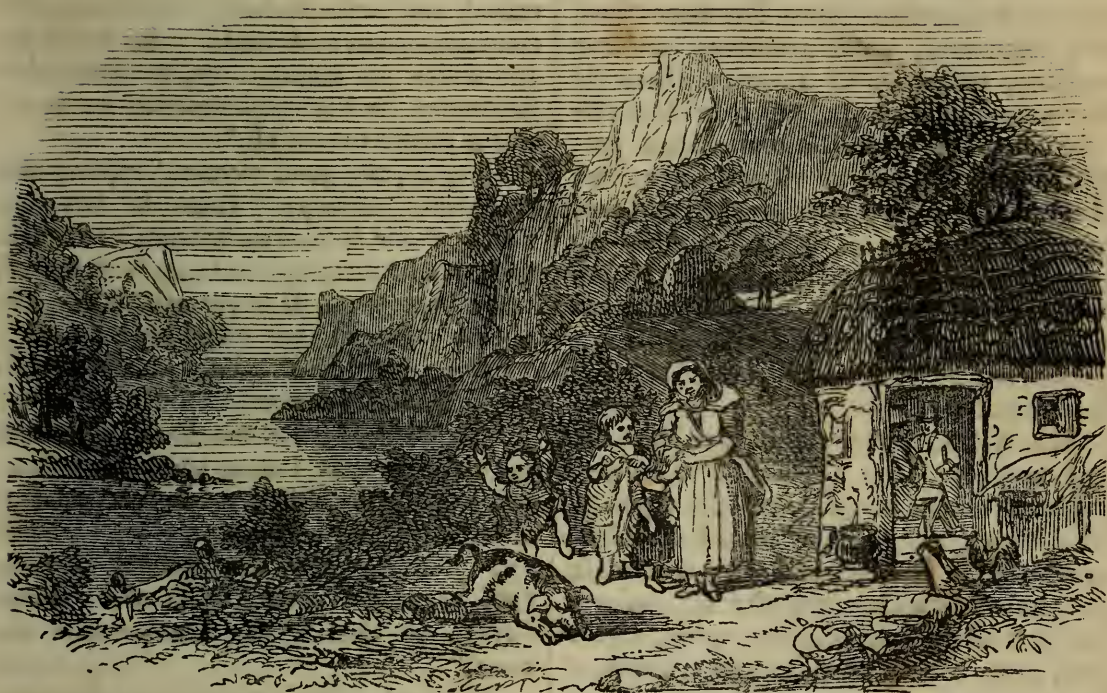
A few words more, and our introductory chapter shall close. ‘The more a man loves home,’ writes the author already quoted, ‘the more serene will be his mind, the more labour he will be able to perform, and the more powerful will be the influence he can exert upon society around. This is an influence which rests and invigorates the spirit for new achievements. It is home, after all, to which we must retreat from the bustle of life, if we would find enjoyment. It is in the serene employments of that blessed sanctuary, that we must fortify our spirits against temptation, and prepare for a better world on high. It matters not what may be our situation in life, or how deeply we may be engrossed in labour and care, we ought with assiduity to cherish a fondness for home; and to try to promote the happiness at least of that little portion of the human family with which we are most intimately connected.

“The Bible has informed us that the time will come when the sorrows with which the earth is now filled, will pass away like the clouds of the morning. A day of glory, bright and beautiful as the morning of earth's creation, is yet to dawn upon our globe. And when that millennial day shall come, earth will be filled with happy families. There will be here below the foretaste of the pleasures of a home in heaven.”

PHILOSOPHICAL CALMNESS.—James Ferguson and his wife led a cat and dog life, and she is not once alluded to in the philosopher's autobiography. About the year 1750, one evening, while he was delivering to a London audience a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the room in a passion, and maliciously overturned several pieces of the apparatus; when all the notice Ferguson took of the catastrophe was the observation to the audience, ‘Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman.’

SHANEEN, THE IRISH ORPHAN.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.—PART FIRST.



"BETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."—*Proverbs* xv. 17.

MARGARET DONNELLY was standing at the door of her humble cabin, and a miserable cabin it was ; but if beauty of situation and loveliness of prospect could make up for an utter want of cleanliness and comfort, then might many a one envy Margaret her lowly dwelling. It lay nestling in the lap of a green dell, which was partially bounded by hills of a most picturesque form, some of them crowned with granite rocks, others richly clothed with wood ; while on its eastern side, lay outstretched at a little distance the calm blue waters of St. George's Channel. It was pretty plain, however, that Margaret had not, at the moment of which we now speak, any eyes for the lovely scenery which presented itself on all sides to her view. Her physiognomy was clouded by an expression of anxiety, which betokened some present annoyance or perplexity of mind ; and raising her hand over her eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, and enable her to discern some distant object, she called out in a loud tone, 'Jemmy ! Shaneen ! Denny ! Where are ye all, that ye don't come directly, when I am after calling yez all ?' Presently there were seen leaping over a

hedge three merry-faced ragged looking boys, who answered Margaret's summons.

'Sure,' said the eldest, 'it was looking after the pig we war, for the baste has got into the praty garden, and is rooting them up like a haythen, as he is.'

'Well, ye must jist let the craythur alone for the prisint, for here are the quality come to look after yez, and they seem mighty impaytient like to see yez all ; so come along, like good childer, as ye are. Jim agra, button up yer coat, (a long loose garment, hanging down to his heels, with many rents in it) button up yer coat, and look like a man. Come here, Shaneen, my jewel,' addressing the youngest of the party, a boy of nine or ten years old, with a pleasant bright countenance, and a profusion of light curling hair, 'come here, till I settle yer hair for ye.' So saying, she hastily smoothed down the little fellow's waving locks, and holding his hand, hastened into the cabin.

There sat two elderly gentlemen, who were evidently looking about them with a scrutinizing glance, as if they felt some peculiar interest in the aspect of the place. It was not very likely that their investigation should prove a satisfactory one, for we can scarcely conceive of more wretchedness and discomfort than were beheld within Margaret's habitation. An uneven

earthen floor, some of whose cavities were filled with mud, a few rudely-formed wooden stools, a broken table, upon which lay the cold potato skins left after their mid-day meal, some wretched looking bedding, rolled up in a corner, three or four mugs, an iron pot, and a broken pitcher, were the only objects which presented themselves to view. Nor was Margaret's own appearance such as to prepossess a stranger in her favour; for although she had a pleasing, good-tempered countenance, there was a disorder in her apparel, and a want of neatness about her person, which would have marred a fairer face than hers.

Mr. Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Maunsell had recently been appointed to inspect the condition of several destitute orphans, who, through the agency of a benevolent committee in Dublin, had been located in the county Wicklow, for the sake of enjoying fresh air, kindly nurturing, and a good plain parochial education. Three of the orphans had been entrusted to Margaret's care; and if Nurse Donnelly (for so was she usually called) had been as orderly and cleanly in her habits as she was kind and tender in her disposition, the bereft children could not have been more happily placed than under her roof; but her extreme slovenliness rendered her an unfit guardian for children, upon whom example ever acts more powerfully than precept, in the formation both of habit and character.

Margaret, as has been already said, re-entered the cabin, holding in her hand Shaneen, who clung to her side with a timidity scarcely suited to his years, and looked up at her, ever and anon, with a glance of most trustful affection. Dennis and Jemmy having followed her in, pulled the front lock of their hair with due reverence to the strangers, upon whom they gazed with a mixture of curiosity and awe. The clergyman having asked the boys some questions in geography and arithmetic, and ascertained that they were well instructed in the scriptures, expressed his satisfaction with the progress they had made, whereupon the children scraped a bow, and gave another tug at the forelock which had been so lustily pulled only a quarter of an hour before.

'And havn't ye a word to say to his Riverence, who has been so condescinding

to the like of yez? Sure, ye're a disgrace entirely to a dacent woman like myself, who knows how the quality ought to be treated, and who taches ye the manners morning, noon, and night. Its down on yer knees ye ought to be, to thank his Riverence for his condescinsion in being like a father to yez all.'

'No, no, my good woman,' replied Mr. Maunsell, gravely, 'there is but one Being, "our Father in heaven," to whom they should be taught to bend their knees, and I hope you will never ask them again to bow down in that way before man.'

'Sure, yer Riverence, you wouldn't have them to be proud.'

'Far from it; for our blessed Saviour has told us, that unless we humble ourselves as little children, we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven; but we must not give to man the honour due to God alone. I would wish their humility to be that of the heart, not of the knee.'

Margaret looked perplexed; for, like many of her nation, she had a very indistinct perception of the difference between humility and servility—the one a slavish vice, the other a Christian—I had almost said an angelic—virtue. Imperfect, however, as might be her apprehension of Mr. Maunsell's meaning, Margaret knew, or rather, perhaps, *felt* that he was saying something good and true; so lifting up her hands in admiration, she said, 'Ah, thin! yer Riverence, those are beautiful words intirely, and it's yerself that spakes as if ye war reading out of a book; but a poor ignorant craythur like myself can only keep to her church, and do what she is taught by the minister there.'

Mr. Maunsell, smiling: 'You cannot do any thing better, my good woman, provided you "keep" also to God's Holy Word. But we must talk of other matters now, I believe.'

'Yes, indeed,' interrupted Mr. Wilson, whose eager impatient look bespoke him to be one of those practical men of business, who think that life consists only in doing, and who, therefore, regard all unnecessary words as idle and wasteful, 'yes, it is high time to come to business. These boys, Nurse Donnelly, were committed to your care in consequence of the excellent character received of you from your clergyman. He told us you were

honest and good-tempered, and kind and well-principled, all very good qualities, I admit, but they cannot atone for the entire want of cleanliness and order which I observe here. It seems to me surprising that former inspectors did not report the true state of matters here, but'—

'Och! yer honour,' interrupted Margaret, 'the inspectors were mighty kind gentlemen; they obligated me greatly.'

"Obligate," indeed! So it seems they have "obligated" you at the expense of truth, which I will never do; for I shall consider it my duty to acquaint the committee that your cabin is like a pig-stye, and shall advise them to remove these boys from under your care.'

'What is it yer honour is after saying?' inquired Margaret, with a bewildered look.

'That I do not consider you a fit person to have the care of these orphans, and that it is my duty to say so to the committee.'

'Thin, is it the childer ye want to take from me?' exclaimed she in an impassioned tone, 'the childer I have watched over in sickness and in health, as if they war my own flesh and blood. Sure, whin they war down in the faver last spring, sorrow a one laid a finger on them but myself. The neighbours will tell yez if I parted from them night or day. And now, the darlings are to be taken from me jist as if I was a baste or a haythen, that hadn't the sinse to take care of them. Oh, musha my jewel!' continued she, turning to the curly-headed Shaneen, who still held fast by her side, looking with a mixture of sorrow and dismay from Margaret to the inspector, 'Oh, musha, musha, my jewel, is it yerself, the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart, that they would be after taking from me? Sure, yer honour,' said she, dropping on her knees, 'Sure, yer honour is too humane a gentleman to break the heart of a poor widdy, by laving her alone in the wide world with sorrow a craythur to comfort her. May the blessing of heaven be powered down upon yerself and yer beautiful lady and childer'—

'I have no "beautiful lady and childer,"' interrupted Mr. Wilson, gruffly; 'so, good woman, get up off your knees, and leave off praying for them.'

'Troth, the more's the pity,' rejoined

Margaret, rising up, and looking at him beseechingly; 'for if ye had, ye would be more natural-like in yer feelings to a poor lone woman like myself; but sure I am, it isn't in the heart of yez to spake ill of a craythur who has done her best for the childer. Not that I grudge the trouble they have given me; for good childer they are, and beautiful childer, God be praised for the same, and mighty fond they are of the larning. If ye'd only look in the windy there, ye will see, sure enough, how they have worn out their books with spelling out of them.'

'Yes, these books seem to have been well thumbed,' observed the clergyman, kindly, as he looked into a lesson book which lay near him.

'Disgracefully dirty, in my opinion,' said the inexorable Mr. Wilson. 'This book was given only six months ago, I perceive, and now it is not fit to be used in the school. Every thing I see here confirms me in my opinion that you, Mrs. Donnelly, are unfit to have the care of these orphans. You may think me a hard-hearted man,' continued he, in a kinder tone, 'but you must remember we have a duty to fulfil to the orphans and their guardians, and it must be fulfilled without partiality,' added he, striking his stick emphatically on the ground, 'so it will, I am sorry to say, be absolutely necessary for me to inform the committee of the wretched condition of your cabin, and of the miserable plight in which we have found the orphans who have been left under your care.'

Margaret Donnelly, with all her love of blarney, (Anglicé, flattery) possessed a large share of that high spirit which cannot brook an insult; and she conceived that this deliberate speech of Mr. Wilson's was insulting to her feelings; so folding her arms together, she replied slowly, 'That's as yer honour plazes. It isn't Margaret Donnelly who will demane herself by asking yez to change yer intintion. But He who lives in heaven above, knows that I have worked the sowl out of me for these childer; and it's welcome they are to all I have done for them, the craythurs. All I ask of yez is to put thim where they will be trated kindly and tinderly.'

So saying, she unconsciously fixed her eyes upon Shaneen, and wiped off with

her apron a tear which was silently stealing down her cheek. Fondly did her heart cling to this boy, and a pleasant-looking child he was, with his clear blue eye, which looked out so guilelessly and so fearlessly upon the world, as if there were nothing for him to conceal or to apprehend from his fellow-creatures. In spite of his destitute condition, Shaneen had hitherto been a happy being ; but his moistened eye and grave countenance told of the change which was about to come over his blithe and joyous spirit.

After a brief farewell, Mr. Wilson hastened out of the cabin, satisfied with having performed his duty, but not without an inward monition that it might have been fulfilled with more kind consideration to the feelings of others. Mr. Maunsell remained behind a moment to speak a few words of comfort to Margaret, reminding her that she was yet young enough to acquire habits of order and cleanliness, if only she would resolve steadfastly to do so. 'And then,' added he, 'there would be no better nurse in the county Wicklow than yourself, for you seem, in all other respects, to have done your duty faithfully to these children. If they should be taken from you, I promise that they shall be placed with kind and careful people.'

'Thank yer Riverence a thousand times for yer kind good words, and ten thousand blessings on ye for promising to look after the poor fatherless childer. But oh ! yer Riverence, couldn't ye say a good word for me to the great gintlemin in Dublin, and I'll grow quite clane and orderly-like, as you call it, and I'll pray for yer Riverence all my born days, if the darlings are left with me.'

'Well, my good woman, I shall speak of you truthfully and kindly. I can promise nothing more,' and stroking Shaneen's head kindly, he bade Margaret farewell.

Faithfully did Mr. Maunsell fulfil his promise to Nurse Donnelly, for he spoke in as favourable terms of her as truth would allow, and even recommended that six months' trial should be allowed her with the hope that she might overcome her habits of slovenliness ; but it was decided by the committee that at the expiration of the quarter, her orphan charge should be delivered into other hands.

We shall not attempt to describe the grief of poor Margaret on parting with the boys whom she had learned to regard as her own children. Her sorrow was poignant enough on the removal of Dennis and Jim, both of whom were placed in the family of a neighbouring cottar ; but Shaneen, her darling Shaneen, was to be removed fifty miles off, to the dwelling of a farmer, who was unknown to her even by name. It was in vain that Mr. Maunsell assured her that this farmer had been selected for Shaneen's guardian on account of his piety and benevolence, and also because a total change of scene and circumstance seemed more conducive to the boy's happiness than if he were dwelling within reach of his former home. Margaret was not to be pacified by these arguments, and when the moment came for Shaneen's departure, it seemed as though her heart would break in the agony of separation ; nor was the orphan's grief less bitter than her own, and so tenaciously did he cling to the kind creature who had watched over him as a mother, that it became necessary to use at last some gentle force in withdrawing him from her arms.

But the struggle is now over. Shaneen has been removed to Dublin, under the care of his kind friend, Mr. Maunsell, previously to his being transferred to Farmer Caswell's protection. So, leaving poor Margaret for a while to her lonely sorrow, we must now accompany the orphan boy to his new abode in the county Meath.

A CHAPTER ABOUT SOAP.

WHEN was soap invented ? And how did people keep themselves clean before that time ? are two questions often asked ; and we propose in the present article to furnish answers to them, and supply information on a subject which is the more interesting as it is closely connected with

comfort, health, and decency. The earliest mention that we have of soap occurs in the works of well-known Greek and Roman writers. When Rome spread her power over distant lands, she learned the arts of the people she conquered, and thus it became known that the Germans and

Gauls made use of a substance in washing which in their old language was called *seip*. The Romans named it *sapo*, and our word is *soap*. The writers who mention it describe it as made of goat's fat and ashes mixed together by heat; and there were two kinds, as at present, hard and soft, and also varieties of these kinds, some of which became fashionable at Rome, and were used by the upper classes for dressing their hair as well as washing. Among these sorts, which probably resembled pomatum, there was one known as Batavian froth. We may therefore conclude, that soap was invented by the people called barbarians about two thousand years ago.

Before that time, certain natural productions were used in washing; but with them the cleansing of linen or woollen cloth must have been a work of considerable labour, and less perfect than with manufactured soap. In the earliest times the custom was, as it still is among savage tribes, to stamp on the things to be washed, and tread them underfoot in water. Homer alludes to this way of washing. Sometimes a lye was made by pouring water on wood ashes; and this was used to cleanse other things—wine-vessels and images of the gods in the temples, as well as clothes. Egyptian nitre was also used dissolved in water; it is believed that this is the same substance as that mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures under the name of *borith*. From Jeremiah's expression "though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap," we are led to believe that even in those early days, two sorts of materials for washing were known to the Jews. In some countries, too, there were alkaline springs flowing from the ground, and in the water of these, clothes could be cleansed without soap. The people still make use of them in different parts of Europe. Ox-gall was also largely employed, and perhaps more than all, urine. So much value was set upon the latter in Rome, that vessels were placed at the corners of streets to collect it, and carried away when filled by the scourers, who, in consequence of the unpleasant smell attending their trade, were made to live in a remote quarter of the city. A somewhat similar practice prevails in China at the present day. It was one that prevented defilement of the

walls and public thoroughfares, at the same time that it turned to profit what would otherwise have been a nuisance. The Emperor Vespasian laid a tax upon the article, levied probably on those who benefited by the traffic in it. It is still used in some towns of the north of England, where a few years ago servants in private houses were accustomed to sell it to collectors.

Besides these materials, there are several kinds of meal which have cleansing properties, such as oats, barley, and beans. Bran, too, and rice-water, can be used with delicate articles liable to lose their colour, and too weak to bear much rubbing. Meal is still employed in dressing certain sorts of woollens, and as is believed was similarly employed in past ages, and fuller's earth was much more largely used then than now.

There is also reason to believe that the ancients made use of the juice of the *saponaria officinalis*, or soapwort, a plant found in England and in most European countries. It grows about eighteen inches high, near hedges and thickets, on a round stem, which, as well as the leaves, is very smooth. The flowers are a pale blush colour, with an oppressive scent, and bloom in August and September. Some double sorts are cultivated in gardens. The sap of this plant forms a lather in water; the leaves serve as soap when rubbed, and will remove spots of grease from cloth. At one time it was applied as a remedy against some kinds of skin disease. A plant similar in nature to this is much used by the peasantry in Spain and Portugal.

Another vegetable production is the fruit of the *Sapindus*, as it is called, a short name for *sapo indicus*, a tree that grows in the East and West Indies. The fruit is pulpy, about the size of a cherry, but it requires to be mingled with a good quantity of water, as it is of a very caustic or burning nature. People who use it occasionally in the backwoods of America, if not careful, sometimes find their clothes spoiled by it. This pulp, when thrown into ponds or rivers, will intoxicate the fish. The seeds or nuts were at one time brought to England, and used as waistcoat and gaiter buttons; when tipped with metal they were very durable.

It was at the beginning of the sixteenth

century, about 1525, that soap was first made in England; before that time it had been imported from foreign countries. The price was for one sort a penny per pound; for the commoner, one halfpenny. There is reason to know that the Romans had become manufacturers at an early period; for among other remains of that people discovered at Pompeii was a soap manufactory, with a quantity of soap still perfect, although it had been buried seventeen hundred years. The process of making was not very different from that which now prevails; and which, after this short sketch of the history of soap, we next proceed to describe.

The manufacture of soap is one of considerable importance as regards trade, as well as health and cleanliness; and the use of it is one of the evidences of civilization. There are five or six kinds made in this country, which may be considered as staple articles, besides numerous varieties. It is well known that grease or fat will not mix with water unless something else is combined with it. This something else is called an alkali, and by the mixture of fat and alkali soap is produced. There are different kinds of alkalis, two of which are used in soap-making—potash and soda. Certain plants contain soda; in some parts of the world, Hungary and Egypt, it exists in the earth; in Spain great quantities were once made by burning seaweed, and exported as *barilla*, and in Scotland also, where it was called *kelp*. But these were all more or less impure, and are now seldom used, because a better and cheaper sort is made from common salt. Since the duty on this article was taken off in 1825, a very pure kind of carbonate of soda is obtained from it; and one advantage attending its use is, that the smell of waste lees at soap-houses is less offensive than formerly.

Carbonate of soda contains carbonic acid; this is removed by mixing it with lime, water is then poured over to form a lye, and this is afterwards carried into the large copper or boiler provided for the purpose at soap-manufactories. With the lye a quantity of tallow is put into the boiler, from ten to fifteen hundred-weight of the one, and from 200 to 300 gallons of the other, which, on the average, will give a ton of soap. The whole is boiled together for about four hours, by

which time it is generally found that a combination has taken place, and the fat is converted into soap. The fire is withdrawn, and time given to cool; the lye is run off or pumped out, and fresh lye added, followed by another boiling, and so on, three or four times, a little common salt being thrown in towards the last, to assist the separation of the soap. The fire is then put out; the melted material left to stand a short time, after which it is carried in large ladles or buckets, and poured into the frames which, may be compared to a sort of wooden well from three to four feet long, fifteen inches wide, and ten or twelve feet high. Some of them will hold several thousand pounds' weight. In these the soap remains two or more days, until it is hard and solid, when the wooden frames are lifted off, the mass is cut into slices about three inches thick with wires, and these being cut across, form the bars such as are sold in shops. After being cut in this way, they are piled up in stacks for a further drying.

Such is a general description of the method of making soap, and in the main it applies to all kinds; the variations are chiefly in the materials. To make the best white curd soap, none but the best and purest tallow is used, and sometimes olive oil. Mottled soap is made of coarser kinds of tallow and kitchen stuff; and the mottled veins are produced by having very strong lye poured over and stirred into it, just before it is taken out of the copper. Different colours may be given in this way. Yellow soap requires a different mixture: tallow with a considerable quantity of resin broken small, and a small quantity of palm oil. The best yellow soap should not contain more than one-fourth part of resin, and when cut it will have a bright waxy appearance, produced mostly by the palm oil. It makes a better lather than mottled soap. If, however, there is too much resin and too little tallow it is bad, irritating to the skin, and especially injurious to woollens which may be washed with it. Buyers of the article should always remember that low-priced soap is never cheap; the most stinking fat is generally melted up with the resin to make yellow soap, and the commoner it is in quality, the more water does it contain; so that those who buy cheap and bad soap pay at the rate of 4d. or 5d. a

pound for the water inside of it. In America, dishonest manufacturers will sometimes increase their quantity of soap by throwing dead pigs into the boiler with the fat, and make the lye so strong as to dissolve all but the bones. It is to be hoped that such a bad practice does not prevail in England; but no one who has smelt the offensive odour of bad soap can believe that it is made of good materials.

The best Windsor soap is made of about nine parts tallow to one of olive-oil and soda-lye. The scents or perfumes are always added during the melting. Lard is used for some kinds of toilet soaps; they are very white and smooth, and frequently preferred for shaving. There is a great variety of soaps of this class with names, colours, and scents to please all the fancies of customers. Some of them are made with olive-oil; and others are improved in appearance by being pounded in a mortar after the first process of making and made up a second time.

Soft soap is made with potash lye and oil. Soda is the alkali always used for hard soap; potash for soft soap. In this the lees is not separated after boiling, as with the other; and it is said that the making requires greater care and is more difficult. Two hundred pounds of oil, seventy-two pounds of potash, and the lye will produce nearly five hundred pounds of soap. The rankest sort of oil is generally used, and the fig-like appearance of soft soap is caused by a small quantity of tallow being mixed with it, and forming into small grains during the boiling. For the best sorts pure oils are used: among them are poppy, linseed, cocoa-nut, almond, and olive oils.

There are also medicinal soaps: some combined with mercury or other metals. One is made with olive-oil and oxide of lead, the result is diachylon, so much known and used as plaster. Emulsions and liniments are a species of liquefied soap formed by mixing hartshorn, potash, soda, or lime-water with oil: they present a milky appearance. A mixture of oil and lime-water is a good remedy for burns. At some of the large iron-works a supply is always kept in readiness against the accidents which so frequently occur.

Spanish or Castile soap is made from soda and the best olive-oil, mottled by

the addition of oxide or sulphate of iron. The purest kind is used for pills: their effect is slightly aperient and corrective of acidity of the stomach, and combined with carbonate of soda, they are sometimes prescribed in gout and affections of the bladder. In some forms, too, Castile soap is an antidote to certain kinds of poisons. But when used as a curative, especial pains should be taken to have it pure. The wickedest of all adulterations are those of medicinal substances.

Soft soap, when made of pure materials, potash, and olive-oil, is also valuable for medicinal purposes. Some kinds of skin disease, scab, and ring-worm may be much better cured by it than by the greasy ointments so often used. The latter not unfrequently aggravate the disease by creating dirt, while soft soap tends to cleanliness. Sulphur is occasionally mixed with it to assist its curative effect, but this should only be done under the advice of a medical practitioner.

The chief places of soap manufacture in England are Liverpool, London, and Bristol, besides other large towns of the United Kingdom. Considerable quantities are also made in Ireland. A duty was first imposed on soap in 1711; it was 1d. per lb.; increased in 1782 to 2½d., and to 3d. in 1816. During a year or two of the latter excessive rate, the price rose to £82. per ton; and the consequence was an increase of dirt and disease among the labouring classes. In 1833, the duty was lowered to 1½d. per lb. on hard, and 1d. per lb. on soft soap, at which it has since remained. But if, as is hoped, this duty can be removed, the cause of cleanliness will be greatly promoted. There is no duty on soap in Ireland, and it is said that a good deal of smuggling in the article goes on between that country and England. Woollen, cotton, and linen manufacturers who use soap in their trade, get it duty free.

In 1791, the quantity of soap made in Great Britain was 43,123,578 lbs. of hard, and 3,842,136 of soft. In the year ending January 5, 1850, it was 179,984,542 lbs. of hard, and 17,447,581 lbs. of soft. The yearly consumption per head is estimated at from 7 lbs. to 9 lbs. The quantity exported of both kinds was nearly eleven millions of pounds, and the quantity imported, a little over a thousand hundredweight. The number of licenses

granted to soap makers was—in England, 152; in Scotland, 23; in Ireland, 153. The charge for a license is £4. yearly.

Soap produces more than a million sterling annually to the revenue, and its manufacture consumes, also annually, 6,000,000 tons of tallow, 12,000 tons of palm oil, and 20,000 tons of resin, or coarse turpentine. Formerly the process of making was very much interfered with by the Excise; manufacturers were exposed to the most vexatious regulations, whereby they sustained loss as well as annoyance. By a change in the law made in 1840, they are now left at liberty to choose their own methods; but there are still restrictions which check the trade by checking improvements.

The most harmless adulterations which are practised in the manufacture of soap are the mixing of certain kinds of earth or clay and potato starch with the fat. These increase the bulk and weight. It is supposed that many unlawful manufactories exist in different parts of the country. Mr. Porter states that fifty of

the manufacturers who take out a license, which costs them £4., do not pay duty annually on more than one ton of soap; thus leaving the presumption that they make a good deal more, and sell it privately. He further remarks, that “there are great numbers of persons who make soap secretly, and without taking any license, and who consequently pay no duty whatever. The manufacture can be successfully carried on in any cellar or small room, with very inartificial apparatus; and, so long as the rate of duty offers any temptation, it is much to be feared that there will always be persons in whom the desire of gain will be strong enough to lead them to engage in such secret manufacture. It appears doubtful whether it can ever be desirable to extract a revenue from soap, the use of which among the people should be encouraged on moral considerations, and which should also lead the legislature at all times to withdraw from those contests with breakers of the law, in which the government is sure to be worsted.”

THE HOME OF TASTE.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

You seek the home of taste, and find
The proud mechanic there,
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
Throned in his elbow chair
Or on his sofa reading Locke,
Beside his open door!
Why start?—why envy work like his
The carpet on the floor?

You seek the home of sluttiness—
‘Is John at home?’ you say
‘No, sir, he’s at the “Sportsman’s Arms;”
The dog-fight’s o’er the way.’

Oh lift the workman’s heart and mind
Above low sensual sin!
Give him a home! the home of taste!
Outbid the house of gin!

Oh give him taste! it is the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
The gulf of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower’s little one—
An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother’s chair,
And shows him how she smiled.

STOP THIEF!

UNDER this startling title, Mr. George Cruikshank has published a pamphlet consisting of “Hints to housekeepers to prevent Housebreaking.” The following extract will enable the reader to form some notion of the work; but for the more practical suggestions, which are illustrated by numerous characteristic woodcuts, we must refer to the pamphlet itself.

“The cases of housebreaking which have lately occurred, and more particularly in that deplorable instance, when the Rev. G. E. Hollest of Frimley was murdered,

have induced me to place these few pages before the public.

“The information I possessed beforehand, and have since made myself master of, upon this subject, enables me to throw out some suggestions as to the best method of securing houses against burglars, which suggestions, if acted upon, I have to hope would go far to prevent the recurrence of such painful consequences as the above, in future; and indeed put almost an entire stop to housebreaking altogether.

“To apply a remedy, we must, of course,

first of all, well understand the nature of the evil. I therefore here show how the housebreaker effects his object, and the instruments he makes use of for that purpose ; it will then be the part of the housekeeper to foil his enemy—to stop the thief in his villainous work ; this is a point attended no doubt with some difficulty, as this class of persons have generally a large share of low cunning and considerable ingenuity ; but I should be paying the honest portion of the community but a bad compliment if I did not suppose that *their* cunning and ingenuity were equal, if not superior, to that of the thief and the vagabond. It only requires therefore the intelligence of society to be directed to this subject, and persons to consider it worth while to go to some little trouble and expense for their own security, and the housebreaker, like the mounted highwayman, may probably disappear altogether.

“Before I proceed further, let me here earnestly hope that it will at once be seen that I do not make the following statements for any other purpose than that of showing how society may be secured against depredation ; to allay in fact all cause for fear, instead of creating alarm, and to give such a feeling of security, that even nervous persons may lay down their heads upon their pillows at night without apprehension of damage to their property or violence to their persons.

“‘Stop Thief!’ is a title that will no doubt startle many a rogue ; but startling as the sight and the sound of these words may be to the thief, many honest people will be quite as much startled when I tell them that the locks, bolts, chains, and bars to their doors, and the common fastenings to their windows and window-shutters, afford no protection against their houses being broken into by robbers, and that for all the real security these fastenings give to their premises, they themselves or their servants might almost as well leave the doors unbolted and the windows unfastened at night, as to take the trouble to do either the one or the other.

“Now, although this is not so in *fact*, it is so in *effect*—for houses are sometimes broken into and robbed *without the door being unlocked or the bolts withdrawn*, and windows *are opened*, although they

have been previously (as it has been thought) well fastened.

“In giving this fact as to the insecurity of the common fastenings, now almost universally in use, I beg to observe, that I do not do so merely from my own observation, or from my own experience—which, by the way, is worth something, having had my own house broken into and robbed in my young days of house-keeping—but it is also the opinion of the police authorities, as well as many house-breakers themselves, whom I have had an opportunity of questioning upon the subject, and who smile at the pretended security which persons consider themselves in with the aid of these common fastenings alone. This statement will, as I have said, be doubtless a startling one to many ; and although I am warranted in asserting that these fastenings do not afford the required security, yet it is not to be supposed that doors should not have their locks, bolts, chains, and bars, or the windows and the shutters their usual fastenings. They are all necessary to a certain extent, and useful as far as they go, because they are all difficulties which the burglar *may* have to overcome ; and of course everything that is an impediment should be thrown in his way. What I distinctly mean to assert is, that these fastenings are not sufficient of themselves to stop the thief ; and to prove this, I now proceed to show how the housebreaker effects an entrance into buildings despite of these fastenings, and to give a clear insight into those matters which have hitherto been almost universally a mystery ; and, as I before stated, with the hope of putting a stop to this sort of depredation.

“But before we proceed to the operations, let us examine a few of the house-breaker’s instruments.

“It must be understood that the thief seldom attacks the front of a house, particularly if it be in a street, except under peculiar circumstances. He almost always makes his attempt at the back part of the premises ; and the first thing he does is just to *try* if any of the doors or windows are left unfastened, as in that case, I need hardly say, it saves him a great deal of trouble. If the door be fast, he then tries the lock with a skeleton key. Should

the door be unbolted, he walks in. Should, however, the door *be* bolted, and there is any difficulty about the window, he proceeds to cut a circular hole in the panel, through which he puts his arm to undo the *top* bolt, using the same means at the lower panel, to get the *bottom* bolt, and the same process to get at the chain or bar, should there be any. Another method is to cut circular holes running into each other, with a small centre-bit, across the *top* and also the *bottom* of the panel, by which means it is removed altogether; and then he either puts in a small boy to unfasten the door, or if the space be large enough, gets through himself—first surveying the place he is about to enter by the light of a lucifer-match or a dark lantern.

“Thus it will be seen that the panels, being the weakest parts, are the chief points of attack; and further, it will be seen how essential it is that the whole door should be lined with iron.

“Now although what is termed ‘sheet iron,’ or, in other words, ‘rolled iron,’ is generally used for this purpose; and may do very well in most instances, yet it must not be concealed that there are instruments which will even cut through this; it is true that these instruments are rarely used, on account of their expense. Still the fact that there are such, and that they can cut through ‘sheet iron,’ shows that it is not wholly to be depended upon.

Therefore where *wrought* iron, which *cannot* be cut through with these tools, is found to be too expensive, and not likely to be used, to line the *whole* of the door, *bands* or *strips* of this wrought iron should be *strapped* or *nailed* across the door, close enough to prevent a hole being cut sufficiently large to admit the hand through. With respect to the window: the glass is easily broken and without much noise, either by sticking a brad-awl, gimlet, or gouge, through the putty, and slightly lifting the pane, or by placing a piece of paper covered with wet paste, pitch, or treacle, against the glass, and striking it with the open hand, which smashes it effectually, and almost silently; it will hence be seen that the present window fastenings are only useful in the day time, and that it is utterly useless to add any more fastenings of that character; and that all the strength, therefore, should be given to the shutters, which ought also to be lined or strapped, like the door, with iron.”

As the price of this curious but useful production is only 4d., it will prove no great tax to pay, if it affords the means of additional security from the attacks of our midnight enemies. And this we think it will do; and beyond this it will set inventive and ingenious minds to work—who will in all probability advance us a few steps further in the art of making burglars honest, albeit contrary to their inclinations and intentions.

RECIPE FOR TEMPERANCE YEAST.

On *Monday* morning boil for half an hour, 2 ounces of the best hops in 4 quarts of water. Let the liquor cool down to a milk-warm heat, and then put in a small handful of salt and half a pound of brown sugar. Beat up one pound of the best flour with some of this liquid, and then mix all well together.

Wednesday morning boil and well mash 3 pounds of mealy potatoes, and mix with the above. While the yeast is being made, (that is up to *Thursday* morning,) it should be kept in a warm place, but not too warm, and stirred often, every half hour, if possible.

Thursday morning sieve the mixture carefully, and then put the liquid in a

large stone bottle, when it will be fit for use. After it is made it must be kept in a cool place and corked tightly.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Before you take the yeast out for use, it must be stirred well round with a peeled stick or willow. Mix the barm or yeast the night before it is used, with a quart of water and a little flour; set and work your sponge and knead your dough the same as with brewers' yeast, but let it rise for 2 or 3 hours, or more if convenient, after kneading, before it is baked. This yeast will keep 2 or 3 months, according to the weather. Half-a-pint of it will raise thirty pounds of good flour.

Fire-side Amusements.

RUSES.

THE WONDERFUL HAT.

Place three pieces of bread, or other eatable, at a little distance from each other on the table, and cover each with a hat; you then take up the first hat, and remove the bread, put it into your mouth, and let the company see that you swallow it; then raise the second hat, and eat the bread that was under that, and do the same with the third. Having eaten the three pieces, give any person in company liberty to choose under which hat he would wish these three pieces of bread to be. When he has made choice of one of the hats, put it on your head, and ask if he does not think that they are under it.

THE APPARENT IMPROBABILITY.

You profess yourself able to show any one what he never saw, what you never saw, and which, after you two have seen, nobody else ever shall see.

After requesting the company to guess this riddle, and they soon professed themselves unable to do so, produce a nut, and having cracked it, take out the kernel, and ask them if they have ever seen that before; they will of course answer, No. You reply, Neither have I, and I think you will confess that no one else has ever seen it, and now no one shall ever see it again, saying which you put the kernel into your mouth and eat it.

GO IF YOU CAN.

You tell a person that you will clasp his hands together in such a manner, that he shall not be able to leave the room without unclasping them, although you will not confine his feet, or bind his body, or in any way oppose his exit.

The trick is performed by clasping the party's hands round the centre of a large circular table or other bulky article of furniture, too large for him to drag through the doorway.

THE VISIBLE INVISIBLE.

You tell the company that you will place a candle in such a manner that every person in the room, except one, shall see it, yet you will not blindfold him nor in any way restrain his person, or offer the least impediment to his examining or going to any point of the room he pleases. This trick is accomplished by placing the candle on the party's head; but it cannot be performed if a looking-glass is in the room, as that will enable him to turn the laugh against you.

THE DOUBLE MEANING.

Place a glass of any liquor upon a table, put a hat over it and say, 'I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat.' You then get under the table,

and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then, getting from under the table, you say: 'Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look.' Some one, eager to see if you have drunk the liquor, will raise up the hat, when you instantly take the glass and drink the contents, saying, 'Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat.'

QUITE TIRED OUT.

You undertake to make a person so tired, by attempting to take a small stick out of the room, as to be unable to accomplish it, although you will add nothing to his burthen, nor lay any restraint upon his personal liberty. To perform this manœuvre, you take up the stick, and cutting off a very small sliver, you direct him to carry it out of the room, and return for more; concluding by telling him that you mean him to perform as many similar journeys as you can cut pieces off the stick. As this may be made to amount to many thousands, he will of course gladly give up the undertaking.

TO RUB ONE SIXPENCE INTO TWO.

Previously wet a sixpence slightly, and stick it to the under edge of a table (without a corner) at the place where you are sitting. You then borrow a sixpence from one of the company, and tucking up your sleeves very high, and opening your fingers to show that you have not another concealed, rub it quickly backwards and forwards on the table, with your right hand, holding your left under the table to catch it. After two or three feigned unsuccessful attempts to accomplish your object, you lower the concealed sixpence with the tips of the fingers of the left hand, at the same time you are sweeping the borrowed sixpence into it; and rubbing them a little while together in your hands, you throw them both on the table.

MAGIC CIRCLE.

You tell a person you will place him in the centre of a room, and draw a circle of chalk round him, which shall not exceed three feet in diameter, yet out of which he shall not be able to leap, though his legs shall be perfectly free. When the party has exhausted his ingenuity in trying to discover by what means you can prevent his accomplishing so seemingly easy a task, you ask him if he will try, and on his assenting, you bring him into the middle of the room, and having requested him to button his coat tightly, you draw with a piece of chalk a circle round his waist, outside his coat, and tell him to jump out of it!—[It will greatly improve this trick if the person be blindfolded, as he will not be aware of the mode of performing it till the bandage is removed, provided his attention be diverted while you are drawing the line around him.]

[A great number of amusing tricks, and ruses will be found in "Parlour Magic." (Bogue, London)—from which these have been derived.—ED.]

VARIETIES.

HEALTH AND ITS BLESSINGS.—We are entitled to conclude, that if we have been fortunate enough to owe our birth and education to healthy, well-informed, and industrious parents; if from our earliest infancy we have constantly breathed a pure, fresh, and dry air, and have been permitted to give to our limbs their natural motion in daily exercise; if our persons and our apparel have always been remarkable for strict cleanliness; if in regard to our food we have invariably observed moderation, regularly and implicitly drinking nothing but pure water, or very diluted wine; if our houses are orderly, clean, dry, and well-ventilated; if we have been trained from our youth to assiduity, industry, and method; if our reason and virtue have been fortified and improved by instruction and example; and our passions taught, by wholesome discipline, not to trouble our spirit: if, in fine, we have learned to fear God, love mankind, and do justice to all—we may confidently expect to enjoy continued health, and the happiness which results therefrom—with a well-grounded hope, moreover, of prolonging our mental and physical powers to the latest period of our existence.—*Dr. Granville.*

A DEVOUT DAMSEL.—Deacon Marvin, of Connecticut, a large landholder, and an exemplary man, was exceedingly eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship is said to have been as follows:—Having one day mounted his horse, with only a sheepskin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and, without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him. On her coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Betty replied, 'The Lord's will be done!'

LINGERING PREJUDICE AGAINST VACCINATION.—In the fourth annual report of the Leicester Domestic Mission Society, Mr. Dare, the respected missionary, mentions that in his visits amongst the poor he still finds a lingering prejudice against vaccination. An aged woman who had been a nurse for a long period, and had attended many persons afflicted with the small-pox, said to him, 'If God intends me to have it, I cannot escape it, though I shut myself up in a box.' Her fatalism seems to have been her protector, for she neither had had that loathsome disease, nor had been vaccinated. Others think that resorting to this remedy is tampering with the laws of Providence, and therefore presumptuous. 'It is God's work and they will trust to his dispensations!'

THE more people do, the more they can do; he that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything; whilst we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

GEORGE STEPHENSON IN HIS YOUTH.—He always regarded time as precious, and carefully turned every minute into account. During the colliery night-shifts, he took his first lessons in arithmetic. When he had worked his sums on a slate, he sent them off next morning to a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood to correct, who in turn sent him questions to answer. For this service the eager scholar paid his master the humble stipend of fourpence a week. The rest of his time he occupied, during his night-shifts, in cleaning the pitmen's clocks and watches, for which he was paid. He also cut the pitmen's clothes out, and gave instructions in the art of 'cutting out' to the pitmen's wives, usually not very handy at such sort of work; and it is said that to this day there are pitmen's wives at Killingworth, cutting out clothes according to the instructions then given them by George Stephenson. He also made shoes in these lone nights by the engine fire; and occasionally made presents of them to the poor relations of his wife and their children. He turned his ready hand to anything. Among others of his works was a sun-dial, still fixed over the door of the house he lived in at Killingworth; and to the last day of his life he felt a pride at looking at that sun-dial. Not long before his death, while surveying the line of the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, he drove a professional friend somewhat out of his way to have an admiring look at the dial.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

FUTILITY OF PRIDE.—Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. 'I am searching,' said Diogenes, 'for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves.'

Good hearts, accompanied with good understandings, seldom produce, even when mistaken, lasting evil. They repair and compensate.

The Corner.

THE POWER OF DIVINE TRUTH.—Scripture truths, when they do not enrich the memory, yet may purify the heart. We must not measure the benefit we receive from the Word according to what of it remains, but according to the effect it leaves behind. Lightning you know, than which nothing sooner vanishes away, yet it often breaks and melts the hardest and most firm bodies in its sudden passage. Such is the irresistible force of the Word. The Spirit often darts it through us: it seems but to be a flash and gone, and yet it may break and melt down our hard hearts before it, when it leaves no impression at all upon our memories.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

Fig. 9.

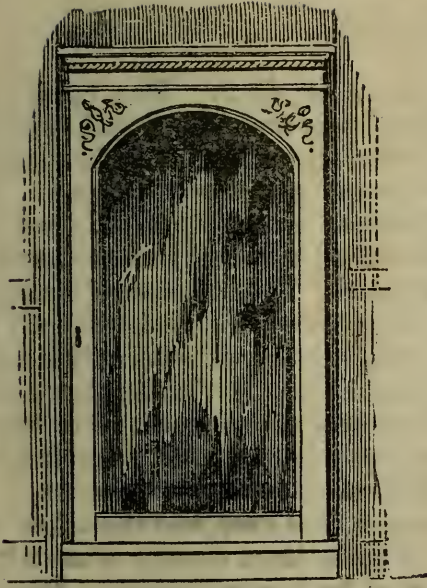


Fig. 10.

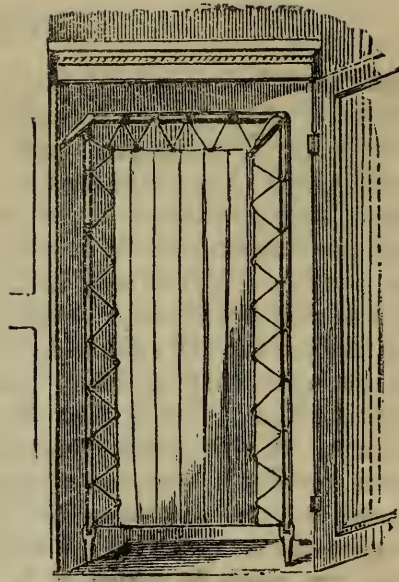
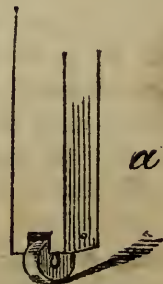
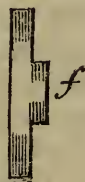
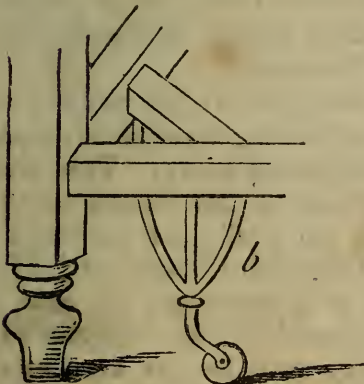
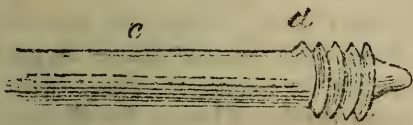
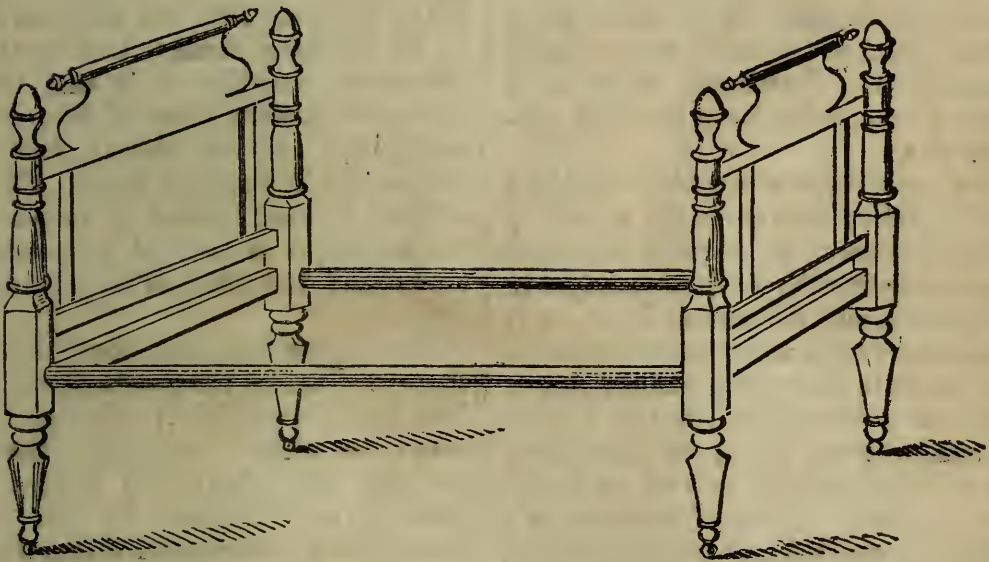


Fig. 11.



HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

It not unfrequently occurs with people of small means, or who live in lodgings, or houses with hardly sufficient space for their families, that they are obliged to use one of their sitting-rooms as a bed-room. It is a bad practice, and should be avoided whenever possible ; for not only is it prejudicial to health, but there is something unpleasant in the idea of sitting down to meals, in an apartment in which people have been sleeping, closely shut up for several hours. We therefore recommend all who can contrive by any sort of decent management to have one room left free as a living-room, to do so by all means. Still there are cases in which it is not possible to do as we please in this respect ; consequently there must be a bedstead in the room, and then the question arises what sort of a bedstead is best in such circumstances. Preference is given to such as do not look like a bedstead during the day.

Most persons know what is meant by a press-bedstead ; it is one made to fold up in small compass, inside of a moveable closet, and is thereby kept out of sight in the day-time, and the carcass in which it is inclosed serves as an article of furniture. Generally it is made quite plain, either of stained or painted deal ; but at a small additional expense it may be constructed so as to be ornamental as well as useful. It may resemble a chest of drawers, or a bureau, or a chiffonier, or small sideboard, and may be made of wainscot, oak or mahogany. We shall in future numbers give representations of these articles of furniture, and then readers may exercise their taste, or study their convenience in choosing.

When rooms are small, it is desirable to have them as little encumbered with furniture as possible, and if there be a recess, as there almost always is, it may be fitted up as a bedstead, without at all encroaching on the space of the apartment. This plan is frequently adopted in Paris ; sometimes you see in one corner of a room, a large looking-glass, six or seven feet high, and three feet wide, inclosed in a polished wood or gilt frame, and seeming to be a part of the wall, as

shown at *fig. 9*. This looks extremely handsome and ornamental, but in many cases it is nothing more than a door which conceals a turn-up bedstead. At night the door is opened, the bedstead let down, and thus in a short time the latter is ready for use. There is one advantage in this contrivance ; the bedstead can be made all in one length, with only a single joint near the head ; it is therefore much firmer than where there are two or three joints, as must be the case when it is made to fold to fit into a low carcass. A recess nine inches deep, and three feet wide, will be quite large enough to contain a bedstead for a single person. The legs need not be more than four inches long, and a thin mattress and the bed-clothes will fill up the other four, the whole as shown in *fig. 10*, being made to turn up at once. Whenever possible, it is best to have turn-up bedsteads made of iron, as they are lighter, and less clumsy than wood, and will fit in a smaller space. Should a sacking be used instead of hoop-iron for the bottom, it is strained by passing the cord round the sides, as may be seen in the cut.

Besides the bedsteads above described, there are various kinds of sofa and chair-bedsteads ; we think it sufficient to mention these without particular description, as they can always be bought when wanted, and because, for the reasons before stated, we consider it best that each sort of apartment should be kept to its proper uses. There are also truckle beds ; small low frames made to push under a larger bedstead. They are commonly used during illness, for the nurse to sleep on, or at times when it is necessary that the patient should have some one in constant attendance.

Complaints are often made of the difficulty of moving a bedstead, especially if it be large and heavy. This arises from the wheels of the castors being nearly always too small, and too weak for the weight they have to support. If the bedstead, as is sometimes the case, requires to be moved in one direction only, this difficulty may be got over by fitting a wheel in the bottom of the posts as at *a*.

This sort of wheel will not answer if the bedstead is to be moved in all directions ; but here another means is used, and it is the most effectual that we know of—French castors. These have a wheel four or five inches in diameter, working at the end of a long central spindle, so contrived as to turn with the greatest ease, even under very heavy weights. One of these is shown at *b*,—the iron-work, it will be seen, is screwed to a short beech rail or stay, with a tenon at each end, which fits into a mortise, made inside the rails of the bedstead. Thus they come, one at each corner just within the post ; and in letting them in, care must be taken to allow for the post being lifted half an inch clear of the floor by the castor, so as to prevent any drag in moving. French castors can be bought at the ironmonger's, and any cabinet-maker or joiner ought to be able to fit them to a bedstead.

Various attempts have been made from time to time, to improve bedsteads, to simplify their construction, and save time in putting them up or taking them down. Turning in the screws, and lacing and straining the sacking are rather slow work, and it has been felt that a great advantage would be gained if the operation could be made more easy and expeditious. This desirable result has been accomplished in various ways, according as ingenuity may have prompted, but we know of no better method than the one we propose now to describe. It is an American contrivance ; and the present writer adopted it, in a bedstead which he made for himself, and brought to England. We therefore can speak concerning it from experience.

Figure 11, represents a French bedstead on this plan, but it is equally suitable for almost every kind of bedstead. It will be seen that there are no places for screws bored through the posts, and this is a matter of some importance, because the fewer holes there are in a bedstead the stronger will it be, and the less harbour will there be for dust and vermin. The posts, too, look the handsomer for not having screw-holes. Whenever convenient, it is best to have the head and foot framed and glued together, so as not to take apart, as much trouble is thereby avoided.

It will be seen that the side-rails of

this bedstead are round, and it is into each end of these that the screw is fixed instead of going through the post. The screw is shewn at *c*, it is made of $\frac{3}{4}$ iron rod, with a strong deep thread, cut for about an inch and a quarter of its length. There are two screws to each rail ; one must be a right screw, the other a left screw, and care must be taken that the finish of the threads, as at *d*, stands exactly opposite each other, for if not placed in a direct line, the joints will not screw up close at either end alike. The nuts to receive the screws are fixed into the post as at *e* : an edge view is given at *f*. These also are right and left, and the same care must be taken to keep the finish of the worm upwards, and precisely in the centre of the post, as is necessary in letting in the screw. The method of fixing the screws, is to bore the hole for them so that they will fit tightly, without splitting the wood, then to dip them in vinegar, and drive them in. The acid causes them to rust, and remain firm. The projection at either end must of course be exactly the same.

When a bedstead of this sort is ready to put up, the two ends are stood in their place, and held by two persons, who, then taking up one of the side rails, enter the screw at each end into the nut, and give it a few turns. The bedstead can now stand alone ; and the other side is to be put into its place in the same way, after which both rails are screwed tight up by means of the lever *g*, which is made of wood or iron, and fits into a hole bored to receive it in the side. So simple is the process, that a bedstead may be taken down in less than a minute, and put up again almost as quickly.

Bedsteads of this make require a lath bottom, such as shown in fig. 7, (see p. 226, vol. 3,) but there are ways of fitting a sacking, which most workmen would be able to find out without trouble. With a little ingenuity too, several plans may be contrived for supporting the bases or lower valances. In bedsteads where a moveable head or footboard is required, these are fitted by means of neat pin brackets driven into the post, a corresponding plate with a hole is fixed, as shown, to the head-board, and so it is easily lifted on or off of the brackets.

We have described this bedstead, not

so much for the general reader, as for mechanics, believing that among them there may be some enterprising enough to endeavour to turn it to account. We think

it not unlikely that bedsteads constructed on this plan would meet with as successful a sale in England, as they have had in the United States.

SHANEEN, THE IRISH ORPHAN.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.—PART SECOND.

It was a bleak morning in the bitter month of March, when Shaneen arrived at Farmer Caswell's dwelling; a low straggling thatched house, surrounded by a well-filled farm-yard, and bearing an aspect of cleanliness and comfort, not often found even among the Protestants of Ireland;—I say the Protestants, because there is in general a striking difference in this respect between them and their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. Whether the superiority of the former may arise from a distinction of race, or may be traced to the influence of a purer faith, has ever been a matter of dispute, but the fact itself cannot be controverted.

Thomas Caswell was an admirable specimen of his own peculiar class in Ireland. He was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, with a certain tone of severity in his religious opinions, which sometimes drew upon him the reproach of being "an Orangeman." Being the possessor of a small but well-stocked farm, he was regarded by his poorer neighbours as a substantial farmer, although in England he would have been considered as in a far inferior position.

The worthy man had visited Dublin for the express purpose of receiving into his charge our little friend, Shaneen, and a few other orphan boys, whom he conveyed home in a couple of the low-backed cars, so familiar to all those who are acquainted with Ireland.

Shaneen felt very sad on quitting the metropolis, for he was leaving behind him all the familiar scenes and faces which had been known to him since his earliest childhood; but the novelty of the country through which he passed, the healthful exercise he enjoyed, and the lively talk of his young fellow-travellers, soon exercised a happy influence upon him; and long before they had reached Caswell's farm, his voice was as full of glee, his laugh sounded as merrily as that of any

of his companions. So truly has it been said by our great northern poet, that

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And shakes the bough, the flower is dry."

Mrs. Caswell, a comely-looking woman, stood at the open door to receive her husband, and bade the boys a 'kindly welcome.' A handsome but ill-tempered looking youth of nineteen or twenty, stood lounging against the wall, whistling in a low careless tone, as if he had nothing to do or to think of. He wore his hat on one side of his head, and kept his hands thrust into his pockets, without taking the slightest heed of his father and of the new comers. Farmer Caswell called out to him to stir himself a little, and look after the horses, whereupon, without deigning a reply, he shuffled off in a slow lazy pace, as if time had no wings for him.

A more cheerful welcome awaited the good man from his only daughter, a pretty-looking girl, who hastened out to meet him, and after a cordial embrace, inquired whether he had executed her commissions in Dublin. On receiving a parcel carefully wrapped up in brown paper, she said he was 'a jewel of a man,' and then retired with her treasures.

'Now, boys, it is at home ye are,' said the farmer, in a friendly tone, to his charge, 'and kindly welcome ye are; and bitter cowl'd it is this evening; so go into the house and warm yourselves at the fire. The misthress will shew ye the way in.'

'Come along, then, all of you,' said Mrs. Caswell, in an authoritative tone, as she led the way into a comfortable kitchen, where a blazing turf fire was piled up beneath the ample and overhanging chimney. On one side of the apartment was a large dresser, upon whose shelves were ranged a goodly assortment of crockery-

ware, and in the centre of the kitchen was a large deal table with wooden forms placed around it. Every article of furniture, although homely, was substantial and clean, and the bright glow of the fire imparted a cheerful colouring to the whole.

The boys crowded around the blazing hearth ; and Shaneen was on the point of slipping into the snug corner* beneath the chimney-piece, which had been his usual seat at Nurse Donnelly's, when dame Caswell cried out sharply : 'Keep off a little, if ye plaze, and let your elders have a sight of the fire ; one would think,' added she, with a titter, 'that it was the mother of ye all, ye hug it so close.'

At this speech, there were more than one of the orphan boys who hung down their heads ; for the remembrance of a mother was sad to their young hearts, and Shaneen bethought himself of Margaret, the only being he had ever called by that endearing name. They all looked with some degree of awe upon Mrs. Caswell, and retreating hastily from the fire, seated themselves upon the nearest form, and remained for a few moments perfectly silent. This had an uncomfortable effect upon Mrs. Caswell, who did not mean to be unkind, only that hers was one of those rough-grained natures which, unless refined by moral culture, and softened by religion, have but little sympathy with the more tender sensibilities of their fellow-beings. 'What's the matter with yez all?' inquired she, while stirring a large pot of oatmeal porridge which was being prepared for supper. 'What's the matter with yez, that ye are dumb-founded like? It makes one dull to see yez all so stupid.'

It is very doubtful how far this exhortation to cheerfulness might have proved successful, for it is a melancholy fact that people cannot be drilled into happiness or made merry by word of command ; but fortunately for the whole party, the farmer just then entered, accompanied by his son ; and supper was placed immediately upon

* The warmest and best seat in an Irish cabin is literally the chimney-corner ; that is, the corner *inside* the chimney ; the latter being of very ample dimensions, and projecting far into the room, so that even when the turf is blazing upon the hearth, there is room on either side for people to sit on low stools beneath the chimney.

the table. It consisted of thick porridge, or stirabout, as it is called in Ireland, with a liberal supply of milk and buttermilk ; and the hungry boys, most of them unused to any other food than potatoes, devoured with their eyes the steaming mess. Shaneen, however, was still more attracted by the benevolent countenance of Farmer Caswell ; and seeing him seat himself at the upper end of the table, edged up, until he found himself close by his side.

'Is it *there* ye are going to post yerself?' inquired Mrs. Caswell. 'It's mighty little manners ye have larned in the south, not to know yer place better nor that ! A gossoon like yerself might be contint with a seat down there, I supposed.'

'Oh ! perhaps he thinks the buttermilk isn't good enough for the likes of him,' observed Dan Caswell, with a rude loud laugh.

Poor Shaneen looked frightened and bewildered. He was utterly ignorant of farmhouse etiquette, and did not know that the upper seats were considered the most honourable ones, and that the new milk was reserved for that portion of the table, the buttermilk being placed lower down. He slunk down, however, to the extreme end of the table, leaving many seats vacant between himself and Mrs. Caswell, who placed herself next her husband. The farmer looked vexed, and muttered something to his wife about being kind to the boys, whereon she replied in a quick impetuous tone that she knew her manners well enough without any one 'tayching' her, and that it wouldn't do for a 'misthress to demane herself by giving way to those spalpeens.' The farmer was silent. He was a kind-hearted, religious man, but had not strength of mind to contend with his proud imperious wife ; so the evil of which he disapproved was nevertheless suffered to exist in his household. The history this of too many families, alas ! where good intentions and good principles are fruitless through the weakness of those by whom they are professed.

It was Easter week when the orphans arrived at Farmer Caswell's, so they had holiday time and holiday cheer : nor was Shaneen insensible to these circumstances, for he enjoyed a holiday and a treat as much as any other boy of his age. And

yet, amid the comparative luxuries of his present position, he often turned with indescribable longing to the remembrance of Margaret Donnelly's poor cabin and its lowly fare. There he had been cherished and beloved ; here, he was despised and neglected. There, he had dwelt in an atmosphere of contentment and peace ; here, he witnessed dissatisfaction and strife. When the farmer was at home, a certain degree of self-restraint was exercised by his children ; for despite his easy disposition, he possessed over them that sort of influence which an humble and conscientious Christian ever does among those who know how to revere his goodness, even when they do not aim at copying it ; but whenever he happened to be absent, sharp words and taunting speeches passed only too quickly between Honor Caswell and her brother. The young man conceived that his father humoured Honor in her fancies, while he refused to indulge his whims and devices. This often excited his displeasure, while she on her part, although a good-natured girl, was too self-willed and high-spirited to bear his reproaches very meekly.

One day, as Dan was lounging about the yard, superintending some farm-work, Honor came out of the house, clad in all her best and gayest apparel, having promised to join a family gathering at their next neighbour's, whose son was her accepted suitor. It happened that her father being absent for a day or two on business, had desired his son to stay at home, and attend to the farm and the cattle while he was away. The young man was irritated by this order, and seeing his sister thus adorned for the merry-making, began to taunt her with her finery and her visiting.

'Maybe 'tis the Queen ye are imitating with all yer grandeur and yer glitter,' said Dan, as she passed along ; 'and 'tis a pretty pass we are come to, when honest girls can't stay at home to be coorted, but must go out after the boys.* Troth ! 'tis a pretty divarsion for ye to go in search of a husband, and I wish ye good luck in it.'

'You have no right to spake to me in

that way,' replied Honor, while her cheeks glowed with displeasure, 'and I wont bear it ; that I wont.'

'Wont you, indeed ? But ye must larn to bear it, as grand as ye are. I'd like to know who would hinder Dan Caswell from spaking out his mind as he plazes. And so ye are rinning after yer sweetheart this beautiful day, farbelowed like a queen ! Fine prosadings for a decent girl !'

'It is ashamed ye ought to be to spake so unthru a word, Dan ; and ye know 'tis a big lie ye are spaking. And there he is coming beyant the road his own self ; and 'twould be sarving you right if I tould him to knock you down for a liar and rapparee, as ye are.'

'Take that, for calling me a liar and a rapparee,' roared out Dan, clenching his fist, and rushing forward to strike her. Shaneen, who was standing by, petrified by the scene, on perceiving Dan's intention, sprang before Honor, saying in a decided tone, 'You shall not strike her ;' and Dan, stumbling over the boy, fell sprawling on the ground, while Honor, laughing at his discomfiture, hastened onward to join her lover.

On rising up, Dan vented his fury on the poor orphan boy, giving him such a blow on the head as prostrated him to the earth, and left him there, stunned and bruised, to recover as he might from the effects of his brutality. Shaneen, on coming to himself, did not repent of what he had done ; for although a tender-hearted boy, he was of a brave spirit. He felt he had acted rightly, and bore patiently the consequences. At supper that evening, Mrs. Caswell scolded him for having a black eye, and said she would have him flogged by his schoolmaster, if he got into bad company. Shaneen felt there would be no use in excusing himself. Besides, he had an indistinct fear of drawing blame on Honor, as he knew that Dan was his mother's favourite ; so he remained silent. Meanwhile, Mrs. Caswell, satisfied (as she often said) with having done her 'djuty by the boys in scowlding them when they disarved it,' turned round to talk to a neighbour who had just dropped in to have a little gossip ; and so there was no more disturbance that evening at the farm-house.

* In Ireland, it is very common to give the appellation of 'boy' to a man who is even far advanced in years.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

PART II.

OUR *married* readers may, if they please, pass over this chapter, as it will assuredly treat of matters in which they have lost all personal interest:—not that we would insinuate they have no interest in Domestic Happiness; but that the *first steps* to its attainment have already, we trust, been trodden by them, and cannot, in ordinary cases at least, be trodden again.

Our voice is now to the unmarried: and to them we affirm—whether they be young men or maidens—that on the exercise or the neglect of present prudence and circumspection, greatly depends the chance (or the prospect, for chance is a bad word if not rightly used) of a future happy home.

It certainly is not an indispensable condition of human existence, that every individual of our species, having arrived at mature age, should be married; and haply there may be here and there one, of either sex, who is predetermined to avoid the ills of matrimony, by sacrificing its advantages. We leave such to their fancied security.

To be married: to have a home of one's own:—Yes, undoubtedly, with but a few insignificant exceptions, these are the aspirations of those of our readers who have not already ventured upon the experiment. It is well. Fear not, most hopeful friend, that we, whose mission is to “Families,” will place one stumbling block in your way by discountenancing their formation. But as, in numberless ways, the old proverb is a true one—“The more haste, the less speed,” and as in the rather important affair of Domestic life, there is no method of getting out of a hobble at all comparable to the wise plan of not getting into it, we pray you to take heed to the lessons of experience.

Seriously—for the subject is a serious one,—we believe that our young fellow-countrymen and countrywomen do much harm to themselves, by putting their future domestic happiness in great and needless peril, when they venture upon very early (that is youthful) matrimonial engagements. The present writer has had occasion to advert to this common error (as he deems it to be) once and again, while

employing his pen in giving advice to the young; and as the advance of years has not altered his views in this particular, he ventures, for once, to repeat his own words: craving pardon for the offence against good taste, if an offence it be.

“The young working-man,” we have said—and the same remarks apply to the other sex;—“should be very prudent in forming connexions in life. On his wisdom or his folly, his success or his failure, in this particular, depend almost all his future worldly happiness and prosperity. Be guarded, then, young man, against forming a connexion in courtship too early. ‘Marriage is honourable in all.’ The Bible tells us so; and our common sense tells us that if it were not for honourable marriage, the world would soon either be in sad confusion, or would become unpeopled. But reason tells us, also, that a relation that is to last for life should not *hastily* be entered upon. Some experience, knowledge, and observation are wanted to enable any person to make a good and suitable choice; and it is because reason is not regarded, that so many persons are unhappy in married life. Moreover, a long courtship is not desirable for a young man in common life, who has to depend upon the labour of his hands; and if he begins a connexion of this sort, he can scarcely avoid looking forward through many years before he can prudently marry. The times are not now, nor have they been for some years past, favourable to very early marriages. At all events, the young working-man should have a tolerably good prospect before him, of continuance of work, and sufficient wages, before he ventures to think much about having a wife.”*

“* * * * * Let us now suppose the *very* young man, carrying out the tumultuous wishes of his heart, inspiring reciprocal feelings, and contracting to marry, at some (far distant) future day, the object of his present affections. It will then be well if one or other of the following evils do not result.

“The young people will be entirely un-

* From “The Young Working-Man.”

suitable to each other. The choice was made without judgment, and the engagement without consideration. Both may be in the possession of qualities which would render them desirable partners for others ; but which may be totally unsuitable as regards this particular connexion. Early education, prejudices, habits, tastes, predilections, family connexions, modes of thinking and acting, and many other matters which are easily overlooked in the first ardour of early love, are, very likely, so adverse, one or all of them, as to render it next to impossible that minds so differently constituted should ever assimilate.

“ They will, perhaps, marry at too early an age, or at an imprudent time. After the connexion is formed, and until the consummation be attained, all will be endured with impatience. The years or months which *must* intervene will be looked upon as so much good time wasted from the *great business of life* ; and as soon as they are over, everything must be made to give way to this great business. And everything does give way to it : but what is the result ? The young man is too inexperienced to grapple with the difficulties of business ; and the young wife is equally unfit to take the station at the head of a family, unaided by the wisdom and kindness of him who should be her counsellor, as well as her friend and husband. A few years of embarrassment and increasing trouble ensue ; and by the time the young tradesman would have been really competent to take upon himself the responsibilities of business and matrimony, he is thrown, with a helpless family, destitute upon the world.

“ If this evil be avoided by a later marriage, it will, in all probability, be a marriage with but little remaining affection. It is difficult to fix a time at which a young tradesman”—and the remark applies to every class of society, and to every person dependent on his own exertions for daily bread—“ may prudently start in the world, and enter upon domestic life. Very much must depend upon the circumstances in which he is placed. As a general rule, however, it may be assumed that from the age of twenty-five to that of thirty, is somewhere about the best time for him to do so. Let us suppose, then, that a matrimonial engagement has been formed by a young man at the age

of eighteen, and that at twenty-eight he is in circumstances to justify his marrying. Here are ten years of tedious courtship. But during these ten years, the growing experience of both parties will expose the fallacy of their young hopes ; they will see, what they ought at first to have seen, but did not, that the choice they have made was an unwise one ; superior, or at least newer, attractions will be presented to the one, and more eligible offers to the other ;—but they cannot, in honour, recede from their long-formed engagement. But the ardour of first affection will cool, and a feeling of regret for their past precipitancy, will succeed to it. Perhaps these feelings will gain the ascendancy only in one bosom,—and to the honour of females, let it be said that love, when once really felt, is more firm and enduring, than with the other sex : but even then the evil is but half diminished ; and when, at length, a sense of honour compels the young man to fulfil his engagement, and enter into married life, it is at an actual sacrifice which he once little contemplated, and would have deemed impossible. Honour demands that he should yield his hand ; but there is no heart with it.

“ But supposing the affections of each should have endured through absence and the changes of so long a course of years, another evil may have arisen. Alterations may have taken place in both. Habits, scarcely formed in the days of their first acquaintance with each other, may have at length become a second nature with each ;”—and those habits may be of so opposite a kind and tendency, as to threaten—and not only to threaten, but to destroy—every fond hope of future Domestic Happiness.

Thus much, then, for matrimonial connexions formed at too early an age. We expect that some of our young readers may not altogether approve of our opinions on this subject : but “ We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen ;” and we pray them, at least, to take our strictures in good part. If their practice and our theory clash, it is manifestly their doing, and not ours ; and our most earnest wish, as far as such are concerned, is that we may be proved in the wrong. For their consolation, too,

we do not hesitate to say we have known *some* instances of very early connexions, terminating in rather late marriages, in which a large and delightful share of domestic happiness has been enjoyed. But these are the exceptions, and not the rule ; and “one swallow,” dear friend, “maketh not a summer.”

Wise folks, too, may do foolish things ; and mature years may cover some childish actions. It is not every one who, having escaped without entanglement, from the teens, and deferred to a later date the weighty affairs of matrimony, therefore avoids the rocks of domestic infelicity. We would that all our readers (those at least whom this matter most concerns) knew how much depends upon the choice itself, of a fellow-traveller through life, as well as on the time of choosing. One would verily think marriage to be one of the most insignificant and jocular affairs in the world, judging from what is seen pretty nearly every day. From beginning to the end, the whole business is treated as a joke. Hundreds of both sexes are joked into courtship — then joked into marriage — and then the joke ends. Hundreds more, with more seriousness, but equal folly, begin, carry on, and terminate a course of courtship, without considering for one moment the fitness or the unfitness of the contracting parties for each other, in temper, habits, or requirements. And hundreds more—as if the whole course of life were a long vacation, or play-day, —think, —no not think, but act as though they thought no place for choosing husband or wife so appropriate as where amusement is the business of those who meet. “How many courtships are begun at fairs, wakes, balls, races, and such times and places ! How many young men are entrapped into admiration by the fine clothes that hang about a young woman ; and how many young women are caught by the fine speeches and gallant behaviour of their partners in a dance, or their companions in a pleasure excursion ! And how often are engagements then entered into, which are to terminate only with life, without either party knowing, or apparently caring to know, what sort of *every-day* stuff the future wife or husband is made of ! In such a lottery as this, where the prize is Domestic Happiness,

who can wonder that blanks are so often drawn ?”

“Never begin that,” saith the wise maxim, “of which you have not well considered the end.” If this maxim were well engrafted into the minds of all, and put into practice by all, much domestic unhappiness would be avoided. A man would then choose his wife, and the woman would accept a husband, not on the impulse of a momentary fancy, but on account of real and durable good qualities. We urge you therefore, respected reader, whomsoever it may concern, whether you be man or woman, not to suffer your fancy or your inclination to outrun your judgment. A little time given to proper deliberation at the outset, may save you a world of future uneasiness in domestic life.

Are you woman ?—Ask yourself, then, such questions as these : ‘What do I know of the man who professes to admire me, that should encourage me to commit to his keeping my future comfort—my very being in this world ? Do I know him to be kind—generous—sober—honest—industrious ?’ If such plain questions as these cannot be answered satisfactorily, is it not folly to hazard so much, on so slight a chance as a mere hope and trust that all will turn out well ?

Are you man ?—Satisfy yourself that the person who is to be your companion for life has good principles—good temper—good habits, as well as a comely countenance, before you test her capacity to make you happy. It will, depend upon it, be no time lost that is occupied in this kind of circumspection—this “looking around” you.

On both sides, there ought to be a reasonable conviction that a sufficient similarity of tastes, habits, and aims exists ; so that under any circumstances there shall be no fear of clashing interests or cross-purposes. Happy is that married pair, who have and hold this one-ness of purpose and feeling. These have a fair prospect, at least, of a good share of Domestic Happiness.

Neither man nor woman, however, have any right to expect perfection in any single specimen of the opposite sex. It is an extravagant expectation of this sort that often leads to disappointment and much unhappiness in the family constitu-

tion. Nor would we advise any Cœlebs of our acquaintance to risk the loss of family comfort and bliss, by lingering *too long* on its verge. Once upon a time, saith the fairy tale, a maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well-formed trees, and directed to choose, cut, and carry off, the most straight and seemly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made there, if not made before ;—the power of retracing her steps without the stick being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry ! And each would have felt honoured by her preference ; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself, that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By and by, the aspect of things changed ; and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unseemly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold ! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her indecision and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts and sneers of the straight tall trees, which—according to the fashion of the good old fairy times—were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech !

Such is the story : let each of our readers extract from it the moral, and beware that they do not get “the crooked stick” at last. Something must be adventured to gain so rich a prize as Domestic Happiness ; and in making that venture, it is well to bear in mind the old motto—to be found, we believe, in another nursery tale :—

“Be bold ; but not too bold.”

To return to our more serious vein ;—we would have it known, and, by all our unmarried friends firmly believed, that one of the greatest foes to Domestic Happiness is poverty. We would have it at least so firmly believed, as to prevent the

imprudence of forming matrimonial connexions, or entering upon the marriage state, without a fair provision or prospect for the future. We are quite sure that this is perpetually being done ; and we are quite as certain that no happiness can be expected to result from such ill-advised unions. We wish not to be misunderstood here. We do not mean that none but the rich, or the very well off among the industrial classes, ought to marry : and the poverty we refer to is not that condition which demands hard and constant work as the sole means of procuring the necessaries of life. This is not poverty. But we maintain that none should take upon them the certain cares and expenses of a family, with any expectation of domestic happiness, the labour of whose hands is not sufficient for the maintenance of a family.—“Before you marry, you ought to have saved money to begin housekeeping upon ; and you ought to have a prospect before you, of something far better than starvation or the Union-house. And yet, if the truth were known, many a young man, in his secret mind, looks forward to the Union when he marries. He may hope to keep off from it for a time ; but while he knows that he has hitherto done no more than support himself, how does he think he shall be able, in time to come, to support a wife and family ? He does not expect to do it ; perhaps it would not be too much to say that he does not *mean* to do it.

“Now this is very sad : and to avoid such a feeling let the young working-man begin life with a full determination, so long as health and ability to work are given him, to support himself by his own labour, and never to look forward to parish relief, or charity in *any* form. And in the strength of this determination, let him prepare for the larger expenses of wedded life, by frugal savings, years beforehand.”* Having done this, and exercised similar prudence in other particulars,—be his relative condition with regard to other classes of society what it may,—he may hope with reason, to form some acquaintance with Domestic Happiness.

We once read a horrible story, which

* “The Young Working-Man.”

however, contains a good moral, and will serve to illustrate the views we have just expressed. The tale tells of a beautiful woman and her lover, who, by monkish cruelty, were condemned to perish together, by starvation in a subterranean dungeon. For the first hours of their dreadful incarceration they tried to comfort each other; they suggested to each other hopes of liberation. But as the agony of hunger increased, they shrunk and grovelled apart from each other. *Apart!*—they were rapidly becoming objects of hostility to each other. The second night they raved and groaned; and amid their agonies, the man often accused the female as the cause of his sufferings. But the woman never—never reproached him. Her groans might indeed have reproached him bitterly; but she uttered no word that could cause him pain. There was a change, however, in their physical feelings. The first day they had clung together. The next, the man alone struggled;

and the woman moaned in helplessness. The third night, the disunion of every tie of the heart had commenced. In the agonies of their famished sickness, they loathed each other:—they would have cursed each other if they had had breath to curse:—and so they died.

We fear that this description of the sundering of every tie of affection under the pressure of despairing suffering, is too natural, and too applicable to many cases in which destitution has resulted from an unwise and improvident union. There may be in other cases, much mutual and long-enduring kindness, and an immense amount of self-sacrifice, to lessen the pangs of destitution felt by the fellow-sufferer: but as surely as *that* comes in at the door, Domestic Happiness will fly out at the window:—

Thus then, “the tale that we relate,
This lesson seems to carry:—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper *time* to marry.”

EXERCISE ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.

THE contraction of our muscles in what fairly amounts to exertion, in whatever shape we may choose to make it, attracts the blood into the muscles. Every act of contraction requires the presence of arterial blood, that is, of blood which has dissolved in it the oxygen of the air—this function of muscular fibre being dependent on the combination of oxygen with some of the elements of muscular tissue; so that, to set the muscles contracting vigorously, is to invite the blood into them, for they will not contract unless they are supplied with plenty of blood. And as the blood, after it has taken to the muscular tissue its supply of oxygen, becomes loaded with the result of the combination between the muscular substance and the oxygen, there is a double necessity for the blood to be sent on through the lungs, in order to have its oxygen restored to it, and to get rid of the carbonic acid, with which the waste of muscular substance, by use, has loaded the returning blood.

So that it is easy to see why exercise quickens the circulation and the breathing. The heart, unoppressed by having to drive an excess of blood through the

lungs, and other central organs, responds at once to the demands of the muscular system; and the very contraction of the muscles themselves, by pressing on the veins, in which the blood can only flow one way—namely, towards the heart—because of their valves, helps the heart to maintain the onward course of the blood, from which the following results take place:—The central organs of the body, contained within the trunk, are relieved of superabundant blood, and the various processes which they are intended to effect are carried on with ease and perfection.

A thousand aches, and stitches, and feelings of local discomfort, which attend a state of congestion, disappear. The oppressed breathing, and sense of anxiety and lowness of spirits, which signify that the heart and lungs are overcharged with the circulating fluid, yield at once to this obvious and only true mode of relief.

Sal-volatile would no longer be thought of by languid and lazy people, determined to see what it is that inflicts upon them all the small horrors of an unoccupied and lounging existence. Let them equalize their circulation by a brisk walk, and low

spirits, inaptitude for thought or exertion, pains in the chest, sides, or back, will vanish. Drops of lavender, and tea-spoons full of Eau de Cologne, will certainly give the heart a slight stimulus, and enable it for a short time to push along the blood a little better ; but this is not nature's way, and they are only making bad worse, by relying on it. Their condition is simply one of ill-distributed blood, and there is no mode of getting this remedied, but that of downright exertion of their muscles, by which the helpless organs, on which the reparation of the body depends, may be relieved from bearing the presence of more blood than they need.

Half the complaints peculiar to women are produced by ignorance of this reason for exercise ; and they have in fact, just so many additional motives for resisting that disposition to inactive life, which is unhappily their peculiar temptation, because their sphere of duties is contracted, and does not afford the same necessity for exertion to which most men are subjected. Thrice happy is she, who, if she have no relative duties, which compel her to be active for others, and to forget herself, makes duties for herself out of offices of kindness, and visits of mercy. She will have less occasion to think of preserving her health, for that will be one of the rewards superadded to a cheerful mind and a serene conscience. But there are many whose duties are confining and sedentary, and who are rather to be pitied than blamed, for the effects of an unequal circulation. The incessant toil of the sempstress, cannot easily be healthfully diversified by general muscular exercise. Yet there are many people who seek relaxation, by amusing change of occupation, and with comparatively little effect, who would attain their object more completely by snatching one half-hour's sharp walk, when it cannot be longer.

We have already seen that strenuous muscular exercise involves the purification of the blood, as far as that takes place in the functions of respiration ; and it contributes to this result when it is taken in the open, pure, air. It has been found that the rate of mortality amongst people whose employments are both sedentary and confining, who pursue their accustomed labour in ill-ventilated rooms, like the Spitalfields' weavers, is absolutely

less when they are out of work, and therefore insufficiently fed, than when they are fully employed, and in receipt of good wages ; though, as a general fact, the rate of mortality is greater in the populations whose means of subsistence, in the shape of food, are diminished ; there is no way of explaining this apparent discrepancy but this : When the weaver is out of work, he is out of his workroom, tending his pigeons, and wandering in the suburban country. The greater supply of pure air stands him in the place of food. He gets oxygen, and gets rid of his used-up material. His body is both better nourished by what he does eat, and better purified from the effects of that continual disintegration, which we have seen is the constant accompaniment and condition of all our vital and animal functions. For not only does exercise give the lungs fair play, but inasmuch as it relieves all the other internal organs of superabundant blood, and keeps this in equable motion within them, exercise also places them in the most favourable condition to effect their several purposes. For instance, the liver is one of the most important organs of depuration—that is, part of its office is to pour out into the intestinal tube under the name of bile, a fluid which, in addition to the function it performs in digesting food, is nature's aperient medicine, and also contains a great quantity of a substance that the system needs to be freed from. It is not intended to puzzle the reader by a long account of the much controverted chemistry of the liver. Suffice it to say, that it shares with the lungs in the office of removing from the blood the carbon which, after entering into the fabric of the body, has, in and by the functional activity of its organs, and especially of its muscles, been returned to the blood.

It passes out from the lungs united with oxygen, as carbonic acid gas, and from the liver in another state of combination, and in a fluid form. Now nothing contributes to set the liver at work so much as exercise. First, because exercise relieves the organ of superabundant blood ; and next, because the more exercise we give to our muscles, the greater are the products which require to be removed from the blood by its agency. So that

exercise is the best way to take medicine, for then nature will undertake to effect for us the object we seek to attain by digestive pills, family pills, and the whole host of both quack and regular contrivances for regulating the bowels, which may often be necessary enough, but the necessity for which is the sign of a de-

parture from health, and it is a laudable ambition to seek to be relieved from it. A *healthy habit* of body in this respect will, in nine cases out of ten, be the reward of resolute perseverance in the *habits of health*, of which exercise is the chief. —*Good Health.*

RECIPES.

To Wash Woollens.—Grate six or eight large raw potatoes into a pan or other deep vessel—pour on two gallons of cold spring water, and let it stand forty-eight hours without being in the least stirred. Then pour off the water clear, taking care that no particle of the sediment gets out with the water. Have a wide pan or tub, into which throw this clear liquid, and in it dip, or rinse, or posse up and down, in any way that cannot crease, the articles to be cleansed; they should *not be rubbed*—that would crease them; but washed up and down, as directed in *Family Economist*, vol. i., page 91, for washing flannels. By this process, woollen articles will be beautifully smooth without ironing, which always changes the colour a little; and silks will be much more crisp than if rubbed. Hang them on a line, when thoroughly clean, and let them drip; when half dry, turn and pull them out, if they require to be straightened. They are nicer for being folded and pressed under a bed, or some heavy article, overnight.

If very greasy, but half the water should first be used, and the remainder as a second lather, for the dress, or whatever else is being washed. The above quantity will be enough for a dress or cloak, or for three young children's frocks. I never rinse in pure water, because I consider that a dress will stain more after it. The smell of the potato-water goes off in a few days. If the colours are at all light, the potatoes must be carefully pared before scraping.

My dresses have been washed as above since my childhood, thirty years ago, and I have recommended the plan to many persons who have also successfully practised it.

Simple and valuable remedy for Chilblains.—Soak the feet or hands in hay-tea, thus prepared—In two quarts of water fast boiling, throw two large hand-

fuls of fresh sweet hay; let it boil about twenty minutes, then strain for use. The liquor may be used a second time by boiling up a part of it, so as to bring the whole to a proper warmth—but fresh every night is preferable. This is suitable both to broken and unbroken chilblains—a very few trials will prove its efficacy.

The best method of keeping Oysters.—Lay them the flat shell upwards, in a rough basket, or earthen colander—twice a day sprinkle them with rain or river water from a watering-pot. Keep them in a cool place, yet out of reach of frost—while most of the water runs off, enough will remain for the purpose of feeding them—and they will be kept plump and fresh, for eight or ten days. Oysters are generally fed with salt and water—sometimes with oatmeal, neither of which are necessary, and both objectionable.

Oil for Mahogany Furniture.—Linseed oil half a pint—vinegar a quarter of a pint—butter of antimony one ounce; mix in a bottle and well shake every time of using. Having carefully dusted the furniture, apply a little of this oil, and rub with a soft linen rag or old silk handkerchief, and it will soon acquire a mirror-like polish. N.B.—As the antimony is poisonous, the bottle should not be put among others, lest it should be used in mistake as medicine.

Thick Gingerbread.—Flour, (dried) two pounds and a-half; treacle one pound; moist sugar half a pound; butter a quarter pound; ground ginger one ounce; one ounce and a-half of carbonate of soda; caraway seeds half an ounce, milk one pint. If desired to have it richer, allow half a pound of butter, and two ounces of candied peel cut in bits.

Method of mixing—In a vessel large enough to mix all the ingredients, set the treacle in an oven or beside the fire to become thoroughly hot. Into the

dried flour rub the sugar and spice, then rub them to the treacle, make the milk pretty warm, and in it melt the butter and dissolve the soda, gradually mix the warm liquid to the flour, &c., and work well with the hands till the whole mass is well incorporated and form a stiff dough, bake in buttered tins, in a rather quick oven. If desired to glaze the top, wash it when baked, with hot beer, and again set it a minute in the oven.

Prepared Fruit.—Any kind of fruit may be thus prepared; and makes an elegant and wholesome addition to the breakfast or tea-table, or for a dessert. Apples may be peeled and cored, or stewed whole. To each quart of fruit allow a wine glass full of water, let them simmer together over or beside a very clear fire for at least two hours, till the whole is completely reduced to a pulp. Then remove from the fire, and while boiling hot add loaf-sugar powdered, as much as will bring it to an agreeable sweetness, and stir together for at least six or seven minutes; then turn it on to a glass dish or china bowl. It will have the appearance and taste of a rich preserve. From a quarter to half a pound of sugar, will be amply sufficient for a quart of fruit. Red currants or raspberries will not require any water.

Fruit Pudding.—In a basin or mould lay the crumb of a two pound loaf, either whole, or rubbed through a colander. Pour over the bread a quart of fruit, prepared as above and quite hot. Immediately cover the basin with a plate, and let it stand some hours, a whole day if it suits; then turn out for eating cold. It will retain the form of the mould, and look like a beautiful jelly. The mould is not to be buttered. Both these articles are much recommended for the use of invalids and children. Red fruits or plums and damsons have the most beautiful appearance.

Cold Cream.—Oil of sweet almonds and white wax in equal weight—set them by the fireside in an earthen vessel, till the wax is entirely dissolved; then rub them together in a mortar, (either glass) marble or Wedgewood-ware—not metal—adding from time to time a few drops of rose water, lavender water, or whatever other scent may be chosen—very few drops must be added at a time—and well rubbed in with the pestle, and no more added until the previous drops have quite disappeared. Continue thus to rub, till the mixture is cold, and has attained the consistence of cream.

RUB OR RUST.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

IDLER, why lie down to die?

Better rub than rust.

Hark! the lark sings in the sky—

‘Die when die thou must!

Day is waking, leaves are shaking,

Better rub than rust.’

In the grave there’s sleep enough—

‘Better rub than rust.

Death perhaps is hunger-proof,

Die when die thou must;

Men are mowing, breezes blowing,

Better rub than rust.’

He who will not work, shall want;

Nought for nought is just—

Wont do, *must* do, when he *can't*

‘Better rub than rust.

Bees are flying, sloth is dying,

Better rub than rust.’

A GENEROUS CONVICT.

A YOUNG man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trem-

bling in a corner—their mother was weeping and tearing her hair—and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter; and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent. ‘You see me driven to despair,’ said the father; ‘my wife and children without food or shelter, and I without

the means to provide any for them.' The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said :

'I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys ; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to ?'

'Forty francs,' answered the father.

'Well,' said the other, 'put a cord round my body. I will follow you to the city ; they will recognise me, and you will get the fifty francs for bringing me back.'

'No, never !' exclaimed the astonished listener, 'my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing !'

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle,

the latter yielded ; and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the mayor's office. Everybody was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow ; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys ; but after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected, that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair ; and, finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release.

Fireside Amusements.

GERMAN GAMES.

THE Germans of all ages join in little *jeux d'esprit* in winter evenings. They are, therefore, more intellectual, and less boisterous, than when confined to the very young, who are generally merry without being wise. One of these games may be called "False Reports," or "Petty Scandal." The party are to be seated in a circle round the fire. Some one at the head of them whispers (*once only*) to his next neighbour a piece of extraordinary news ; he then whispers to *his* neighbour the same thing, and so on all round. None are allowed to ask questions. If they have heard imperfectly, they are still to repeat what they have heard as correctly as they can, when all have heard the news, the first person who spread the report is to repeat aloud what he said to his neighbour, then the last person in the circle is to relate it exactly as it reached him ; and considerable amusement is afforded by the alteration or misrepresentation of the original information : as for example—Suppose the first person whispered to his neighbour that 'The Pope had sent a Cardinal to England, with a large cape, a large hat, and red stockings, which displeased the Queen and Lord John Russell ; and on the Fifth of November, a great many more Guy Fawkes's

were burnt than usual, and a great deal of bigotry and gunpowder were employed.' After various repetitions and alterations, it reacheth the last of the circle thus :— 'The Pope had sent a Cardinal cape, a large red hat, and stockings to the Queen, for Lord John Russell, and the Queen did not like to put them on ; and on the Fifth of November a great many Popes were blown up with bigotry and gunpowder.' After several rounds of this game, the next fixed upon may be—

CROSS EXAMINATIONS.

A judge and counsellor are appointed, and then they are requested to leave the room. During their absence, some remarkable thing is fixed upon for them to discover by the cross-questioning of the counsel. Something historical or something popular is the best kind of puzzle. The judge and counsel are then called in, and the latter begins his questions, going round the circle. The only answers to be given are, *Yes* or *No*. He may commence thus :—

'Is the thing to be discovered animate ?' Answer—'No.'

'Is it a simple thing ?' 'No.'

'Is it an animal substance ?' 'Yes.'

'Is it partly a vegetable substance ?' 'Yes.'

'Perhaps it is also in part a mineral substance.' 'Yes.'

Counsel to the judge: 'Please to remark that this wonderful thing is composed of an animal, vegetable, and mineral substance.'

Cross-examination continued:—

'Is it English?' 'Yes.'

'Is it mentioned in history?' 'Yes.'

'Is it a weapon?' 'Yes.'

The judge here remarks that as a sword, or a gun, or a spear, has no animal substance about it, it must be an arrow; and he should say it *was* an arrow. Now, what particular arrow it was, the counsel must elicit.

Counsel: 'Is it mentioned in the history of England?' 'Yes.'

'Before the Conquest?' 'No.'

'Not long *after* the Conquest?' 'Yes.'

'About the year 1100?' 'Yes.'

The judge then decided that it was *the arrow that shot William Rufus*. He was right.

A fresh judge and counsel being appointed, they went out of the room, until a fresh subject was fixed upon. The examination then commenced:—

'Is it an animal?' 'No.'

'Is it a vegetable?' 'No.'

'Is it an animal substance?' 'Yes.'

'Is it a manufacture?' 'Yes.'

'Large compared with the table?' 'No.'

'Small compared with a rug?' 'Yes.'

'Made of silk?' 'No.'

'Made of leather?' 'No.'

'Made of wool?' 'Yes.'

'Coloured?' 'Yes.'

'Variegated?' 'No.'

'Black?' 'No.'

'Green?' 'No.'

'Red?' 'YES.'

'Something to wear?' 'Yes.'

'Is it long?' 'Yes.'

'Narrow?' 'Yes.'

Here the judge suggested that it must be a *red woollen* comforter.

'No, no,' exclaimed the party, 'it is not a *single* thing.'

Counsel: 'Is it a pair of something?' 'Yes.'

'Are they English?' 'No.'

'Are they French?' 'No.'

'Are they Italian?' 'YES.'

'Now in England?' 'YES.'

Here the judge pronounces the verdict, the discovery is made. 'They were made of *wool, manufactured—red*—and though Italian, now in England.' Our readers will guess what these extraordinary things are.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 36.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEING OF MANY NAMES.

Rain comes from the East or proceeds from the West,

Water runs, and it *falls*, and can *rise*,

It covers our faces and enters our mouths

And in *tears* often stands in our eyes.

Its names they are varied, when varied in form

In small drops it is often called dew,

And whilst it is placid, is roused up in haste

The rage of a Fire,—to Subdue.

CHARADES.

Truly a *Boy* is not a man,
Although the same in feature;
And never can a woman be,
Although a human creature.

A *hood* adorns the head
Of many an Irish lass;
Thus *Boyhood* is the *whole*
Through which each man must pass.

[The two following Verses by a Welsh Letter Carrier.]

My bed was *formed* some time ago,
'Tis *made* each day full well I know,
I never would *part* with my bed,
Unless indeed I wanted bread:
It is *employed* each night I sleep,
But have no wish my bed to keep.

That little word *yes*, is a word of consent,
It filleth the lover's fond heart with content,
Dispelling from it all *ter-ror* and fright,
That's true as you never saw *day* in the night.
And *yesterday* you will ne'er see again
Is not this answer sufficiently plain?

RURAL ECONOMY.

COW-KEEPING.

MISS MARTINEAU has recently published two very interesting and useful letters on Cow-keeping on a small scale, as prac-

tised by herself at Ambleside, in Westmoreland. The first letter we print entire, and-for the second we refer the reader to

the pamphlet itself, published by Mr. Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street, at the small charge of sixpence. The letters are addressed to the Governor of Guilt-cross Union Workhouse.

Ambleside, Jan. 25th, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to furnish the account you wish Mr. Bowyer to have of my small attempt at farming. I should have desired to defer it for a year or two, if it had been Mr. Bowyer's object or mine to ascertain what is the pecuniary profit or loss of cow-keeping on my plan; for this plan has been in full operation little more than half a year. But I understand Mr. Bowyer's object is to see how a certain amount of labour, waiting for employment, can be best made available; and, on my part, my scheme is owing to the peculiarity of the district in which I live. What I want to gain is not pecuniary profit, but comfort? while, at the same time, I cannot afford to lose by my experiment. There are months of the year (and exactly the months when my friends come to see me) when I cannot be sure of being able to buy enough of meat, milk and cream, and vegetables for my table; and the vegetables, and milk and cream, can rarely be had good at any season of the year. If, without loss, I can provide myself with hams and bacon, fowls and eggs, vegetables (except winter potato), butter and cream, I shall be amply satisfied, as far as considerations of the purse go. A much higher consideration is, that if I can make my plan succeed, it provides for the maintenance of two honest people, who might otherwise have had no prospect but of the workhouse in their old age, and in all seasons of pressure in the meanwhile.

My land amounts in the whole to less than two acres and a quarter; and, of this, part is mere rock, and a good deal is occupied by the house and terrace, the drive, and some planted portions. A year and a half ago, a little more than an acre of it, in grass, was let for £4. 10s. a year, to a tenant who kept a cow upon it. This tenant never took the slightest care of the pasture; and it became so lumpy and foul as to be an eyesore from the house. I paid more than six guineas a year to an occasional gardener, who could not even keep things neat in the time he gave to it; much less render my ground productive. If I wanted a ham, I had sometimes to pay £1. for it; and for eggs I paid, during three months of the year, a penny a piece. I never saw cream worthy of the name, and had to get butter from a distance. In the midst of this state of things it occurred to me, that it might be worth trying whether my land would not produce such comfort as I wanted, without increased expense.

Having satisfied myself that it was worth a trial, I wrote to you to inquire whether your union would dispatch hither a labourer whom you could recommend. Besides that we are underhanded in this district, I knew that my

neighbours would laugh at me for proposing to keep a cow and a pig on my own land, when the rule of the district is, that it takes three acres to keep a cow, and when it is the custom for one man to undertake the charge of as many acres as you please; and my neighbours did laugh at me for a time. They said that I was paying at the rate of sixpence a quart for milk. They asked how I could possibly find employment for a man on two acres of ground. They charged me, first, with cruelty to my cows, in not letting them range on the fell; and then of petting them. Some, however, saw the importance of the experiment in the way of example, and have encouraged me throughout. I do not yet affirm that the experiment will answer, but I believe that it will; and I am sure that the comfort of my little household is prodigiously increased by it.

I do not forget how our success mainly depends on the choice you made of a farm-servant for me. He is a man of extraordinary industry and cleverness, as well as rigid honesty. His ambition is roused, for he knows that the success of the experiment mainly depends on himself. He is living in comfort, and laying by a little money; and he looks so happy that it would truly grieve me to have to give up; though I have no doubt he would immediately find work, at good wages, in the neighbourhood. His wife and he had saved enough to pay their journey hither out of Norfolk. I gave him twelve shillings a week all the year round. His wife earns something by occasionally helping in the house, by assisting in my washing, and by taking in washing when she can get it. I allow her the use of my wash-house, copper, &c., on condition that the copper is kept clean for the boiling of the cow-food in winter. I built them an excellent cottage, of the stone of the district, for which they pay 1s. 6d. per week. They know that they could not get such another off the premises for £5. a year.

Besides the cottage and wash-house, I had to build a cow-house, pig-house (for it is not a sty), a poultry and hay-house. I consider these under the head of investment, not expenditure. I could let them, with the land, at a good rent, if I chose to give up cow-keeping.

In planning the turning up of my ground for spade cultivation, I went on the supposition of keeping only one cow; and for seven months we kept only one. But I considered the inconvenience of the cow being dry for three months out of the twelve; and that there was room in the stable for a second, and little more trouble in keeping two than one; and a pretty certain market among my neighbours for whatever butter and milk I might have to sell. So I bought a "spring calver" as companion to the "autumn calver," and we find that we very nearly maintain them both, on little more than three-quarters of an acre of grass, and less than half an acre of garden. The second cow pays her way by her manure and milk.

Our first consideration was the manure. It is as true with regard to our small concerns as to greater, that "the more manure the more green crops; the more green crops the more stock; the

more stock the more manure." There are two tanks, well flagged and cemented, and well closed, so that not a drop can ooze out. One is connected with the house, and the other with the cottage and cow-house, receiving all their draining of every kind. A barrel on wheels stands at the back door to receive all the slops, soap-suds, cabbage-water, &c., and this liquid manure is wheeled away, and applied where it is wanted. There is a compost-pit at the back of the kitchen-garden, and a compost heap behind some young trees at the bottom of the field. What with the clippings, and weedings, and sweepings, and nothing being wasted, the pig being kept clean, and the cow-house being swept out twice a day, we have abundance of manure (without buying any whatever), which accounts for the abundance of our crops thus far. One instance of my servant's passion for economy amused me so much that it seems worth telling you. Early one morning, returning from my walk, I looked in upon the pig, just when his breakfast was approaching in another direction. I said to Robert, 'I think piggy looks very well, only that he wants a washing.' 'Yes, ma'am,' said Robert, 'that will be to-morrow. To-morrow is washing-day, and the suds will wash the pig first, and then be as good, and better, for manure, and then the soap serves three times over.'

Our available ground is—of pasture, three roods, twenty-eight perches; and of tilled ground, one rood, fifteen perches. There are, besides, about twenty-six perches of grass in the little plantation, orchard, and slope, which yield some fresh grass when mowed in summer. I shall turn up a little more ground this spring, in order to provide completely for the maintenance of two cows, though I cannot encroach much more on the grass, on account of the views from the windows. But for this, we should give our cows no grass or hay, which are the most expensive kinds of food. Our soil is good, neither very rich nor very light, lying at varying depths upon limestone. Much of our newly-dug portion was full of stones. Our neighbours advised us to cover them up again; but we judged differently. I thought we might as well make drains of the new pathways we must have; so, by deep digging, we obtained drains, and the large stones were thus disposed of. Some more were carted out to mend the roads; and when my servant was in despair at there being more, it occurred to him to dig out good earth from corners of the plantation, and supply its place with stones. He actually dug pits breast-deep for the purpose.

His digging for crops was not less than two spits deep, dug straight down; and the whole was richly manured. The ground being ready, our method is this:—In August we sow cabbage seed, and by the end of September we begin to set out the young plants, about 400 per week for six weeks to secure a succession. We set them in rows, about eighteen inches apart, and the rows a yard apart. In April and May we sow Swedes and beets, in alternate rows, between the rows of cabbages. By the time we are beginning to cut the cabbages, the turnips and beets are past

the danger of the fly, and may be thinned—the removal of the cabbages letting in air and sunshine. We also keep a portion of the ground for Belgian carrots, which afford excellent cow food. We succeeded less with these this year than with our other crops, from their not being sufficiently thinned. But we had twenty-five stone of them; and four or five carrots a-day were very acceptable to the cows. By the end of March the cows can get a bite in the pasture, and the mowings of grass in the orchard, &c., are brought to them fresh. While the pasture is shut up for hay, the cabbages ripen. They weigh from 4 lbs. to 12 lbs., and each cow eats about eighteen per day. This is their food from June to November, with such grazing as they get after our hay-making, and a handful or two per day of Indian meal, scalded and given with their grass. The pasture having been well manured in the winter, and wonderfully retrieved by good care, yielded more than a ton and a half of the finest hay. This year, I think, I shall try for a second crop, as we have abundance of manure. But last year I had half the pasture hurdled off, and the cows let out for some time every day to graze; the one-half for one fortnight, and the other half the next. By the time the grass and the cabbages were done, we had laid in less than we hope to produce this year, but a fair amount of crops; for the cows, a ton and a half of hay; twenty-five stone of Belgian carrots, and at least ten cwt. of Swedes and beet.

We laid out too much of our ground for household vegetables, having had a surplus after the following supply:—fine green peas, from the 12th of June to the middle of September—beans of various sorts, lettuces, radishes, spinach, turnips and carrots, and onions enough for the whole winter—five or six stone of early potatoes, vegetable marrows, a few cucumbers, abundance of cauliflowers, brocoli and cabbages, and plenty of rhubarb and gooseberries. A strawberry bed is laid out, too, and we are to have plenty of apples and pears, and cherries and damsons hereafter. We used enough green vegetables for a family of five persons, for the whole summer and autumn.

The average yield of the cows is about ten quarts per day each, *i.e.*, about four pounds of butter per week, besides cream for the household, and some sale of new milk. The skimmed milk is eagerly bought, being as good as I used to buy for new milk. The buttermilk improves our bread and cakes very much, and the pig has what we do not use. The cows give sixteen quarts per day for some time after calving, and are dry for about three months before. One cow calved in October, and we sold the calf (a cow calf) for a guinea, at the end of a fortnight. The same cow is to calve again in September, and the other in May; and thus a continued supply of milk is provided for. We kill two pigs in a year, and, selling half each time, get our hams and as much bacon as we want for little or nothing. What we have to buy is three barrels of Indian meal in a year at an average of 16s. each), some of which we

use ourselves for puddings and cakes, and which goes far towards feeding the fowls; a few trusses of wheat-straw after harvest (when it is cheapest), to chop and mix with the cows' boiled turnip food in winter; a few penny-worths of grains per week; and two or three loads of turnips after Christmas, and a little hay.

As I consider that the cows maintain the man, this expenditure is all that I have to make for our large supply of vegetables, pork, bacon, and hams, eggs, and a few fowls, our gardening, and the keeping the whole of the ground in high order; and, moreover, through the good nature of my excellent servant, our window-cleaning and coal-shifting. It may not be out of place here to mention his other proofs of zeal and kindness. His sister is my maid, and she has care of the plate. In the short days, or in excessively bad weather, he comes up and offers to clean the plate, which is in consequence better kept than ever it was before. Again, the tenant of the next field besought me to take possession of the fence (by permission of the owner), as it was a great expense and trouble to him. I long refused, though the hedge was very ugly, with eight hideous pollards, and eternal rows of wet linen hung on from the other side. At last my servant begged me to take the hedge, saying that he would grub and fell the whole, and that, if the wood did not pay me for a new fence, the gain in the land would. I put up a cross pole fence, which is highly ornamental.

My neighbour and I gain each one hundred

square yards of ground; I am safe from sheep and trespassers, and I have wood enough for about two years' consumption, besides pea-sticks and poles, as many as we want. The new fence cost £9. and a few shillings. The purpose of setting forth this man's merits is to be fair; for I am aware how essentially the success of my experiment depends on the quality of the servant who has to work it out.

The cow-house is, as I said, swept out (into the entrance of the tank) twice a day; and it is whitewashed twice a year. The cows are rubbed down daily with a curry-comb, and kept almost as sleek as horses. Both are now in much finer condition than when they came. They were rather restless for a few weeks, after first coming from the fell; but they seem now perfectly happy, and when out in the field, they return to the stable of their own accord, to avoid rains, heat, or flies. Their food in winter is each a stone of turnips three times a day; their turnips being shred, and boiled with chopped straw, a little hay, a handful of salt, and a double handful of Indian meal, or somewhat more of bran. They may have besides, to amuse themselves with, a few raw turnips, and two or three handfuls of hay per day.

I think I have now given you as particular an account as you could desire. If, however, I have omitted anything that you want to know, pray question me freely.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

NEED WE STARVE?

WHEN it is considered, that with every pound of the strongly-pungent smelling ammonia lost in the air, a loss of at least sixty pounds of corn must correspondingly be sustained,—and that with every pound of urine, a pound of wheat might be produced,—not only must we feel surprised at the ignorance which prevails as to the fact, but equally so at the indifference manifested, by those who are aware of the value of such manure, as to the best mode of applying it. On some soils a plant will thrive, on others it will sicken; and the same knowledge which will enable us to correct a faulty or weak vegetation, will enable us also to produce far more abundant results than occur under the most favourable ordinary and natural circumstances. Agriculture has hitherto never fairly sought aid from that science, which is based on the knowledge of those substances which plants extract from the soil, and of those restored to the soil on which they grow, by means of manure. The application of such principles, will be the task of a future generation; for what can be expected from the present, which recoils with seeming distrust and aversion, from all the means of assistance offered by chemical investigation? A future generation will derive

incalculable advantage from those means of help, and make a rational use of philosophical discoveries. Here a marked and wide difference exists between the progress of manufacture, and the history of agricultural operations. We see the steam-engine multiply indefinitely the labour of the human hand—supersede and almost infinitely exceed the united power of brute creation; invention has lacked no mechanism to produce myriads upon myriads of the same fabrics; thousands of piles of manufactured silks and cottons are produced annually, one factory supplying daily as many yards as would encircle the globe—strange advancement on the ancient spinning-wheel; while the sons of the soil still toil on through the long summer months, and brave the winter's cold, to reap the same quantity of produce from the soil as their forefathers of a thousand years ago. We do not say that there is no limit to the capabilities of the earth's surface, but fearlessly maintain, that such limit is yet far from realization; and that not until prejudice be silent, and intelligence more universal, can it be hoped that the broad acres of our island-home will yield to science and skill all the treasures they contain.

VARIETIES.

A FIT OF ILLNESS.—WHAT is called a fit of illness, in nine cases out of ten, is only the crisis of long-continued ill health. The patient has not been well for a long time before he became ill; and the illness is the result of many antecedent circumstances which have been acting prejudicially on his constitution.—*Good Health.*

VALUE OF LABOUR.—It has been estimated that cast-iron, worth in its unworked state £1. sterling, is worth when converted into ordinary machinery, £4.; larger ornamented works, £45.; buckles and Berlin work, £600.; neck chains, £1,386; shirt-buttons £5,896. Bar-iron worth £1. sterling, when made into knives is worth £36.; needles £71.; pen-knife blades, £957; balance springs of watches £5,000.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.—A Pin and a Needle being neighbours in a work-basket, and being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. 'I should like to know,' said the Pin to the Needle, 'what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?' 'What is the use of your head,' replied the Needle, rather sharply, 'if you have no eye?' 'What is the use of an eye,' said the Pin, 'if there is always something in it?' 'I am more active, and go through more work than you can,' said the Needle. 'Yes: but you will not live long.' 'Why not?' said the needle. 'Because you always have a *stitch* at your side,' said the Pin. 'You are a crooked creature,' said the Needle. 'And you are so proud, that you can't bend without breaking your back,' said the Pin. 'I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again,' said the Needle. 'And I'll put your eye out, if you touch my head,' said the Pin. 'Remember that your life hangs by a thread' 'I would rather be *headless* than *threadless*,' said the Needle. While they were thus contending, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the Needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the Pin; and in trying to pull the head through the cloth, she soon pulled its head off, and then threw it into the dirt, by the side of the broken Needle. 'Well, here we are,' said the Needle. 'We have nothing to fight about now,' said the Pin. 'Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses,' said the Needle. 'How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them; and never find out that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do.'

NATURAL LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS.—The hand has a great share in expressing our thoughts and feelings; raising the hands towards heaven, with the palms united, ex-

presses devotion and supplication; wringing them, grief; throwing them towards heaven, admiration; dejected hands, despair and amazement; folding them, idleness; holding the fingers intermingled, musing and thoughtfulness; holding them forth together, yielding and submission; lifting them and the eyes to heaven, solemn appeal; waving the hand from us, prohibition; extending the right hand to any one, peace, pity, and safety; scratching the head, care and perplexing thought; laying the right hand on the heart, affection and solemn affirmation; holding up the thumb, approbation; placing the right fore finger on the lips perpendicularly, bidding silence.

DARE TO BE WISE.—Energy of spirit is requisite to overcome the obstructions which faint-heartedness, as well as the indolence of nature opposes to education. Not without a significance did the Goddess of Wisdom, in the old fable, step in full armour from the head of Jupiter; since her first occupation is warlike. At her very birth, she has to maintain a hard contest with the senses, who will not be torn from their sweet repose.—*Schiller.*

A Yankee is never upset by the astonishing. He walks upon the Alps with his hand in his pockets, and the smoke of his cigar is seen among the mist of Niagara. One of his class sauntered into the office of the lightning telegraph, and asked how long it would take to transmit a message to Washington. 'Ten minutes,' was the reply. 'I can't wait,' was the rejoinder.

FRENCH FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—Since the election of Louis Bonaparte to the Presidency of France, there have been one hundred and one suits brought against the press throughout the country, the damages amounting to four hundred and eighteen thousand three hundred and forty francs, and two hundred and thirty-one years of imprisonment, total of the judgments given.

In the reign of Henry V. the British revenue was £64,000 now it amounts to £59,300,000.

The Corner.

FOLLY OF DELAY—You may delay the work of repentance, and think the future far off—but *it will come*; your last unavailing effort to repent far off—but *it will come*; the death-struggle, the shroud, the funeral far off—but *it will come*; the day of judgment, the day of reckoning far off—but *it will come*; the sentence "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" far off—but *it will come*; eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth far off—but *it will come.*—*Dr. Chalmers.*

LITTLE THINGS.

BLADE by blade grows the grass until the meadows are covered with their carpet of green : leaf by leaf the trees put on their foliage until every branch is clothed, and whole forests rejoice in summer beauty : rill by rill the mighty rushing river is formed that adorns the landscape and bears proud ships on its bosom ; and house by house a village or town is built, and so through all nature or art. Great things are made up of a large number of little things.

There are two sides to every picture. Blade by blade the grass may be blighted, or scorched, or frozen until its verdure disappears : leaf by leaf the beauty of the forest fades away ; and drop by drop the swollen river may creep through its banks, until with a sudden rush the angry water bears all before it, and a swift flood pours over the land.

Thinking over these things, I said to myself, it is just the same with ourselves. Little by little the infant grows into the youth, the youth into the man. Little by little our conduct is formed out of a number of little habits ; little habits grow into greater ones, and according as they are good or bad so is our character worthy or unworthy. It depends very much on ourselves, whether the stream of our life shall be gliding onwards usefully and peacefully between its banks, or whether it shall be a turbid and mischievous flood, a cause of sorrow to ourselves and disaster to others. It is pretty clear that little things are of more consequence than most people imagine, and that they are not treated with all the attention which they deserve.

Before commencing any practice or habit, however trifling it may appear, we should consider well what it may lead to. Babies very often get a habit of sucking their thumbs ; it seems nothing at first ; but some of them keep on for many years, greatly to the annoyance of their nurses. Some schoolboys cannot say their lessons unless they are playing with one of their buttons, or with a bit of slate-pencil in the bottom of their pocket. Others when about fourteen years old, begin to take a whiff at the pipe, because they see their father smoke, and whiff by whiff they go on until they become inveterate tobacco smokers. Others are treated to a sip from the beer tumbler, or to half a tea-spoonful of gin-and-water, until they get a relish for the liquor, which lays the foundation of a habit, and the habit is a strong pull towards drunkenness. Some men think nothing of sitting down, as they say, just to take a friendly glass ; but little by little it becomes an unfriendly glass. Some people borrow books and keep them week after week, month after month, until they almost fancy the volumes are their own, and never return them. Others let their tongue run little by little, until by-and-by they cannot tell truth from falsehood, and more often utter the latter than the former. Great oaks, it is said, grow from little acorns ; and do we not see in human conduct what important consequences flow from trifling beginnings.

Don't begin to smoke and you will never be a smoker—a waster of money on tobacco, and an offence to people otherwise disposed. Don't begin to swallow strong drinks and you will never be a drunkard. The celebrated Abernethy used sometimes to recommend his patients to drink a glass of brandy every day, but to leave off as soon as they began to like it or long for it. Capital advice this, and worthy to be listened to in all matters of appetite. We should all try to live so as to be not

over-careful of what we eat or drink; for of all slaves there is none so deplorable as the slave of his stomach.

A certain Frenchman was once asked to take a pinch of snuff; he declined the proffered civility, saying, that he had no small vices. There was philosophy in that remark. If we have no small vices, we shall most likely have no great ones. If the port-holes of the *Royal George* had not been left open she would not have sunk to the bottom.

To wash one's-self clean every morning, comb hair, clean shoes, brush clothes, seem but little things, and yet how much of our comfort and respectability depend on them! To learn the alphabet, to read, to spell, to write, to study books and say lessons;—all these seem but little things; and yet how much of our happiness, usefulness, and prosperity depend on them! It seems but a little thing to leave off lying, and yet honesty and sincerity grow out of it! It seems but a little thing to save a penny a day, and yet it lays the foundation of a fortune!

Therefore, friends, my conclusion is, that whether for good or for evil, it behoves us all to pay attention to **LITTLE THINGS**.

NEIGHBOURS' QUARRELS.

BY CONRAD CATERWELL.

Most people think there are cares enough in the world, and yet many are very industrious to increase them:—One of the readiest ways of doing this is to quarrel with a neighbour. A bad bargain may vex a man for a week; and a bad debt may trouble him for a month, but a quarrel with his neighbours will keep him in hot water all the year round.

Aaron Hands delights in fowls, and his cocks and hens are always scratching up the flower-beds of his neighbour, William Wilkes, whose mischievous tom-cat, every now and then, runs off with a chicken. The consequence is, that William Wilkes is one-half the day occupied in driving away the fowls, and threatening to screw their long ugly necks off; while Aaron Hands, in his periodical outbreaks, invariably vows to skin his neighbour's cat, as sure as he can lay hold of him.

Neighbours! Neighbours! Why can you not be at peace? Not all the fowls you can rear, and the flowers you can grow, will make amends for a life of anger, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. Come to some kind-hearted understanding one with another, and dwell in peace.

Upton, the refiner, has a smoky chimney, that sets him and all the neigh-

bourhood by the ears. The people around abuse him without mercy, complaining that they are poisoned, and declaring that they will indict him at the sessions. Upton fiercely sets them at defiance, on the ground that his premises were built before theirs, that his chimney did not come to them, but that they came to his chimney.

Neighbours! Neighbours! practice a little more forbearance. Had half a dozen of you waited on the refiner in a kindly spirit, he would years ago have so altered his chimney, that it would not have annoyed you.

Mrs. Tibbets is thoughtless, if it were not so she would never have had her large dusty carpet beaten, when her neighbor, who had a wash, was having her wet clothes hung out to dry. Mrs. Williams is hasty and passionate, or she would never have taken it for granted that the carpet was beaten on purpose to spite her, and give her trouble. As it is, Mrs. Tibbets and Mrs. Williams hate one another with a perfect hatred.

Neighbours! Neighbours! bear with one another, we are none of us angels, and should not, therefore expect those about us to be free from faults.

They who attempt to out-wrangle a quarrelsome neighbour, go the wrong way

to work ; a kind word, and still more a kind deed, will be more likely to be successful. Two children wanted to pass by a savage dog, the one took a stick in his hand and pointed it at him, but this only made the enraged creature more furious than before. The other child adopted a different plan, for by giving the dog a piece of his bread and butter, he was allowed to pass, the subdued animal wagging his tail in quietude. If you happen to have a quarrelsome neighbour, conquer him by civility and kindness, try the bread and butter system, and keep your stick out of sight. That is an excellent Christian admonition. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."—Prov. xv. 1.

Neighbours' quarrels are a mutual reproach, and yet a stick or a straw is sufficient to promote them. One man is rich, and another poor ; one is a churchman, another a dissenter ; one is a Conservative, another a Liberal ; one hates

another because he is of the same trade, and another is bitter with his neighbour because he is a Jew or a Roman Catholic.

Neighbours ! Neighbours ! live in love, and then while you make others happy, you will be happier yourselves.

That happy man is surely blest,
Who of the worst things makes the best ;
Whilst he must be of temper curst,
Who of the best things makes the worst.

"Be ye all of one mind," says the Apostle, "having compassion one of another ; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous ; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing."—1 Pet. iii. 8. 9. To a rich man I would say, bear with and try to serve those who are below you ; and to a poor one—

Fear God, love peace. and mind your labour ;
And never, never quarrel with your neighbour.

ON CONSTIPATION.

DR. COMBE tells us that "He who is acquainted with the general constitution of the human body, and with the laws which regulate its action, sees at once his true position when exposed to the causes of disease, decides what ought to be done, and thereafter feels himself at liberty to devote his undivided attention to the calls of higher duties." There is so much truth in this remark, as to lead to the belief that no one who reads it will deny its claim to attention ; and as the subject we propose to write about is one of great importance in connection with health, we trust good service may be rendered by our bringing it forward.

Constipation means confinement of the bowels ; or in other words, that the contents of the bowels are not discharged regularly every day ; the word *costiveness* signifies the same condition. It is of the first necessity that we should eat food for the maintenance of our life and strength, at certain times every day, and after this food has contributed all its nutriment to the support of the body it is not less necessary that the waste should be got rid of, if we desire to preserve our health.

The subject has something to do with our daily pursuits and habits, and for the better understanding of it we must refer to the "Chapter about Digestion," published in No. 28 of the *Family Economist*. It is there explained that one continuous tube or channel leads from the throat to the lowest extremity of the bowels—the stomach, which is a portion of the same, being placed about mid-way between the two. The upper half, called the alimentary canal, is employed in the taking in of food and converting it into nutriment for the body, while in the lower half or intestinal canal, the waste is separated and prepared for ejection, or casting out.

This channel, passage, or canal, which ever it may be named, has a smooth red lining through its whole length, on which as will be seen much of the intestinal action depends. This lining is called the mucous membrane, and it has the property of giving out a sticky or gummy kind of matter or mucus in different quantities, according to constitution and other circumstances. Next to the mucous membrane comes the outer or muscular coats

of the bowels, and the threads or fibres of these run in two directions—lengthwise and round and round, an arrangement of much importance in their respective functions.

After food has been digested in the stomach it passes onwards, as explained in the article above-mentioned, to the *duodenum*, and afterwards to other portions of the bowels called the *ileum* and *jejunum*, in which the work of digestion is completed. After this, all the waste excretions brought by the blood from different parts of the body, and the waste food move slowly onwards until the whole “arrives at the first part of the large bowels called the *cæcum*. Here and in the next part named the *colon*, it is prepared for expulsion from the body: it becomes thick and hard, and is forced gradually downwards by a peculiar action of the bowels. By this means the waste matters are pushed on till they reach the lowest extremity of the bowels, short and straight, known as the *rectum*, and thus are finally cast out from the body.”

The “peculiar action” here alluded to, is produced by the muscular coat of the bowels: the fibres which run round like rings contract and produce a *vermicular* or worm-like movement, while the fibres which extend lengthwise begin a *peristaltic* or alternate stretching and shrinking motion. When all is in health and order, the two movements go on progressively and harmoniously; but the effect of medicine is sometimes to make one set of fibres contract faster than the other, and this is a frequent cause of the griping pains which so many persons experience, especially when they undertake to doctor themselves.

The liver is one of the means which nature has provided for keeping the bowels in healthy action; and this part of its work is done by means of the gall, which it pours out drop by drop as the digested food passes through the *duodenum*. The gall not only helps to separate the useful portion of the food from the waste, but its resinous or bitter principle is that which causes the muscular fibres of the bowels to contract and expel their contents. This effect is so certain that the bitter part of the gall has been called a “a natural purge,” and we should seldom need any other, were it

not for our artificial mode of living and too often careless or indolent habit.

We have thus shewn in what way food reaches the bowels and accumulates therein as waste. This waste should be expelled at least once in twenty-four hours, and every day at the same hour. But if from any one of the various causes which affect the human body the casting out does not take place, means have to be taken to excite the action of the bowels. The cause may be in the torpidity or sluggishness of the liver, it does not give out bile in sufficient quantity, in which case the liver has to be brought into activity by medicine or alterations of diet. Or the lining coat of the bowels themselves may be torpid, and need stimulating; the quality or quantity of the mucus which covers the lining as with an oil may need to be changed. Or the stomach may be in such a state that the food is never properly digested; or the mind may be harassed and anxious, and all of these conditions tend to weaken or suspend the action of the bowels. There are also other causes, but these are the most prevalent, and the most frequent in leading to a bad habit of the bowels; for these can be brought into a bad habit by neglect the same as the body generally. Seeing that the causes of constipation are so various, we are able to understand how it is that different remedies are required to remove them, and also that when people profess to cure them all with one particular medicine and one alone, they are either attempting to deceive us, or are deceiving themselves. They might as well say that if a hen sits on duck-eggs the young ones that come forth will be chickens. But there is nothing in which people are so willing to be deluded and cheated as in matters of physic, and many a one who reads a quack advertisement fancies himself wiser than all the doctors.

When the bowels have fallen into a habitual state of constipation, the wisest plan for any person so affected is to seek the advice of some skilful and honest medical man—and there are thousands of such in this country. The doctor having inquired into all the particulars of the case, prescribes the requisite medicine. If the mischief be in the stomach, he does

not physic the liver or bowels, but applies the remedy where it is wanted. If the mind be disturbed he does what he can towards soothing it, and so to bring the bodily functions into their natural tone. In the long run the best medical advice is always the cheapest.

There are several kinds of opening medicine ; some produce what is called local action, that is, they merely eject the contents of the bowels and have no further effect—these are *laxatives*. They include manna, malva, castor oil, olive oil, tamarinds, prunes, and some other slightly acid fruits. Another class, termed *purgatives*, act more especially on the liver, causing an increased flow of bile, or an increased secretion of mucus in the intestines. It should be borne in mind that all purgatives are more or less irritating: sometimes, if of a powerful nature, their operation produces very uncomfortable sensations. The most violent class of aperients are named *drastics* ; their action is extremely severe, causing copious discharges. The medicines mostly used as drastics and purgatives are senna, aloes, jalap, bitter apple, various kinds of mineral salts, turpentine, gamboge, scammony, croton oil, and preparations of tobacco. Some of them are highly dangerous except in proper doses ; and for this it is always best to ask proper advice.

Most of the pills so constantly advertised as remedies against all sorts of diseases are composed of powerful drastic medicines ; those persons who have taken them will remember the soreness and weakness which generally followed. In some instances inflammation has been the result. The reason is that they take away all the mucus from the inside of the bowels, and thus leave the surface exposed. This exposure uncovers all the minute vessels which open on the lining membrane, and then they become irritated, if not inflamed ; a condition which should always be carefully guarded against.

As a general rule vegetable medicines are less violent than mineral ones. The present writer has known death to ensue from an ounce of Epsom salts taken in one dose. It is well worth remembering that a teaspoonful in a tumbler of water swallowed the first thing in the morning will be as effective as the greater quantity. The infusion of senna, too, should be

made with cold, not with hot water : the effect will be equally complete, and the griping so often complained of will be avoided. A quarter-ounce of leaves to a pint of cold water, after standing for eight or ten hours, gives a liquid of which a wine-glass full taken early in the morning for a week will sometimes produce a regular open habit of the bowels. The habit when once established should be perseveringly kept up, every day at the same hour ; for frequent use of medicine is very objectionable. A London physician has said that his experience led him to believe that one-half of the deaths of children which occur under two years, arose from their mother's dosing them with rhubarb and magnesia. Some persons imagine magnesia to be very harmless, but it is apt to be irritating and to lodge : six pounds' weight were once taken from the bowels of a man after death.

People of costive habit have nearly always an offensive breath and perspiration ; pimples and blotches appear on their faces, besides other unpleasant eruptions of the skin. Indeed the longer the accumulated matter remains in the bowels the more imperfectly will the secretions be performed, and the more putrid matters will be taken up by the blood. We have before explained the importance of the skin in the animal economy ; and here we see the cause of bad complexions, of the scaly, yellow, or dirty white surface—any hue but the natural lively red. The skin of children especially is exposed to suffer from irritation of the bowels. Headaches, giddiness, fits, hysterics, are all aggravated or produced by costiveness, which besides, when long-continued, always involves danger of inflammation.

The means of cure are in many cases quite under the patient's own control. Change of diet is at times an effectual remedy. People of a costive habit should not drink brandy or port wine. The avoiding of pastry, boiled dough, ill-made bread, cucumbers and certain other vegetables, and taking such food as may be recommended by a doctor or by experience, may be considered as genuine means of relief. Washing the body all over every morning with cold water is another resource, and the not

lying too long in bed will be found to assist in overcoming a costive state of the bowels. The benefit to be obtained is worth a little trouble, especially as when the habit is formed the trouble ceases.

A frequent cause of constipation is the very prevalent taste for white bread. The notion seems to be that the finer the flour the better of necessity must be the bread that is made from it. On this subject some useful remarks will be found at page 22-3 of the 1st vol. of the *Family Economist*. We will only add here that the habit is as injurious as it is wasteful. The outer portion of wheat, the bran, possesses gently laxative properties which the flour alone does not, and the two united make bread of the most wholesome kind. Let those who suffer from habitual constipation exchange the white alummy loaves from the baker's for good home-made *brown* bread, and they will soon find out the benefit—as we have done.

Exercise, too, is a grand remedy: on this point Dr. Combe observes, "Sedentary persons are habitually subject to costiveness and its attendant evils. If exercise be refrained from, and the same position be preserved for many hours

a-day, as in sitting at a desk, the bowels are necessarily deprived of one important source of power; and thus weakened, they are able to act upon and propel their contents with the same regularity as when assisted by exercise. A slowness of action ensues, which no course of medicine, and scarcely any modification of diet, can overcome so long as sedentary habits are indulged in; but which also may be relieved by daily pressing over the region of the abdomen with a kind of kneading motion, imitating, though feebly the effects of muscular action. Females suffer much from intestinal debility caused by sedentary habits."

We have thus endeavoured to give a simple account of the functions of the bowels, and the causes of constipation and their remedy, and conclude with one more brief quotation from the same author. "If human health and happiness," he observes, "be effectually promoted by increased attention to the conditions which regulate the vital and animal functions, nothing can be more useful than to communicate to every intelligent being such a measure of knowledge as will enable him to provide for his own safety and improvement."

COFFEE-DRINKERS BEWARE !

A RECENT number of the *Lancet* contains a useful paper on the adulteration of Coffee. A microscopic examination of thirty-four different qualities sold in London, showed that, with three exceptions, the whole were adulterated. Chicory was present in thirty-one instances, with the frequent addition of roasted corn, beans, or potatoes, and in some cases the quantity of coffee was not more than a fifth of the whole article. All the coffees with fine names "Superior Mocha," "Coffee as in France," "Finest Mountain Growths," &c., &c., which we see puffed in almost every newspaper, and presented in tempting packets in shop

windows, were found to contain "very little coffee indeed."

Surely the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat—

or the rage for cheapness would never permit persons to be cheated as are purchasers of cheap *ground* coffees. The simple remedy for this evil is, for every housekeeper to buy a coffee mill, which may be done for eighteenpence, and purchase the coffee berries. Those who prefer a mixture of chicory can buy it at sixpence per pound, and mix it to their own liking.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

SHANEEN, THE IRISH ORPHAN.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.—PART THIRD.

AFTER this day, Dan took every opportunity to heap insult and injuries on the unhappy Shaneen ; and his hatred of the boy was increased by the degree of interest shown towards him by Honor, who, we must allow, was not always very judicious in her mode of favouring Shaneen, as her praise of him was usually accompanied by some disparaging observation concerning her brother.

This miserable life dragged slowly on through many months, until poor Shaneen's heart was nearly broken. There was no one at hand to pity or to soothe him ; for Honor, although full of kindness, was too much occupied with her own affairs to bestow a great deal of thought upon his. Often he pondered over his wretched condition, and his heart turned with unutterable yearnings towards his beloved nurse, Margaret Donnelly.

One day,—it was at Michaelmas, and the holiday granted at school had given him more leisure than usual for the indulgence of painful thought,—he came in to dinner sad and weary in mind, and ate himself mechanically at the table, where steamed a savoury dish ; a fine roast goose, which had been reserved by Mrs. Caswell for the Michaelmas dinner. The farmer was absent, having been obliged to attend a fair at some distance from home. Mrs. Caswell, having first helped her son and daughter, as well as two or three neighbours, who had been invited to partake of their Michaelmas fare, bethought herself of the orphans, who were placed at the lower end of the table, with a certain space left empty between them and the family, as if to mark the inferiority of their position. She accordingly sent to each of them a portion of the well-fed bird and its savoury stuffing ; but in her anxiety to attend to her guests, she overlooked Shaneen, who was seated at the extreme end of the table. After a minute or two, one of his elder companions ventured to tell 'the Misthress,' that Shaneen was yet unhelped.

Before she had time to send him a portion, her son Dan taking a drum-stick from off his own plate, flung it towards him in a brutal way.

'There! that is good enough for a charity boy, who I dare say niver tasted a morsel of goose before in all his born days. Beggars can't be choosers.'

Shaneen was a gentle boy, but as it has been already said, a spirited one. This was an insult which he could not endure. His eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed, as he took up the drumstick and flung it back to its original owner—saying aloud : 'I am not a beggar, and no one shall dare to call me so.'

Every one at table looked aghast at the orphan's presumption, except Honor, whose eyes flashed fire as she told her brother he 'daren't behave so unmannerly if his father war at home.' This observation awoke the evil spirit within Mrs. Caswell, who said in an angry tone, she would have her to know that *she* was the mistress, and was quite capable of ordering the family without her interference ; and then addressing Dan in gentler accents she begged of him to be 'paceable,' and not to 'demane' himself by quarrelling with such 'gossoons.' This mode of address, however, so far from mollifying Dan, only increased his insolence ; and he swore that if that 'sulky, impudent rascal was allowed much longer to darken their doors,' he would take himself to America, and she 'would niver set her eyes upon him agin.' While he was speaking in this brutal manner, Shaneen rose from his seat and walked deliberately out of the house. Honor, on observing him, rose up also, and telling her brother it was 'a sin and a shame to spake in that way to a poor motherless boy,' hastened out after Shaneen, carrying with her a plateful of meat and potatos for him. She found the poor boy weeping bitterly in a corner of the yard, and vainly strove to comfort him. He said he had been disgraced before the neighbours and would die of shame. He turned away with loathing from the food she offered him, but at length by way of gratifying her, partook of some of it ; it seemed, however, as if every morsel must choke him, so deep were his sighs, so convulsive, his bursting sobs. Honor did not leave him until he seemed somewhat tran-

quillised, and by way of soothing his mortified feelings, she told him he should not sup at home that evening, but must escort her to the neighbouring farmer's, where she had promised to go; 'And thin,' added she smiling, 'no harm can come to me you know, Shaneen, when you are there to protect me!' The poor boy faintly smiled as he looked up in her face, and pressing her hand to his lips, said in a tone of passionate emotion: 'God bless you for your goodness to the despised orphan.'

Honor little thought that that was the last glance she should have of poor Shaneen,—the last words of grateful thanks she should listen to from his lips!

On her seeking for Shaneen late in the afternoon, he was nowhere to be found; and concluding that he was unwilling to appear that evening among strangers, and had, therefore, purposely concealed himself from her, Honor went her way, silently resolving to try and soothe him more effectually on the morrow.

The hour of supper-time came, and Shaneen did not make his appearance in the farm-house kitchen. Dan observed that Shaneen, he supposed, was 'still in the sulks.' The other boys looked frightened at the tyrannical youth, and remained silent. 'Have none of ye a tongue in your head,' inquired Mrs. Caswell, 'to spake a word and tell us where the gossoon has put himself?'

'We have not laid our eyes upon him since he left the house at dinner-time,' replied one of the orphans; and a silent gloomy supper ensued. Mrs. Caswell felt uncomfortable about the boy's absence; and so did Dan, despite his low careless whistle, which might seem to indicate a mind at ease. But happily, it is no easy matter, especially in the season of youth, to stifle the "still small voice" of conscience within us. Happier still is it for those who, instead of despising, lend a willing and a duteous ear to its admonitions within their breast!

Brightly and cheerily did the morning of September 30th, 183-, dawn upon Caswell's farm. Each blade of grass seemed to sparkle in the brilliant sunshine; and the keen fresh air was so elastic as to impart vigour to the old, and to make the youthful spirit dance with joy. Wherefore, then, the downcast looks

and anxious countenances of those who were assembled round the breakfast table within the farm-house.

Shaneen's place was still vacant; and his continued absence awoke within the breasts of Mrs. Caswell and her son a mingled feeling of guilt and fear. *He* had been cruel and brutal in his conduct to the helpless orphan; and *she* had suffered him thus to act, without reproving him for his inhumanity, and protecting the child who had been committed to her especial care. And now, what had become of the missing orphan? And how should they shield themselves from the well-deserved anger of the "Masther," and the searching scrutiny of the Dublin Committee, who would assuredly not let them go unpunished for their conduct?

Such were the bewildering thoughts which filled the mind of Mrs. Caswell and her son, as they seated themselves at their morning repast.

On observing Shaneen's absence, Mrs. Caswell made enquiry concerning him from his companions, who informed her that he had not occupied his bed the preceding night. Mrs. C. now became alarmed, and Dan looked frightened and perplexed; nor did he reply to the scornful rebuke addressed to him by his sister; but taking his hat off the peg, sallied forth without uttering a sound, save the low whistle, which by its varied modulations expressed the different emotions of his mind. He was understood by his mother, who said in a whisper to Honor, 'His heart is mighty sore; he's gone afther the boy, you may depind upon it.'

'Sure I wont lave it to him to hunt for Shaneen, but I am going to sarch for him myself,' replied Honor.

So saying, she hastened out in quest of her favourite. But he was nowhere to be found; and an hour or two later, Dan was seen returning home with his eyes fixed on the ground and his hat slouched over his face.

On entering the kitchen, he seated himself without speaking a word.

'Well, Dan! what news of him?' enquired his mother gravely.

'Sorra a bit of news. I have sarched for him in all the ditches and can't find him at all at all.'

'And what in the wide world is to become of us?' asked she in a melancholy

tone. 'Who knows but we shall be suspected of having murdered the child?'

Dan offered no attempt at a reply, but sat still in gloomy silence.

Not many minutes later in the day, as Honor was poking into some corner in search of Shaneen, her father rode up to her, on his way homewards, and enquired laughingly, whether she was looking for treasure; whereupon she told him, weeping, all that had occurred in his absence. The farmer, like many persons who are ordinarily calm and gentle, was, when excited to anger, terrible in his displeasure. On entering his house, he gave vent to the most withering indignation against his son, who cowered beneath his wrath, and he ended by commanding the young man to set out instantly and search the whole neighbourhood until he found Shaneen. 'And as ye would avoid a father's curse,' said he sternly, 'bring home the boy tinnerly and kindly, and ask him to pardon ye for yer shameful behaviour. Or else,' and here the good man paused a moment, as if to recollect himself, and then added slowly and reverently 'or else, how can ye iver expect a blessing from Him who is the Father of the fatherless? Think upon that my son, and be kind to the orphan, for the eye of God Almighty is upon your hand and upon your heart. Remember that, my son, and may His blessing go along with you on your way.'

The farmer's voice trembled with emotion as he ended; and Dan who had listened moodily to his father's threats, now seemed softened by his gentleness; and rising up, he said: 'I will sarch the kingdom over for him, and it wont be my fault if I don't bring him home to ye

all, safe and sound.' So saying, he took his shillelagh and left the house.

Honor ran after him, and when outside the door, said, 'God bless you, Dan, and prosper yer way. But ye mustn't go without ating; for sure the hunger will lave ye no stringth to thravel.'

'Thank you kindly,' replied Dan. 'I don't mind the hunger at all, but your good word puts the life into me. It isn't often I get it, you know.'

'Well Dan, don't be after thinking ot that now. May be, it wont be always so.'

In another minute Dan was out of sight. May we not hope that as he trudged along some softening and humbling thoughts reached his heart, and awoke within him worthier resolves for the future?

Farmer Caswell having spoken somewhat sternly to his wife, concerning her share in this business, she burst into a flood of tears, which so mollified the good man, that he forgave her at once, and after having sealed his pardon with a kiss, set out to join in the search after Shaneen. Vain, however, was every inquiry and every effort to find him. On the following day, ponds were dragged, rewards offered, and application was made to the police for their assistance; but no tidings could be obtained of the missing boy.

After a few days spent in anxiety and perplexity, the farmer resolved to go at once to Dublin and acquaint his good friend Mr. Maunsell with what had happened. He chanced to arrive there on a committee-day and was at once introduced into the presence of many of the guardians and friends of the orphans.

ON TAKING A HOUSE.

It is very important upon taking a house, to consider well beforehand all the advantages or disadvantages connected with the proposed residence; for not only may the physical comfort of a family, but also its mental and moral well-being, be materially affected by the selection.

Often removing, is troublesome, and very expensive; involving not only outlay of money but loss of time; besides this it destroys the feeling of attachment

to home, said to be so characteristic of the true English heart, and which we so much like to see, especially in children. How pleasingly does the poet express the recollection of the home of his childhood:

"My childhood's home! my childhood's home!

How dear art thou to me,
The key-stone thou of memory's arch,
Begun in infancy."

Encourage this feeling of love of home in your children, it will save them from many temptations, perhaps from ruin; make your children's home a happy home. But this cannot be unless you have a house in which you have also comfort and enjoyment.

In choosing a residence then, let every consideration weigh well on your mind, so that when you have made your choice, you may have no need to repent it, and be again in haste to leave. Recollect the warning of poor Richard:—" *Three removes are as bad as a fire.*"

The selection of a house must be mainly dependent upon its rent, its distance from your work, the number of your family, or the state of your circumstances; but besides these there are other matters to be considered in detail, such as the neighbourhood, the healthiness of the situation, the sanitary arrangements, and the condition of the house itself.

The RENT of a small house or *tenement*, as it is called, varies so much according to its situation or condition, that any advice on this point can scarcely be given; but for a family consisting of a man and wife, with four children, a house with not less than four rooms is necessary: one as a sitting-room; another as a kitchen; a chamber for the parents, and one for the children is absolutely necessary. Such a tenement, with a little garden, may be had in most towns for from about three and sixpence to four shillings per week, or ten pounds a year; and this for a mechanic or a clerk earning from twenty to thirty shillings per week, should be the average sum to expend in rent. In large towns rents are much higher, and calculation must be made accordingly. Adam Smith states that no one ought to pay more than one-eighth of his income in rent.

DISTANCE FROM WORK is an important consideration and must be entirely determined by the nature of the occupation in which you are engaged. If your employment be of a laborious character, or one calling for active exertion, the nearer you live to your work the better, provided other things be suitable. But if of a confining, sedentary employment, as shut up in an office writing all day, then it will be quite necessary you should live at some distance, as the walk to and fro

will be of material service in promoting health, which might otherwise suffer from the confinement.

The primary advantage every house should possess is HEALTHINESS. Do not choose a house in a low damp situation, however *cheap* it may apparently be; houses so situated cannot be well drained, and the consequence is, that fever or cholera often prevails in such a locality. A house built on dry gravelly soil, on a rising ground, and where the drains are in good order, should be selected, as being that in which health may be best preserved. The signs of damp are mouldiness of the walls, paper-hangings mouldy and peeling off, and moist floors.

Do not choose your house in a "*bad neighbourhood*:" such localities are generally known, and must be avoided. Idle, dissolute, mischievous neighbours, are a curse and an abomination to every honest, industrious and sober family.

A SMOKY CHIMNEY will not promote your comfort or happiness. The result of a "*smoky house*" is a "*scolding wife*;" be careful, therefore, to look for the signs of smoke on the walls and ceiling over the fire-place. In a new house of course these appearances cannot be seen; but in either case an agreement should be made with the landlord to cure the chimneys if they smoke at the wrong end.

See that you have an ample supply of GOOD WATER, both for drinking and cleansing: you cannot have good health if you drink impure water, and you cannot have comfort in a dirty house, or in dirty linen. Let "*cleanliness be next to godliness.*"

Look well to VENTILATION. A house without back windows, or without chimneys in the sleeping-rooms, will not do; a free current of air must be allowed to pass through all the apartments often every day.

REPAIRS.—Be careful not to take possession of a house before all necessary repairs and the mending of broken windows be done, or the expense will fall on yourself, unless you have a written memorandum from your landlord to the contrary; and you will also be liable to make good all damage, the result of accident, as well as of wear and tear while you are in occupation, unless you have a written agreement that the landlord shall

do the repairs. This is very important and must not be neglected in the agreement.

Ascertain what RATES and TAXES there are, and whether all have been paid by the last tenant, if they have not, make some arrangement with him, or the landlord, or upon taking possession you will becomeliably for the whole amount owing, except in the case of local rates, which are not recoverable from the incoming tenant.

The ordinary periods for which houses are taken, are for one year, for three years, or on lease for a longer time.

Annual tenancy is the ordinary mode, and unless there is an agreement in writing to the contrary, all houses are considered as let for a year, and the tenant is subject to the laws affecting annual tenancy.

If there are fixtures, either the property of the landlord or of the last tenant, to be taken, obtain a list of them with the value attached to every item. This list being properly signed by the party from whom you take the fixtures, will serve in transferring them to another tenant, if you should have occasion to leave the house.

A legal agreement for taking a house should be written on a half-crown agreement stamp, which the landlord usually provides, and should be worded in the following form, varied of course according to the circumstances and nature of the agreement.

AN AGREEMENT made this (*twenty-fifth*) day of (*March*, 1851,) between (*Charles Graham, of Liverpool, Merchant*), of the one part, and (*George Gray, of Manchester, Manufacturer*), of the other part.

The said (*Charles Graham*) hereby agrees to let, and the said (*George Gray*) agrees to take, all that messuage or dwelling house, with the offices, gardens, and appurtenances thereto belonging, situate (*Queen-street*), in the parish of (*St. Peter, in Manchester*). To hold to the said (*George Gray*) from the (*Twenty-fifth day of this instant, March*), A, for the term of one year, and so from year to year, until the said landlord or the said tenant shall give to the other of them six calendar months' notice to quit, such notice to expire on the (*Twenty-fifth*) day of (*March*), in any year, B. At the yearly

rent of (*Seventy-five*) pounds payable half-yearly on the (*Twenty-ninth*) day of (*September*), and the (*Twenty-fifth*) day of (*March*), in each year.

AND the said (*George Gray*) hereby agrees to pay the said rent to the said (*Charles Graham*) or his representatives, by the proportion and in manner before-mentioned. And also all rates, taxes, charges, and assessments, which, during the said tenancy, shall be charged or assessed in respect of the said premises (except land and property tax). And not to assign or part with the possession of the said premises without the license of the said (*Charles Graham*) in writing first obtained.

AND the said (*Charles Graham*) hereby undertakes to keep the said house in all necessary repair, so long as the said (*George Gray*) shall continue therein.

AND the said (*George Gray*) hereby agrees at the expiration of the said tenancy to deliver up the said premises in the same state they are at present, fair and reasonable wear and tear excepted.

AS WITNESS the hands of the said parties.

(*Charles Graham*).

(*George Gray*).

Witness to the signing by both the parties.

(*William Stevens*,

House Agent, Manchester).

The above form will do for an agreement for three years by omitting the clause between A and B, and substituting "for the term of three years certain" "*renewable at the expiration of that time for the same or a longer period*."

It is obvious that this form may be varied when the circumstances require it, by putting the word "quarterly" in place of "half-yearly" for payment of rent, &c., and that the dates must accord with the quarter from which the house is taken; or if the landlord agrees to pay taxes, his name must be inserted before the clause relating to payment of rates, &c.

FIXTURES.—When there are fixtures to be taken, you must ascertain of what kind they are, as some fixtures may not be removed from the house, and that cannot be said to become *bona fide* your property, available to be disposed of; and the same rule applies to fixtures which you may put in yourself, such as doors, windows, wainscots, cupboards, or partitions, when built in, or thoroughly attached to the house.

But wainscots and partitions *screwed* instead of *nailed* in their places, cupboards or shelves fixed to walls, ovens, coppers, grates, and fireplaces, may be removed, but all repairs consequent on removal must be at the expense of the tenant. In all cases a clear statement of real moveable fixtures, and of what the tenant may claim, should be made on paper, and a copy be kept both by landlord and tenant.

Chimney-pieces, doors, &c., which the tenant has put in may be removed, but the old ones must be restored to their places, and left in as good condition as when the tenant entered.

NOTICE TO QUIT.—If there has not been a written agreement specifying the time when a tenant is to give up possession, or when he is to give notice to quit, the proper time to do so is half-a-year before leaving.

A quarter's notice is not sufficient. For instance—A tenant from year to year, if he entered his house at Christmas, must leave at Christmas, giving his notice on or before the previous Midsummer day. If rent commences from Lady-day, notice must be given from Michaelmas, in every case so that the notice may terminate at the half-year corresponding with that from which the house was taken. Want of attention to or ignorance of this rule, is often a source of trouble and expense. The following is the form of notice :

(*Manchester, December, 25th, 1850.*)

Sir,—I hereby give you notice that it is my intention to quit the house and premises I now hold of you, situate and being No. (*Queen-street, &c. &c.*) on or before (*Midsummer*) day next.

_____, Tenant.

To Mr. _____

A copy of this notice should be kept, and the person who serves it at the landlord's house should endorse on the back,

Served by _____ upon _____ on _____ day of December, 1850.

If an objection to a notice is not made within a reasonable time, the tenant may quit the house, although the notice through forgetfulness may have been given at a wrong period.

DISTRESS FOR RENT.—It sometimes unfortunately happens that the tenant is not able, or not willing to pay his rent when it is due, though we hope none of our

readers are of the latter class. In either case the landlord has the power of distress, or distress as it is called ; that is, seizing the property of the tenant, and selling it to indemnify himself.

A distress is not legal unless the landlord or his agent has demanded the rent, and been refused, nor unless the rent is in arrear, nor after payment has been offered. If distress is made after sunset, or before sunrise, or on Sunday, Christmas-day, or Good Friday, it is illegal.

If through any unforeseen mischances you should become subject to a distress, the first notice you will have of it will be by a bailiff coming to the door with the warrant from the landlord, which he must show you ; he must not break open the house to obtain entrance, nor when he has gained admittance must you turn him out again. You had better give him quiet possession, and immediately endeavour by all means to pay the rent and expenses, upon which he will give you a receipt, and leave you. But if you are not able to do this he will retain possession in the name of the landlord, and proceed to take an inventory of your furniture, &c., as far as he thinks will be sufficient to cover the debt. A copy of this inventory he will give to you, and then either remove the goods, or leave a man in possession of them at your house. For this man you will have to provide food and drink, or pay him extra in money, beside the charge for his keeping possession.

At any time within *five* days you may get rid of the distress by paying the rent and costs ; but if you are not able to do so in that time, and think that in a few days you shall be able, you must apply to your landlord to extend the time ; if he agrees to this, you will have to pay the expenses of the man in possession, which will be three shillings a day.

If after all you fail in paying the rent within the prescribed time, two appraisers sworn by the constable of the parish "to well and truly appraise the goods and chattels contained in the inventory," will proceed to that business ; after which the goods will be taken away and sold. The landlord is only legally justified in taking sufficient to pay the debt and costs. If the goods sell for more, he is bound to return the overplus to you. The costs are three shillings for levying the distress,

three shillings a day for the man, appraisement sixpence in the pound under £20, one shilling in the pound over that sum ; and the charges for advertising sale of goods, catalogues, and all expenses of the sale.

If you secretly remove your goods after your rent is due, in order to prevent your landlord from taking possession of them, he may seize and sell them just as legally as he could on the premises, if he can find them within *thirty* days.

All goods and chattels on the premises are liable to be taken although they may not be your own property ; thus a lodger's furniture may be seized although it is not usual to take the property of a third party

if there is sufficient to defray the debt without doing so.

The tools a man uses in his trade, and wearing apparel, are exempt, when there is enough besides to discharge the debt.

We conclude, in the hope that many who read these hints will act upon them ; and that those who with prudent foresight select a residence suitable for the maintenance of health, comfort, and happiness, will also with like careful caution avoid the dilemma of being behindhand with rent. "Live soberly, righteously, and godly ;" show forth "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good report," and then you need not fear the demon of DISTRESS.

STIMULATION.

THE most erroneous opinions prevail concerning the nature of *stimulation*, and the operation of stimulating liquors. The general notion is, that these liquors act upon the animal frame in some way that *imparts* strength and vigour ; and therefore they are taken either to lay in a stock of power beforehand, or after exertion to repair and supply the power which has been expended. Not only persons whose daily expenditure of strength lies in bodily labour, but authors, artists and public speakers, have recourse to wine or spirits to support them, as they erroneously think, under their labours. But the whole assumption springs from a serious mistake. Stimulation *gives* no strength ; it only *urges* and *forces* to a more rapid outlay of the strength which already exists ; and is succeeded by a depression and diminution of strength, proportioned to the exciting force which has been applied. Agreeably to this, all liquids containing *alcohol* act upon the human frame. They force the blood to an unnaturally rapid circulation, the muscular fibres to a more intense contractility, and the nerves and brain to an excess of susceptibility. This state of physical excitement works upon the mind, not indeed by invigorating the understanding and the

judgment, purifying the passions, or making the conscience more delicately discerning ; but by rendering more ardent and wildly sañent the tumultuous faculties of imagination and passion.—Without any intoxicating liquor, we are all the subjects of the *natural* and lawful *stimuli* of the day. Light, air, the variations of temperature, labour and social intercourse, thinking and feeling, are the divinely appointed stimulating agents to urge us on to proper and beneficial action. And for repairing the vital energy consumed by this daily expenditure, God has made a well-adapted provision. This does not consist in *superadded stimulation*, but in ways and means calculated to arrest the progress of excited energy, to calm, to soothe, to bring back the circulation and the irritability to that state of quiet, *in which alone body and mind can accumulate new power*. These ways and means are FOOD and REST ; food, such as individual experience ascertains to be the most congenial and nutritious ; and rest, in its two natural forms, first, that of *short cessations* during the day from severe labour, in a recumbent posture, or with the legs supported in a horizontal position ; and secondly that of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."—*Livesey*.

FRIENDSHIP.—The greatest bond and demonstration of real friendship is to choose to have your friend advanced in honour, and reputation, before yourself.—*Lady Gethin*.

NEW WANTS.

THE *Times* Newspaper in a recent article on the Great Exhibition, gives the following detail of our Wants. Until we read this we were in a state of almost blissful ignorance of our necessitous condition.

In every part of our houses there is room for improvement. We want walls combining warmth, cheapness, durability, and strength, faced with a material that shall imbibe neither the damp nor the smoke, and which an occasional ablution will make as good as new. We want a substitute for the everlasting paintpot, for scaffolds, and stench. Cannot this be effected by the use of bricks, hollowed, hardened, glazed, coloured, and moulded, as the case may require? We want fireproof constructions for our floors and our partitions, not too heavy to be carried by ordinary walls. We may learn much from the French and Germans in their windows and the fastenings thereof. The English sash with its ropes, pulleys, and weights, must be superseded at last. The Crystal-Palace will itself suggest the use of glass for our roofs, and, as the year of the exhibition is, we trust to be appropriately chosen for the repeal of the odious window-tax, there is no reason why every house of any pretensions built henceforth in this country should not have a transparent roof, and be thereby enabled to utilize the space between it and the attics. The ventilation and warming of our houses demand a reform. At present we are exposed to the tortures which MILTON assigns to some classes of the damned—we are suspended between a furnace and a draught, sitting before blazing fires knee-deep in streams of cold air. We want plans for diffusing a temperate atmosphere through all the rooms of a house, without a fire in every one of them, which few can afford, and which is far from advisable. The English might learn a good deal from the stoves in use through the continent, especially those of Russia and Sweden. We want also a mild substitute for the feather bed and triple blanket, in which so many of our countrymen are still nightly stewed from November to May. Among other *desiderata* may be enumerated a more economical and effective kitchen apparatus, especially one that shall consume its own smell, or otherwise dispose of it;—a mode of internal communication which shall dispense with the bell, and, if possible, also with the journey of the servant to ask what is wanted; window-blinds that shall answer their various purposes better

than either holland, or wire-gauze or Venetian blinds, inside or out; plates and dishes that shall not break quite so fast; furniture that shall not compel careful housekeepers to shut out the sun; and decorations that will stand the air of London more than three or four years.

All these instances are from one department, and they serve to illustrate the scope that there is for enterprising inventors and exhibitors. Our other illustrations shall be more miscellaneous. The national style of dress is neither slightly nor convenient. Every article of it, from the hat above to the Wellington boot below, is open to serious objections. A looser style would answer its purpose better both in winter and in summer, indoor and outdoor, moving or sitting still. As we write we yearn for the philanthropist who will deliver us from penknives and ink-glasses, by giving us a point that neither blunts nor runs dry. Oh, for a street pavement that shall be durable, noiseless and smooth! If that cannot be found we must be driven to railways on our principle thoroughfares, which at present are intolerable. Were there not a dead lock almost every half-hour we should soon lose our hearing. Taking a wide leap into another department, we beg to instance maps as a subject in which a reform is much needed. There is wanted a new style of engraving them, which shall exhibit with more distinctness and prominence the natural features, the cities, and the roads of the country; in fact, one that shall give the traveller or the student a little more of that information which he learns from the handbook. Last, but not least, a great reform is wanted even in so humble an affair as children's toys. From frequent experience we can answer for the difficulty of procuring a single article in this department that shall be good of its kind, and in general for the want of toys that shall be instructive, durable, and true, as works of imitation. Most of our children's toys are made abroad, and one result is, that in almost every "Noah's Ark" the domestic animals and the birds are of foreign breeds, or, perhaps, of no breed at all. Without, too, asking to change the nursery into the schoolroom, many ideas for instructive toys might be suggested. A "fair" is a holiday-making as well as a market, and children have their place in it. They will expect to find something for themselves as well as for their elders, and should not be disappointed. Some of their toys are instructive but dangerous. Building and soldiering, trumpets and drums, guns, horses and dogs

often foreshadow too truly the career of the man. So let us have something better for the rising generation, if it can be suggested.

Such are a few of our national *desiderata*, and whoever takes up the subject will find that the list can be almost indefinitely enlarged.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching head or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at the brim,
Bent low with sickness, care, and pain
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form,
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh! pass not heedless—pass not on!
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery
Go share thy lot with him!—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

A MUSICAL GENIUS.

WE read in the *National de l'Ouest*:—"Some years ago a young peasant girl, about twenty-one years of age, with an intelligent look and a modest yet resolute bearing, went to the Grand Vicar of a diocese and told him, that having heard speak of his kindness for young women who destined themselves to teaching, she begged of him to interest himself for her. 'But, my child,' said he, 'to have the right to teach you must obtain a diploma, and for that must submit to examination. Have you received the necessary instruction?' 'In my infancy I learned to read and write, then I went as an apprentice to a dress-maker, and at present I work in that business, going from farm to farm, for six sous a day. But my needle does not get me food enough, for I lose time in thinking how I shall become a governess.' 'My poor child,' said the Grand Vicar, 'it is something to read and write, but not enough; you must know French, spelling, geography, history, a little more than the four rules of arithmetic, and, finally, be capable of writing a composition.' 'I believe, Monsieur le Grand Vicar, that I

should pass tolerably through those proofs; for, on my return home from my work, I have for some time past spent part of my nights, and great part of my Sundays, in studying books which I bought with my savings. But I beg of you, sir, to be kind enough to examine me; you shall be my judge, and you will tell me frankly if I can hope to obtain the brevet of the superior degree.' 'Of the superior degree! Good God! you do not think of it! That is a very different thing! To obtain this brevet, the examining committee is much more severe. You must answer in all parts of arithmetic, know a little geometry, vocal music, and even play on an instrument. I fancy that you have learnt neither the piano nor the harp.' 'No! but does the law, Monsieur l'Abbé, absolutely require the piano or harp?'

'No! the law says that the candidate must know sufficient music to play on an instrument. Those which I designated are ordinarily the instruments which are studied by young persons in the schools. That is why I spoke to you of them. I think, however, that the examiners might

be satisfied if you knew the guitar.' 'Ah! well, Monsieur l'Abbé, since the law requires the candidate to know music, without designating the instrument, I am satisfied, for I have learnt, without masters, to play on an instrument.' And she pulled out a flageolet. The Grand Vicar burst out laughing. The girl blushed a good deal; but, fancying that the venerable ecclesiastic only laughed because he thought she must play ill, she performed an air with such skill as to astonish her hearer. This gentleman who had himself risen from the ranks of the people, thought that a girl of the people who had, unassisted, learnt to play so well, could not be an ordinary girl. He had the complaisance to examine her, and was stupefied on see-

ing what a rare degree of instruction the poor country dress-maker had obtained by her own efforts alone. He declared without hesitation that she might in full confidence present herself at the examinations. He, however, obtained a dispensation for her with respect to playing on the flageolet, as he knew that the examiners and candidates could not refrain from laughing at such an exhibition. The examining committee was as much astonished as the Grand Vicar had been at the varied and profound knowledge of the young peasant. She was received unanimously. She is at present chief of a school,—we will not say where; but we guarantee the truth of this anecdote."

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF FAVOURITE WINDOW PLANTS.

WE propose to give some directions for the culture and treatment of plants suited to windows. The sorts of plants most suitable will in a great measure depend on the aspect and even the form of the window, and its liability to, or exemption from exposure to chilling draughts of air, and also on the possession or non-possession of a piece of ground to which the florist can transfer his potted plants from the window when he pleases, so as to preserve continued successions within doors.

Any one who has a parlour or drawing-room with a *bow* window on the south side of a house is almost in the favourable circumstance of a person who has a greenhouse: he can regulate the temperature of the room; and as his window admits the rays of the sun from early in the morning until night, and yet can be shaded by a blind at will, he can cultivate a great variety of beautiful and tender greenhouse plants without any difficulty.

To succeed, however, the cultivator of flowers must have a decided love for them—without this he will sometimes consider the necessary care of them a drudgery; shutters will be closed when they ought to be open, blinds will be raised when they ought to be lowered, and the dust raised by the housemaid's sweeping brush will be suffered to remain on the leaves of the plants, to their destruction; their roots may be either

left rotting in moisture or parched with drought. Potted plants in many respects resemble human creatures, and are as liable to ailments, from partial draughts of air, improper food, want of cleanliness, excess in drinking, or privation from a proper supply of liquid nourishment, therefore they must be cared for. Our observations will be of a more practical nature, founded on actual experience, and suited even to the humblest cottager who may have but a single window in the apartment which serves him "for parlour, kitchen and all," and yet who may cultivate many very pretty and sweet-smelling flowering plants.

On the present occasion we shall not enumerate the plants which may with propriety be placed in the window according to season, aspect, and peculiarities of the apartment, but detail some of the first points necessary to be understood and practised by all persons who are disposed to cultivate flowers in pots.

Remarks as to the soil that should be provided for plants, and the mode of potting them.

Plants cannot be cultivated in pots with complete success unless the soil into which they are put is suitable to their nature, and contains a considerable proportion of nutriment, as the quantity of mould in a pot is necessarily very small,

and the plant in it cannot extend its roots in search of food as it does in open ground culture. It is not only necessary that the plant should have the proper kind of soil, but also that this be duly prepared before it is used by repeatedly turning it, so that the whole shall be thoroughly and often exposed to the air, and the separate parts of which it is composed perfectly blended together. This work should be done in some place where the mould will not be exposed to heavy rains. The seasons for doing this are the autumn, winter, and early spring months. Summer is not the proper time for it, because the heat of this season would dissipate some of the most active properties of the compost.

A soil suitable for pot plants generally is a good sound loam or garden mould, completely rotted dung (as that of an old hot-bed) leaf mould or leaf earth, silver or drift sand blended together, and for some plants—such as the *Dianthus* (pink) tribe, old mortar rubbish; and for other plants, as heaths, peat earth. A soil of this kind kept for several years in a situation not exposed to heavy rains and during the time frequently turned, is required for many of the most beautiful of florists' flowers.

The next thing to be considered both in order and importance is the potting of plants.

If the plant requires to be repotted, the mould in the pot in which the plant is, must be in a dry state, and therefore can be removed very easily. Give the pot some smart slaps with the palm of the hand, on every side, to loosen the earth from the inside; then spread out your fingers around the stem of the plant; turn the pot bottom upward, and the plant, with the roots and mould undisturbed, will fall into your hand. Before however, you do this, you should have the pot into which you are about to put your plant quite clean and ready for it; its drainage should not only be perfect when the plant is moved into it, but should be so managed as to continue as long as possible, for the plant will speedily sustain injury when the drainage has become obstructed; and if this be not attended to, it will be seriously damaged, if not ultimately destroyed.

The best plan of drainage is, to get

two pieces of tiles with the edge of each of them straight on one side: these two straight edges should be placed in contact over the middle of the hole at the bottom of the pot; immediately over these pieces of tiles, where they meet, should be placed an under oyster shell, the hollow side downwards; around and over these should be put bits of broken pot-sherds, the larger pieces below and the smaller above; over these some broken and partially rotted bits of wood, such as may be found at the bottom of an old wood-stack; over these some broken dried leaves, or rough fibrous peat; next to this the coarsest mould, then a little of the finer mould. This will fill up a third part of the pot.

Now, the plant being removed from the smaller pot in the way before described, the roots, if they be found matted round the ball of earth, should be carefully drawn out by a smooth, pointed stick, and freely cut back up to the larger roots, taking care not to injure these. If the ball of mould be hard, it should be loosened by cautiously pressing it between the fingers and thumb, so as not to injure the roots that are left on the plant. These roots must be placed regularly in the pot and the prepared mould strewed in amongst them, and pushed down gently where it may be necessary with the stick, the sides of the pot being occasionally patted to get the soil more completely among the roots and the loosened ball of earth. Care should be taken to place the plant perfectly upright and the stem exactly in the middle, so that the rim of the pot shall be equidistant everywhere from it. The plant should be put at the same depth in the new pot as it was in that from which it was removed, unless it had been badly potted. If the roots be perfectly covered after the settling of the mould in the pot, the plant is sufficiently deep. Having thus filled up with mould, press it down equally over the whole surface with moderate firmness; then *roughing* over the surface strew a small quantity of mould over the *roughed* top, let the mould be fully moistened by pouring very gradually, through the nose of a water-pot with very small holes, some rain water raised a little above the temperature of the atmosphere, either by exposing it for some time

to the rays of the sun or by mixing a little hot water with the cold. This finishes the potting.

The plant should now be put in a sheltered situation where it will be safe from the extremes of heat or cold, until it has recovered from the effects of the operation.

The proportions of the different ingredients of the compost have not been stated, as it will be necessary to vary them for different plants. But take this rule, and you will not much err ;—the smaller and more delicate the fibres of the

roots, the greater must be the proportions of the lighter ingredients—and the reverse.

The size of a pot should be proportioned to the size of a plant at the time it is potted, or to the size it will attain before it is to be repotted a second time. But plants placed in a window will not thrive, nor indeed live, if put into very small pots, as the quantity of soil in them is not sufficient to retain moisture. And on the other hand very large pots cannot be placed in windows of moderate dimensions.

Rural Economy.

ECONOMY OF MANURES.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

OUR waste of the most valuable manures would astonish some foreigners. A Chinese farmer who treasures for his land even the soapsuds in which his beard has been lathered, and who would not throw away the putrefying carcase of a cat, or the hair and bristles of a scalded pig, but would use all as an element of manure, and carefully collect every particle of animal or vegetable offal within his reach, towards the fertilization of soil, would stare at the thriftless neglect of the most powerful manures, which he might observe, not only in our cities and towns, but even in country villages and farmer's homesteads. The richest aliment for the food of plants is allowed to float away through sewers and ditches, to our rivers and the sea, as if there were no need of it, and the farmers who send to Peru for guano make no determined effort to collect manures equally good at home. The precious ammonia and phosphate of lime, which *pure* guano (for it is to be remembered that much of what is sold under this name is mere clay) possesses, are contained in our domestic manures, with which every town and village in the kingdom abound. The Belgians, who are much nearer neighbours than our tea-growing friends in the celestial empire, also afford us an excellent example in the economy of manures. How

different in this respect is their management, whether they cultivate five or 100 acres of land. A universal system of thrifty economy prevails among them, and the consequence is, that very indifferent soils are made to yield abundantly. In the large farms there is a cistern usually under the stables, into which the liquid is conveyed from each stall through a grating the liquid when sufficiently putrid is either pumped out into carts and conveyed to the fields, or drawn out into a second cistern divided from the first by a partition with a valve, until it is ripe enough for use. Rape-cake is frequently dissolved in it. In the meantime the inner cistern is filling: the little farmer has the fluids from his cow-house, and every slop that the house supplies, collected either in a large cask, or a pit lined with bricks, into which every kind of filth is thrown, or conveyed into it by a covered channel. By having a large number of live stock they obtain large quantities of solid and liquid manure. A common saying with them is "No forage no cattle, without cattle no manure, and without manure no crop." And no people understand the art of collecting and economically applying manures better than the Belgians; it is by their economy of liquid manures in particular, that they frequently

raise two crops in the same year from the same piece of ground. By some of the Germans and Swiss also, is the ammoniacal liquid, which fresh horse litter contains, so much prized, that they dilute the litter in water and convey the liquid to the fields, leaving the straw to undergo a second fermentation; or they use it to potatoes after the principal manuring principles have been washed out of it. The effects of rich liquid manure generally in forcing the growth of vegetables, but particularly of newly transplanted ones, are very remarkable. The fine specimens of vegetables exhibited at our agricultural and horticultural shows owe their enormous size and luxuriance principally to the application of liquid manure to their roots. Their food is presented to them in the form in which they can instantaneously imbibe it, and by feeding on it, their growth and nourishment are stimulated and maintained. A sprinkling of it over clover or any grasses has surprising effect, any one who has witnessed the vegetation of these crops after a top-dressing of fermented stable litter, will judge of the power of the ammonia when washed by rain to the roots of the plants, and thus see the folly of letting any of it flow away from his yard through carelessness. Ignorance of the fact that plants can only take their food in a state of solution is, at least, one reason why so many farmers and cottagers in the United Kingdom think only of providing solid manures for their crops, and allow the liquid essence of them to flow off from their dung-hills, with every heavy shower, and to evaporate from the pools in which it may have been deposited.

As to the millions of tons of town manures, both liquid and solid, which are often unavoidably on the score of health and cleanliness, discharged into streams or rivers, we may find great difficulties in rescuing them from waste, unless indeed, the charred peat of Mr. Rogers should become the means, as it probably will, of preserving these rich treasures, the loss of which we feel so severely.

But what excuse is there for the waste

and mismanagement of manures in rural localities where their accumulation cannot be injurious to health, or offensive to decency?

The fact is, that where good examples of clever management, in this particular, are afforded by intelligent individuals who understand the nature and value of manures, and the results from their economy are made manifest, some neighbours will no doubt profit by what they see; but many will not, and in numerous districts there are no such examples to be met with.

The want of cisterns or any proper reservoirs for the liquids of farm-yard manure is notoriously general. We have seen farmers pile up fermenting manures from the farm-yard on the margin of a common, until it was their convenience to transfer it to a field, and take no means whatever of preventing the escape of the dark coloured liquid flowing from it during the rains of two winter months. And at the same time, we have observed cottagers industriously scraping up manure from the road, for their little field allotments, and yet, not taking the trouble of collecting in tubs, the liquid essence of the farmer's manure, which lay in a pool close to them. Now, the farmer highly valued the solids, but disregarded the liquids of his dung-heap, and the cottager seemed equally insensible to their value; this, of course, must have proceeded altogether from ignorance of the nature of manures. The man who would value a wheel-barrow full of dung as the means of producing for him, perhaps four crops in succession on a perch of ground, disregarded the more essential parts. We never walk out in winter without tracing the essence of manures flowing from the ill-constructed farm-yards of the farmer, and the pig-stye of the cottager, though both might provide against such waste, the one by having proper cisterns and contrivances for preventing rain-water from damaging the manure in his yards, and the other by having a cask sunk to receive the liquid manure, and a cover to protect his dung-pit from the rain.

SOME mens minds are made of changeable stuff, that alters colour with every motion towards the light.—*Butler*.

VARIETIES.

THE OFFICE HUNTER.—The late Judge Hopkinson said, The man who sets out, in life, to live by public office, will surely die in poverty and neglect. I would not direct your aspirations to such objects. I would not light up in your hearts the low and disgraceful ambition of an office-hunter. The only independent man is he who depends upon himself.—Serve your country when your country wants you, but seek not popular favour at the expense of your honour, independence, and self-respect. Of all the occupations to which pride and idleness can drive a man the worst is that of a begging politician, a regular place-hunter. He is a compound of meanness and hypocrisy, ready to serve all and betray all. He is true to nothing but his own selfishness.

WATER FOR CHILDREN.—It is particularly with those who have been accustomed to water drinking in childhood that it will show its good effects in after life. During the first nine months the infant is to be nourished by its mother's milk, which serves as food and drink; it is gradually accustomed to other sustenance during the period of weaning. After this is accomplished, however, the infant should have fresh water as well as milk. By water drinking in childhood and youth, the foundation of a durable stomach is laid, and thus of a healthy body throughout life. The nervous and blood systems are over-excited by taking spices, beer, wine, chocolate, coffee, &c. and thus a constant artificial state of fever is maintained, and the process of life so much accelerated by it, that children fed in this manner do not attain, perhaps, half the age ordained by nature. Besides this, experience has taught that they generally become passionate and wilful, having neither the will nor the power to make themselves or others happy.

PEACE AND WAR—A comparison of the registers of mortality will convince us that a hero, placed in the trenches of a beleaguered fortress, where he is exposed for weeks to a continual shower of cannon shot, or placed on a field of battle before the bravest and most resolute of his enemies, has a much better chance of life, runs less risk of premature death, than if he worked in some undrained street, and slept in a crowded room in Bristol or Liverpool.

The chance of life was at the

Siege of Flushing	-	-	421 to 1
Siege of Antwerp	-	-	68 to 1
Siege of Badajos	-	-	54 to 1
Battle of Waterloo	-	-	30 to 1
Shopkeeping, Liverpool	-	-	19 to 1
Weaving, Manchester	-	-	17 to 1
Sawmaking, Sheffield	-	-	14 to 1

—*The Topic*, No. 32.

THE PROPER USE OF THE TONGUE.—We *should not* use our tongues for the following purposes:—

1. To rail or brawl against any one.
2. To speak evil of others in their absence.
3. To exaggerate in any of our statements.
4. To speak harshly to children or the poor.
5. To swear, lie, or use obscene language.
6. To hazard random and improbable statements.

7. To speak rashly and violently upon any subject.

8. To deceive people by circulating false reports.

9. To offer up lip service in religion.

10. To take the name of God in vain.

But we *should employ* them as follows:—

1. To convey to mankind useful information,
2. To instruct our families and others who need it.
3. To reprove and admonish the wicked.
4. To comfort and console the afflicted.
5. To cheer the timid and the fearful.
6. To defend the innocent and the oppressed.
7. To plead for the fatherless and the widow.
8. To congratulate the success of the virtuous.
9. To confess our faults one to another.
10. To pray to God and speak his praise.

PARSIMONY AND ECONOMY.—Burke thus felicitiously distinguishes these opposite lines of conduct which in domestic affairs are too often confounded. "Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense and great expense may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributable virtue, and consists not in saving but selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no power of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection."

The Corner.

THE EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others, not genius, will, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes discipline of good, creates new hopes, when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life in death; and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic only view gloom decay, annihilation, and despair.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

Fig. 1.

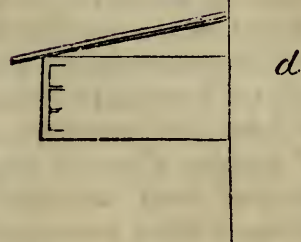
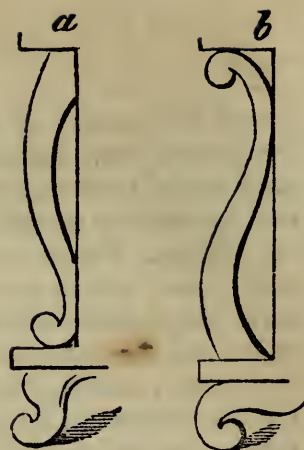
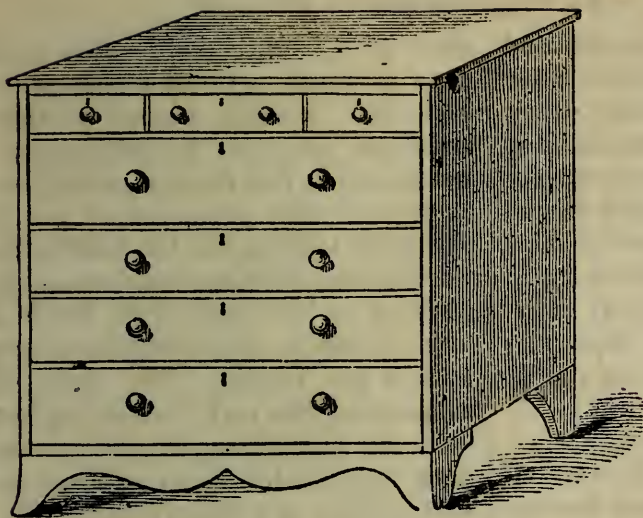
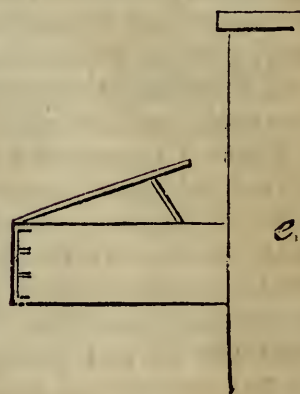
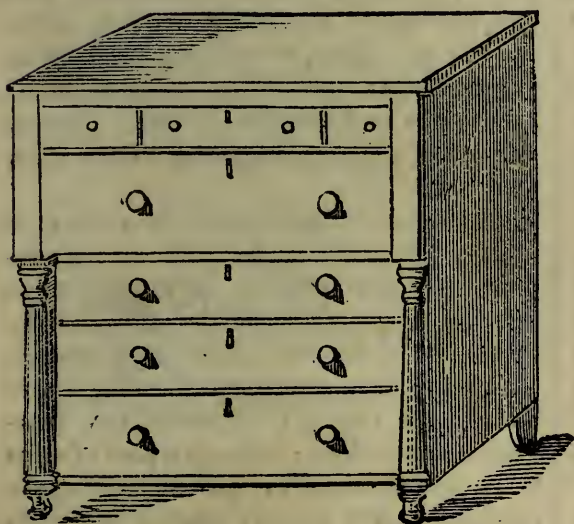


Fig. 2.



HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

OF all the articles of furniture intended for general use, there is, perhaps, none more useful than *chests of drawers*; they can be made to contain a great quantity of different things in a comparatively small space, and at the same time to preserve them clean and in the best possible order, and whenever any particular article is wanted it can be easily found by opening the drawer in which it is kept. In this respect a chest of drawers has a great advantage over a chest or a box, for in either of these if any thing is wanted which happens to lie at the bottom, all those which are above it must first be removed before it can be reached; and this causes trouble. Besides, as most careful housewives know, there are many articles of dress and of household use which will not bear pressure, and the best way of keeping them in proper condition is to give them a drawer to themselves. Thus, on many accounts chests of drawers are particularly useful, and we shall endeavour to point out in what respects this usefulness may be combined with ornament, so as to produce a tasteful appearance, according to the apartment in which the article may be placed.

Figure 1 represents a chest of drawers of the kind mostly used in the northern parts of England. Such an one may often be seen in the best room of a thrifty cotton-spinner's house, or in a miner's cottage, and in the dwellings of those who dig and work metal. With a chest of drawers and a clock, the furnishing of a room is generally considered complete, and the care bestowed on these articles is often a proof of the value in which they are held. They are kept clean and polished as brightly as a looking-glass, and on the chest of drawers all the little ornaments of the apartment are frequently placed. The three smaller drawers at the top should have good locks, as in them it is usual to keep money or other valuables, and the deep drawer just below serves for caps and bonnets, and is a much better contrivance than having a number of band-boxes standing about.

If the veneers on the front of such a chest of drawers are tastefully arranged the appearance is not displeasing; but

after all it is little better than a square mass of wood, with few pretensions to elegance. A slight change in the construction, however, produces great improvement in this respect, as may be seen at *fig. 2*. The projection of the upper part of the front, and the introduction of the columns below, as though supporting it, gives an architectural effect, which is the more desirable, as the additional expense will be but trifling. The shape of the columns may be varied according to taste, or to the sort of room in which the article is to be placed. In an ordinary cottage room, where the other furniture is of a plain make, such columns as shown in *fig. 2* would be the most suitable. But in a better sort of room, containing an easy chair with sloping back or sides, or a sofa or couch with scroll ends, the scroll columns would have the best effect; the curved outlines would harmonize with the curves on the other articles, while the straight lines, whether horizontal or perpendicular, give all the relief required by the eye and the laws of taste. Several designs of scroll columns are shown at *a*, *b*, *c*, side views.

There is this advantage in a chest of drawers, that it may be made to any required height without occupying more than a given space of the floor of the room. If three feet is not high enough, then four, five, or six may be the limit. Very high chests of drawers are, however, inconvenient; without a pair of steps it is troublesome to get at the upper drawers, and if heavily loaded the difficulty of opening them will be great. The best way, if greater height than four feet is wanted, is to have the upper carcass made as a wardrobe; an article of which we shall have something to say in a future number. Double chests of drawers, as well as wardrobes, are mostly used in bedrooms; but there is no positive objection to having them in a sitting-room should circumstances require it. With doors of a light pattern, a wardrobe might be made to resemble a bookcase.

There are many intelligent mechanics and others living in small rooms, who sometimes find themselves at a loss for a drawing or writing table. They may wish to draw maps, plans, or elevations

for their business, or to write reports or letters. By a little management such a table may be contrived in the chest of drawers. The height must depend chiefly on whether it is to be used standing or sitting. For a table at which to sit comfortably, thirty inches is the proper height. Therefore, if the chest be such as at *fig. 1*, the flap, which serves as a table, may be made to slip in and out just under the larger drawer, and may easily be contrived to show as part of the front of the third drawer from the bottom, or to represent the partition between them, and when pulled out it is to be supported by pulling out the drawer below it; see *d*. In such a chest as *fig. 2*, there is still less of difficulty, as the flap may be made to enter just at the break by the top of the columns. Sometimes the flap is hinged to the inside of the drawer, and supported as at *e* with a saw-tooth rack, and lies flat when the drawer is pushed in, without taking much away from its depth or preventing the space within from being used. With a chest thirty inches in height, the flap may appear as a sunk or raised pannel in the top rail, to rest on the edge of the top drawer when in use. This is a much better arrangement than the supports called lopers, commonly seen in an old-fashioned bureau. It must be remembered, however, that these contrivances are to be used only when better cannot be had. Where there is plenty of room for tables, and money to buy them with, it is best not to make the chest of drawers do double duty.

Sometimes, instead of being straight,

chests of drawers are made what is called sweep-fronted, or round-cornered see *f* and *g*, this gives them a graceful appearance, and the curve of the surface makes the polish look more brilliant. The additional trouble of making a chest with a sweep front is not so great as might be supposed. In London and some other large towns the sweeps may be bought ready sawed and seasoned.

In buying a chest of drawers, as with other things, care should be taken to choose, not that which costs least money, but that which is the best at a fair price. Ill-made furniture is always an annoyance: it warps, cracks, and comes to pieces. We can give a few hints which may be useful to purchasers. First of all pull out one of the drawers, and see that the partitions, which separate drawer from drawer, above and below, run all the way across. Very often there are no partitions at all, and so by taking out one drawer, the things in the one beneath may be exposed. Look well at the back of the carcass, and also at the backs and bottoms of the drawers, if they are left rough have nothing to do with them. Rap them with your knuckles, and by the noise that follows you will be able to judge whether the workmanship is sound or not. Try the key in each drawer, and make sure that all the locks are secure and serviceable. Be careful also that the drawers slide in and out pleasantly. Three feet six long, from end to end; twenty-one inches deep from back to front, and from three to five feet high will be found the most generally serviceable dimensions.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

PART III.

CONFIDENCE, CO-OPERATION AND CONTENTMENT.

THERE can be no domestic happiness where conjugal happiness is wanting; and conjugal, that is to say, *man-and-wife* happiness, is made up of so many elements, is subject to so many rude shocks, and is determined, or at least affected, by so many circumstances, some external, some internal, some personal, and some relative, that it is no great wonder, though a sad pity, it does not always flourish "like the green bay tree."

"Great part of the men and women who are cast, by the will of God, into the world," says a clever and observant author,* "go about seeking a mere match of some kind. For most of them, if not exactly anything, very nearly anything will do. It matters not what is the first thing that links their affections to another, whether beauty, or similar thoughts, or similar

* G. P. R. James.

tastes, or circumstances, or proprieties, or follies, or accidents; one or two slight causes combining is sufficient to produce the effect. The words are spoken, the altar gives its sanction, the ring encircles the finger, the white ribbons and the orange-blossoms, the smiles and gaiety, are worn and pass away, and the union settles down into tranquil happiness, continual irritation, fierce strife, or speedy rupture, as the temper, the passions, and the principle of the parties impel or bind them."

No doubt this is true, though it may be a somewhat harsh truth. Instead, therefore, of finding fault with it, wisdom would teach us to ask, how can conjugal felicity best be secured?

In the first place, dear reader, there must be *implicit confidence* between husband and wife, or there will be little conjugal, and of course little domestic, happiness. In the married life there are, perhaps, few sources of calamity more to be dreaded than reserve. If this enemy to social intercourse and mutual tenderness be suffered to enter, it will eat like a canker into the very heart of your comforts, and leave you without even the appearance of felicity. Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith. Let every part of your conduct evidence the most endearing familiarity and candour. Reserve bespeaks a want of esteem and confidence. It stops the intercourse of love. Like the nipping frost, it kills the blossom in the bud!

"Husbands, love your wives," says Holy Writ; we echo the injunction when we say, Husbands trust your wives, put confidence in them. Make them sharers in all your affairs, and in the knowledge of those affairs, if you have reason to be joyful in prosperity, do not be so selfish as to keep all the joy to yourself. Are you vexed by anxieties and crosses? Tell your wives, at once, what ails you. Better do this than be dull, sullen, and repulsive at home, without giving a reason why, but leaving them to plague themselves with a thousand vague imaginations, or tempting them to vex you by a corresponding dulness, sullenness, and repul-

sion. Where confidence is wanting, there is danger of this.

Besides, friend husband, your wife has a *right* to know when things go crookedly with you in the world—as much right as you have to her woman's wits to help in setting them straight again; and the very exercise of confidence in these kind of troubles will sharpen your own wits, as well as ease your mind of half its burden.

But not in such matters alone is confidence due from the husband to the wife; and the man who, in the disposal of his time, his money, and his friendships, withholds that confidence robs her of her due, and cheats himself of domestic happiness.

And, O ye wives, suffer a word or two of exhortation. Be open-hearted towards your husbands. Hide nothing from them that happens at home; make them the depositories of your own individual troubles, if you have any; and do not despise or undervalue their sympathy.' Never say, 'O what have men to do with such things? What can they know about them?' Often this withholding of confidence gives the first icy chill to conjugal affection; and is sure to provoke a corresponding reserve. Moreover, be concerned to deserve as well as enjoy your husband's entire confidence. It need not be said that some wives do not deserve this. A gossiping, tattling wife does not deserve it:—one who would have no scruple in making her husband's most private affairs the subject of conversation with every acquaintance or friend. No; the husband of such a wife will soon find that he *must* practise reserve towards her, if he would be prosperous and peaceable.

Above all things, O wife, and most respected reader, beware of talking to others of *his* faults and failings, whose faults and failings every proper consideration should induce you to conceal. An extraordinary husband will he be who has no fault of which a wife can complain to a neighbour or a friend, or no failing over which, with the same neighbour or friend she can make merry. But unworthy is that woman of the name of a wife who has the heart thus either to lament or to laugh.

This is a matter of great importance, and it cannot be too strenuously urged upon every woman who bears the honoured and honourable title of wife, that all con-

fidence with others, whatever inferior claims they may have upon her confidence, will be misplaced, when the character of a husband is thus trifled with, or when his peculiarities of temper and domestic intercourse are made the subjects of her conversation. The woman who thus attempts to lessen even her trials by exposing the frailties of him whom she is bound to "love, honour, and obey," will find that she has increased the burden she was anxious to remove. The commiseration of others will afford but a momentary suspension of uneasiness ; she will have been *unfaithful* ; and an unfaithful wife has no right to expect domestic happiness.

It is not too much to say that the domestic happiness of many a promising union has been well-nigh destroyed by the interference of well-meaning but injudicious relatives. Let every wife, then, especially every *young* wife, be upon her guard, and remember that the personal reputation of her husband is a sacred trust which cannot, in the slightest degree, be sported with. In proportion with her conscientious remembrance of this, will she deserve his love, obtain his respect, and win his confidence.

Then, the domestic happiness of a family will be enhanced, and to a certain degree, at least, secured, if, in addition to confidence there be constant *co-operation*. With parties so intimately connected as husband and wife there should be no divided interests. Where these exist there must be some essential defect which, sooner or later, will destroy every kindly emotion.

Do not misunderstand us, reader. There is a kind of co-operation which consists in the harmonious blending together of follies and vices, and which tends to wretchedness and ruin. There is such a thing as hand joining with hand, and heart with heart, in the destruction of all that makes home happy. An intemperate husband and a profligate wife co-operate after a fashion ; but it is a sad fashion. No, no, *this* will never do. It is the co-operation of mutual industry, mutual economy, and mutual regard and consideration, which is so promotive of domestic happiness.

This co-operation will forbid the secrecy which exults in a private purse, and which

sets the pecuniary interests of the wife at variance with those of the husband. Many years ago a female acquaintance of the writer suddenly died ; and after her death, her husband found in some secret hiding-place a large sum of money, evidently the accumulated savings of her whole married life, but of which he had not the slightest previous knowledge. The discovery of this hoard occasioned much painful reflection. How many times, while it was accumulating, he had been anxious and distressed for money to meet pressing demands. How often it might have been advantageously laid out in business, so as to have produced a profitable return, were not questions, in such a case and at such a time to be asked, though not without their force. But the question was, How could she have deceived me, as alas ! she has done ; and how could she have indulged such an habitual want of confidence and co-operation, and such a separateness of interest, as to feel such a course necessary ? *

There must be violence done to domestic happiness wherever, in either party, there is concealment of what ought not to be concealed. The husband who engages in speculations which he dare not disclose to his wife ; and the wife who contracts debts unknown to her husband, by this want of generous and single-hearted co-operation, are preparing for themselves the elements of future discord.

Contentment is a necessary ingredient in domestic happiness. There can be but little mutual pleasure, whatever deep-seated affection there may be, where there is constant repining and disaffection with outward circumstances. There is an unhappy tendency in some minds to be always craving for what cannot be had, and for ever to be drawing comparisons unfavourable to our present lot. Thus the husband slights and overlooks the comforts his home possesses, and the wife bemoans what she pleases to call her hardships and sacrifices, in an incessant restlessness after unattainable ease and luxury. Where this is the case there can be little domestic happiness. Believe us, reader, there is no such thing as happiness without contentment.

* See the "Young Tradesman," published by the Religious Tract Society.

But when we speak of contentment we do not mean that sort of apathy that leads a person to settle down in supineness in the midst of discomforts which a little sterling activity might remove, which renders him indifferent to every prospect of advantage, and which fixes him immoveably in the sphere in which he, somehow or other, finds himself moving, like a blind horse in a mill. No, no; this is not contentment.

Contentment is that quality of mind which enables a man, while bravely and sturdily combating the real evils of life, and striving to overcome the disadvantages of poverty, to enjoy with hearty good-will all that is enjoyable about him; which

teaches him to look at the bright side of events, and not at the dark side; which helps him to subdue every murmuring feeling when disappointment meets him, and harder still, every envious feeling when he sees his neighbour prospering, and knows himself to be struggling; which inspires him with hope where others would sink in despair; and which gives a generous and juicy flavour to the plainest provisions of God's providence, so that—

“The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food.”

Let but this sort of contentment be diligently cultivated, and domestic happiness will not be far off.

WANT OF THOUGHT.

BY CONRAD CATERWELL.

THE want of thought is the great error of mankind. The want of money, the want of manners, the want of skill, the want of knowledge, and the want of experience, each has its attendant evils; but the want of thought produces more mischief than all put together.

Through want of thought, our difficulties double—

A little forethought saves a world of trouble!

Mary Reynolds loved her goldfinch,—at least she said so; but for all this, she left the door of the cage, and the door of the room open. How very odd that the bird should come out of its cage! and how very strange that the cat should come into the room and kill it!—Mary Reynolds never thought of such a thing! But Mary Reynolds ought to have thought of it, and the death of her poor bird is a black mark on her brow.

Mrs. Minton is a thoughtless mistress; and very seldom does Mary the housemaid get a holiday; but she had one last Monday. Five miles had Mary to go to her mother's, so she stood at the door with her bonnet and shawl on, ready for the last omnibus that goes to the place. As the rumbling wheels were heard, Mrs. Minton rang the bell that Mary might put some coals on the fire, though the bright copper scuttle was within her reach. Quick as Mary was, she was too late, for the omnibus rattled by, and left

her behind, leaving her the choice of walking five miles or giving up her holiday. Mrs. Minton never so much as thought of it. Not she!—Had she been a maid instead of a mistress, would she have thought of it then?

A want of thought is want of kindness—

A mental blemish, and a moral blindness.

Aunt Abigail knew that Allan Bond had a sincere and tender attachment for her niece Fanny. She knew that Allan was about to embark for the Indies, and she knew that he would call that morning to say, Farewell; yet, when he did call, she never for an instant left the young people by themselves, and thus did she deprive two loving hearts of perhaps the only opportunity they would ever have of spending half-an-hour together; but she never thought of it. Never thought of it! Why, the woman must have been made of wood. It was enough to make the young people hate her!

Major Munro, when he returned home from the fields, left his loaded gun in the hall, and soon after, William Wallace, the footman, took it up, and pointed it playfully at the cook, crying, ‘I will shoot you.’ He pulled the trigger, and lodged its whole contents in her shoulder, laming her for life. The major never thought that any one would meddle with his gun, and the footman never thought that it was loaded; but whether they could reconcile

this want of thought to their consciences is another matter.

Mary Reynolds, Mrs. Minton, Aunt Abigail, Major Munro, and William Wallace, are here held up as mirrors; and if any one of them should reflect the reader's likeness, it may haply do him or her a

kindness. Witnout thought, our love may be as mischievous as our hatred; but with it, we may scatter round us a thousand benefits!

Reflection is the example of the wise,
And prudent thought an angel in disguise!

A CHAPTER ABOUT ARROW-ROOT.

ARROW-ROOT is an article of diet of so much value in certain circumstances, that information concerning it becomes interesting on several accounts. In the chapters on vegetable productions used as food which have already appeared in the *Family Economist*, we have, while explaining the nature and properties of the different substances, endeavoured to put purchasers on their guard against the fraudulent practices of unprincipled traders; and we shall continue to do so on all fitting occasions.

There are several varieties of the arrow-root plant, known to botanists as the *Marantaceæ*; they grow wild in all tropical countries, and are found in Bermuda, the West India islands, Surinam, South America, Ceylon, and the East Indies, but only one sort is cultivated for use, the *Maranta arundinacea*. Another kind, of which great crops are raised in Hindoostan, is the *Curcuma agustifolia*, a variety of the turmeric plant; it has a yellowish tinge, while that from other places is a pure white. Besides these, there is what is called Brazil arrow-root. This is made from the *Janipha manihot*, or manioc, and is mostly sold in the form of tapioca.

One of the sorts, *Maranta galanga*, was used by the Indians of South America as an antidote to the poison of their enemies' arrows, and from this cause the name arrow-root has been given to the cultivated plant. The latter is a perennial, with fleshy roots or tubers resembling fingers or kidney potatoes, which are produced in great numbers from the main stem and the offsets. It grows from two to four feet high, with broad oval leaves ending in a point, and bears a spike of wild flowers at the end of the stalks. The roots are dug up when they are a year old, and after being washed perfectly

clean, are grated, or pounded in a wooden mortar, until the whole becomes a soft pulpy mass, over which a quantity of water is afterwards poured to separate the fibrous or stringy parts from the starchy portion. The fibre floats on the top, and is removed by hand, or straining through a sieve. The residue has the appearance of a milky fluid, and being left to settle, the water is drawn off, and the sediment washed a second and third time through sieves finer than the first, until the whole of the meal, as it is called, is pure and white. It is then spread on sheets to dry in the sun or air, and covered with gauze to protect it from dirt or insects, and finally, packed into boxes for exportation. When properly prepared, it will keep good for several years. Whichever kind of plant may be used, but little, if any difference, is made in the mode of preparation. The quantity imported into this country is stated at nearly one million pounds annually, the duty being at present 2s. 6d. the hundred-weight.

The produce of the plant here described is to be considered as genuine arrow-root. When squeezed in the hand, it gives out a lively crackling noise, and the marks of the fingers remain impressed upon it. In this respect, it differs from all the other kinds: that from the East Indies is not so firm under pressure, neither is it so good a colour. In some parts of the country, the yellow kind is a principal article of food among the natives, and they use it, mixed with another vegetable powder, to throw about during one of their religious festivals at the beginning of the year. It will thus be understood, that, when East India arrow-root is spoken of, it does not always mean the produce of the *Maranta arundinacea*; this, as before observed, is a pure white.

The juice of the Brazil plant is highly

poisonous, and yet, by one of those remarkable peculiarities which we sometimes see in nature, the dry flour of the same plant is not only perfectly harmless but nutritious. This flour is called *cassava*, and the plant grows abundantly in Africa as well as the Brazils—it forms the staple food of some tribes of negroes. This, also, is not the real arrow-root—it is chiefly used as tapioca, the lumps of which are formed by stirring the pulp on hot plates until thoroughly dried. The heat causes the poisonous juice to fly off in vapour, and leave the solid portion harmless. Another kind has also been introduced within the past few years, described as “Williams’s Arrow-root,” after the missionary of that name, or as the growth of the “native converts” at the South Sea islands. A considerable quantity is brought from Tahiti. The plant which produces it is the *Tacca pinnatifida*, and it is said to be in some respects superior to the other. The best quality, sold at 1s. 6d. per pound, is very good.

Arrow-root is one of those substances which appear to be raised for an especial purpose. When genuine, it has no defined taste, and, without being stimulating, it is very nourishing. Dr. Pereira says, that for children, infants, and invalids, “it is a nutritious, easily digested, agreeable, non-irritating diet,” and it admits of being prepared in a variety of ways, either for the table or sick-room. To make arrow-root milk, one ounce of the meal is to be soaked for an hour in cold water, the water then poured away, and replaced by a pint and a-half of milk—the whole to be boiled slowly till the softened meal is entirely dissolved. The yolks of two eggs, and a half-ounce of sugar to a pint of this milk, baked, will make an arrow-root pudding; and to make arrow-root jelly, or blanc mange, all that is necessary is to use three ounces of meal instead of one, with the same quantity of milk, and flavour it according to taste.

From these particulars concerning arrow root, we may understand that the genuine article alone can be of real service in cases of illness or debility. But in this, as in almost everything else consumed as food, the adulterations are almost numberless. The cost of genuine arrow-root is from one shilling to three shillings and sixpence; therefore, when tradesmen offer

it at eightpence the pound, we may conclude that it is not arrow-root at all,—and such is the case. What is called British arrow-root is mostly prepared in the Isle of Portland, from the root of the *arum*, the plant which children name “lords and ladies.” Another and cheaper kind, from fourpence to eightpence per pound, is nothing but potato starch, which, when squeezed by the hand, has somewhat the crisp feel of true arrow-root; but, if examined carefully, the small grains or globules will be found to be many times larger than those of the *Maranta*. The genuine arrow-root will dissolve in cold water; potato starch will not. The genuine, too, when in warm water, gives out an oily quality which is not found in the potato. The potato meal is injured by keeping, and is very apt to turn sour on the stomach—an additional reason for preferring the genuine article.

The *Lancet*, an able medical journal, has recently set itself up to discover, expose, and denounce adulterations, in a series of ably written articles—an undertaking of a most praiseworthy character, and to which all must wish success. The writer states that arrow-root is adulterated with sago-meal, worth from threepence to sixpence per pound, with potato flour, and sometimes with tapioca. Fifty samples were bought of different grocers in London, and submitted to examination by the microscope and other tests. *Out of the fifty, twenty-two were adulterated*—and always with an inferior and cheaper article. And it was remarked, that the most showy packages—those most warranted as genuine, comprising ten samples—“contained scarcely a particle of the genuine *Maranta* or West India arrow-root, for which they were sold. One consisted almost entirely of sago-meal; two of potato-flour and sago-meal; two of potato-flour, sago-meal, and tapioca-starch; one of tapioca-starch; and four were composed entirely of potato arrow-root or starch,—thus affording a profit of from 20 to 25 per cent.”

With respect to articles packed in canisters, whether coffee, arrow-root, or anything else, the writer advises the public not to buy them in canisters, because, as he says, with every pound purchased, a new canister has to be paid

for ; and as the grocer professes to sell the packages at the same price as single pounds tied up in paper, it is clear that he can only make his profit by pushing off inferior goods. "The price of a pound tin canister is not less than from twopence-halfpenny to threepence, thus increasing the cost of a shilling article 25 per cent."

"It thus appears that, in the useful article of arrow-root, the public is exten-

sively defrauded of its money, and the revenue of its income."

"Against practices so gross and dishonest as these, it behoves every honest tradesman to set his face, or the time will come—in fact, it has already in part done so—when the honest trader will have to suffer for the wrong-doings of the dishonest, and when the whole trade of grocers will be looked upon by the public with mistrust."

SHANEEN, THE IRISH ORPHAN.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.—CONCLUSION.

ON being made acquainted with Shaneen's disappearance, these gentlemen were perplexed what further steps to take for his discovery, when it was suggested by Mr. Maunsell that some tidings of him might possibly be procured from his former nurse, Margaret Donnelly. The idea seemed absurd to those who heard it. 'Nurse Donnelly!' said they; 'what could she know about it, residing as she did at a distance of fifty miles from the farmer's dwelling, and not being able to read a letter, much less to write one?' But Mr. Maunsell was decided in his own opinion. In reply, therefore, to these objections, he only said that no harm could be done by asking Margaret Donnelly about the boy, and that as the weather was so fine, he would enjoy a long ride that afternoon; so, mounting his horse, he galloped off, and traversed ten or twelve miles in a much shorter time than he was wont to do; for he felt singularly interested, both in the orphan boy and his nurse—indeed he had never quite lost sight of the latter since his first visit to her in the preceding year in company with Mr. Willis. Earnestly had he exhorted her to cultivate habits of order and neatness, and many had been her promises to attend to his advice; but three or four months having elapsed since his last visit, he knew not what degree of success might finally have attended his efforts. At the present moment, however, this subject scarcely occurred to his thoughts, which were too much engaged about Shaneen to busy themselves with lesser matters. Great was his surprise, therefore, on approaching

the cabin, to observe its altered aspect: The thatch was neatly mended, and over the white-washed walls was trained a woodbine, whose fragrant blossoms filled the air with sweetness. The little potato-garden was carefully fenced in, and the dunghill had been removed from the side of the door, where it had previously been suffered to accumulate amid pools of stagnant water. On entering the cabin, Mr. Maunsell at once perceived that the floor was quite hard and even, the table mended, and, like the other few articles of furniture, carefully cleaned, while some plates and cups (most of them broken ones which had been stuck together) were* ranged upon a dresser. Upon a coarse rush chair by the fireside sat Margaret herself, busy knitting a woollen stocking. No longer was she clad in soiled untidy garments, but her cap was so clean, and her short bedgown so neatly fastened beneath the full check apron, with a well-darned black stuff petticoat appearing beneath, that Mr. Maunsell stood for a moment amazed. Margaret's back was turned to him, but on hearing his footstep she arose, and received him with the most reverential delight, for, like most of her countrywomen, she had a great respect for the "clergy." Besides,

* The great object of ambition with an Irish peasant woman, is to have her dresser well furnished with dishes and plates, which are only meant for ornament, not for use; and for this purpose, broken earthenware is carefully collected, and the pieces stuck together, so as to make a good show upon the dresser.

she regarded this worthy man as her especial friend and benefactor.

On his expressing his satisfaction at the change so apparent in her person and in her dwelling, she replied, with a smile, 'Ah! then, yer riverence, I had a power of throuble in larning to be nate—and it's to yerself I am behowlden for it afther all; for didn't ye till me I niver had a chance of seeing my own dahrrling inside my little fortification* if I didn't grow nate and orderly like? Sure it was that same word of yer own that put sowl and spirit into me whinever I was like to give over larning the clane ways. And didn't ye give me money to mend the thatch, and to buy a bit of dacent farniture?—and didn't ye' . . .

'Well, my good woman, I did not at least give you the woodbine to train against your cabin so nicely as you have done.'

'Ah! yer riverence,' replied she, wiping away a tear with the corner of her apron, 'sure that was my dahrrling's own bush. He picked it up at the fence there yonder, and with his own sweet hands stuck it down in the praty garden, and so, when I could'nt lay my eyes upon his own self any more, my heart turned to his woodbine, and for the sake of my jewel I—— But as I am alive,' cried she aloud, and clasping her hands together with a look of indescribable fear and incredulity,— 'As I live, it is himself or his fetch.'†

'Oh! nurse—it is my own self,' said a pale, feeble-looking boy, falling into her arms as if he had no longer any power to sustain himself upright—'tis your own boy, Shaneen.'

Need it be told that he was most fondly clasped within the arms of his faithful nurse, who could scarcely realize the happiness so unexpectedly granted to her. After a few moments, however, she held him back, and gazing earnestly upon his sunken features, said in a mournful tone: 'But what's come over ye, my jewel, that ye are so lanky and so white? What have they done up there with yer bright eyes and rosy cheeks—and by what man-

ner of manes did ye come back to me agin?'

'Oh! mammy, I am so tired I can't spake at all,'—and so saying, the poor boy sank exhausted on the ground. Mr. Maunsell being in the habit, like many Irish country clergymen, of administering simple remedies to the poor, happened at that moment to have some restoratives in his pocket, so he was enabled quickly to revive Shaneen, and after having laid him upon Margaret's pallet, gave him a little food, which he ate voraciously. After a while, he told Mr. Maunsell, in reply to his inquiries, that, being very unhappy at the farm-house, he had left it secretly and made his way "home," where he 'knew he would be welcomed kindly.' And then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he lifted up his hands in a supplicating manner, and said—'Oh! yer riverence will perhaps be for sinding me back to thim—but indeed, indeed, ye wouldn't if ye knew it all.'—'Knew what, my poor boy? Did they not give you enough to eat?' 'Oh! yes, plaze yer riverence, they gave me the best of mate, and lashings of it too. But then, . . . they treated me like a "charity-boy," as they called it . . . something bad it must mane, for Dan made a face whin he said the word. And he called me a 'beggar,' added he, bursting into tears; 'and so I couldn't stand it any longer; and I would rather have a dry praty here than ate a fat goose up there . . . so don't give me up to thim, for the love of God! and I will work like a baste, morning, noon, and night, and will arn my own life intirely, and I can pick up the larning at night. . . . Sure, your riverence, ye wont be afther giving me up to them,' continued he, looking beseechingly at Mr. Maunsell. 'No, my boy, you shall not be given up to them—I promise you that, and also that you shall not be separated from Nurse Donnelly, under whose care you will, I trust grow up a good as well as a happy boy—and may the blessing of God rest upon you both!'

'Ah, thin! may blissings be powered down upon yer own head from the heavens above! and may ye niver shed as many salt tears as I have done since the cloudy day my dahrrling was tuck away from me! But,' continued Margaret, turning to Shaneen, 'how did

**Habitation* is intended. The Irish being fond of long words, often misapply them; and the writer has heard the word "fortification" used as above.

† The belief in a fetch or shadow, who comes as the messenger of approaching death, is a common superstition among the Irish.

ye thraavel all down the counthry, my jewel, for 'tis a terrible way off ye have come from?'

' 'Twas on foot, to be sure, I came : ye didn't expick the likes ov me to thraavel in a coach and six, did ye?' said he, looking up archly into Margaret's face.

'But many a kind sowl gave yez a lift, I warrant, as ye came down the great road to Dublin?'

'Sorra a wan, but it wasn't their fault a bit, for I niver showed my face wance upon the highway till I got beyant the city ; for I was so afeared of being deticted by the police, that I thraavelled across the counthry, and slept every night under a hedge, and niver spoke to a sowl barring wance, that I met a gossoon in the field, who persauved I looked mighty hungry ; so he gave me two warm praties. May God reward him for the same !'

'And how were you fed all the long way, my dahrrling?'

'Sure I lived like the beautiful birds thimselves, upon haws and blackberries—and mighty plenty they war upon the trees ; and thin, whin I felt very empty and wake, I pulled up some turnips in the fields and ate them. I am afeared, yer riverence,' continued he, addressing Mr. Maunsell, 'that that was bad of me to do, but I knew they were so chape the bastes were ating of thim, and if iver I can pay for them I mane to do so. And I wanted to get home alive, for I was loath to die alone in the fields, without any one to spake a kind or a good word to me ;' and so saying the poor boy wiped away a tear hastily, as though he did not like any one to perceive his emotion. Mr. Maunsell, pleased with his tenderness of conscience, comforted him by saying, that if ever it were ascertained who were the owners of the turnips, they should be paid, even if it were only a halfpenny-worth. But Margaret's thoughts were rather intent on the sufferings he must have endured, than on the means he adopted to lessen them. 'Och ! to think of yer ating the cowld turnips, and not a warm morsel to put inside of ye, and myself didn't know of it ! And when ye war laid at night upon the cowld wet arth, wasn't I snug in my warm bed ? Och ! who would ever have dramed of it.' And so saying, the tears streamed

down Poor Margaret's face at the thought of all that Shaneen must have suffered during his journey.

Mr. Maunsell seized the earliest moment of her silence to recommend that the boy should be left quiet on his bed, and be allowed to take a little rest, which was needful to his exhausted frame ; and, added he—'I hope to return in a day or two, and settle matters with you. So saying, he slipped a shilling or two into Margaret's hand, desiring her to procure, at 'the shop' in the neighbouring village, some light nutritious food for Shaneen, and bade them both farewell

Four or five years had passed away since this memorable day in Margaret's life, before the writer became acquainted with her and her adopted son ; they were still dwelling in the same humble cottage, and still united in the same happy bonds of filial and maternal love. Margaret's cabin was then the very picture of cleanliness and neatness ; for habits of order, like all other habits, gain strength and consistency in proportion to their patient continuance. Neither did it any longer present the aspect of sordid poverty which has been described in the earlier part of this story, as, partly through the persevering industry of Margaret and Shaneen, partly through the kindness of friends, many additions had been made to their scanty furniture. Shaneen was at this time a fine intelligent boy, who, having received a good plain education at the parochial school, was now anxious to learn some trade, whereby he might gain an honest livelihood for himself, and lay up a little store for the declining years of his good nurse. Accordingly he was, about that time, apprenticed to a carpenter who dwelt in the neighbourhood of Margaret's cottage, so that she still enjoyed the society of her "dahrrling boy." And a pleasant sight it was to see them both, at the close of a summer evening, sitting outside the door, beneath their favourite woodbine, whose fragrance was now mingled with the sweetness of a rose-tree, presented to Shaneen by the rector's wife. Margaret's fingers were ever busy, plying her needle or knitting stockings for Shaneen, while his clear voice was heard reading aloud to her some of the books which were provided at the village library for those who chose to hire

them at a penny a volume. Our last recollections of Margaret and Shaneen are associated with the sort of scene which has just been described. It was a fine Sunday evening in July. The sun was setting gloriously behind some conical hills, whose peaks were gilded by its departing radiance, while, on the other side, the sea lay sleeping in still and sober beauty. Margaret's hands rested upon her lap as she listened with earnest attention to "the Story of Peace,"* which Shaneen was reading to her out of a handsome bible, the reward of his attention at the Sunday-school. Her eyes were rivetted upon his mouth, as though they would drink in the blessed truths to which he was giving utterance; and as he read aloud that promise so full of comfort to every humble and believing heart—"I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also," she clasped her hands with the characteristic fervour of her disposition, and said in an impassioned tone—"Sure that can't be for the likes of me, Shaneen?—an ignorant and sinful cratur as I am! How can He resave me? Sure I deserve only to be punished, instead of going to these beautiful mansions of glory,"

Shaneen looked grave and perplexed, as if the task of instructing his foster-mother was one which he felt was unsuited to him. At this moment it was that we ap-

* So is the Gospel often designated by the Irish people in their own expressive language.

proached, and having overheard Margaret's earnest inquiry, answered it in the words of Him who is "the Truth" itself, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

'Blessings on yer head,' exclaimed she, 'for spaking such good words to me; and sure they are to my sowl what the djew of the May morning is to the flowers! And mayye niver want a comforter yerself when the dark day of trouble comes upon ye.'

The remainder of our interview need not be described here. Suffice it to say, that we parted with kindly words and good wishes on both sides.

Many a year has past away since this our last meeting with Margaret and Shaneen, nor have we, for a long while past, had any tidings of them, so that we are unable to narrate their recent history; but this we are assured of, that whatsoever may have been their appointed lot, life has been full of blessing to them, as it must ever be to those who have learned its deep and real meaning,—who remember, amid its manifold cares and labours, that they have a God to serve upon earth, and a home awaiting them in Heaven bought by the Redeemer's love! To such as these,

——The basest things look bright
The gloomiest pathway full of light!

RECIPES, AND ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

Tea-Urns.—A subscriber has had her tea-urn scratched by being cleaned with white birch. The most effectual remedy for this would be to have the article newly bronzed; but supposing that remedy may be not easily accessible, or may be deemed too expensive, the following will very likely prove successful. In an earthen gallipot put 1 oz. of beeswax, cut up in small pieces, set it by the fire-side, until perfectly melted and quite hot, very near boiling heat, remove the jar from the fire and stir into it rather less than a tablespoonful of salad oil, and rather more than a tablespoonful of best spirits of turpentine, continue stirring till well mixed and

nearly cold; fill the urn with boiling water so as to make it thoroughly hot, apply a thin coating of the above mixture, and rub with a soft cloth till all stickiness is removed, then polish with a clean rag and a little crocus powder. N.B.—The crocus powder must be very fine, so as to sift through muslin.

Buns.—Buttermilk having been recommended for the purpose of lightening cakes and buns; a subscriber who cannot obtain it inquires for a substitute. She is informed that the purpose will be equally well answered by a little fresh yeast, mixed with milk blood-warm, and strained to the flour; two small

tablespoonsful of yeast to half a pint of milk will raise and moisten nearly two pounds of flour. Or the common baking powders answer very well for buns and cakes; they are to be rubbed into the flour dry. The mixture is then wetted with cold milk or water, and put into the oven immediately; a dessert spoonful of bread powder to a pound of flour. For further particulars see *Family Economist*, vol. ii. p. . (Article, bread, cakes, and buns).

Black puddings without blood.—Dr. Johnson tells us that black-pudding is “a kind of food made *with blood* and grain.” So it seems blood is an essential ingredient in the composition. However, we may make a pretty successful imitation, both in colour and taste, which though not the real orthodox article, may be quite as agreeable and much more wholesome, without the gross and questionable aliment, blood. As black-puddings, and white-puddings too, are usually prepared at pig-killing time, and as part of the process is alike for either, it may be well to give recipes for both. First, as to the skins in which they are to be enclosed. These are the entrails of a pig or a calf, and must be cleaned with scrupulous care: as soon as the animal is killed, put the entrails in soak in salt-water, which must be changed frequently during twenty-four hours. If there is a running stream at hand the business is best managed by having a tub or pan close to it, in which to salt and scrub the entrails, turning them inside-out. Then rinse in the brook and repeat this process from time to time, till they are quite white and free from smell. For the substance of the puddings—simmer a quart of Embden groats till quite tender; very little water should be used, so as to leave no gruel; if there is any it must be strained off—one pound of bread crumbs rubbed through a colander. So far belongs equally to the two articles. For the black-puddings will be further required, three-quarters of a pound of raw meat, perfectly free from skin; this may be either the meat of a bacon-hog, or the inside of a sirloin of beef or loin of mutton; when chopped, sprinkle among it a large teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre rubbed with an equal weight of coarse moist sugar; this should be done at least twenty-four hours before making the puddings, that the meat may

be well pickled and become dark. A pound and a-half of the fat of the hog is to be chopped, not so small as suet for a pudding; a table-spoonful of sage, a tea-spoonful of thyme or knotted marjoram, a little garlic or onions may be added or omitted, chopped very fine; if the herbs are dry and powdered, a rather less quantity will suffice. Boil or bake a red beet-root till perfectly tender, carefully avoiding to break the skin in cleaning it, as that will let both the colour and the richness escape. There will also be required, salt two ounces, black pepper and allspice ground, of each half an ounce, also about half-a-pint of gravy that has dripped from roast beef, pork or mutton; the darker coloured the better; the groats and the beet-root should be done at the same time, to put together quite hot. Take up the beet-root, peel it and mash it in the vessel in which the preparation is to be mixed; when well mashed add to it half the bread-crumbs, and half the boiled groats, then the chopped meat, the fat and the seasonings, and last of all the gravy. The mass should be like a very stiff batter. Drop it into the cleaned skins, not pressing it close, but leaving room to swell. Tie in links of about nine inches, Boil gently for twenty minutes. Then lay to cool on clean wheaten straw. When boiling, if the skins swell much, take them out and prick them, to prevent bursting. When the puddings are to be eaten, they should be broiled or baked in an American oven, the bars of the gridiron or the tray of the oven being greased, lest the puddings should stick and burst.

Now for the white-puddings.—To the groats and bread-crumbs add from one pound to one pound and a-half of beef marrow, or suet chopped very fine, one pound currants, half-pound sweet almonds blanchd and beaten in a mortar, with a little rose-water, or orange-flower-water, six eggs, which beat up with a tea-spoonful of salt, and half-a-pound loaf sugar powdered, one drachm of powdered cinnamon and two drachms of nutmeg grated; a large teacupful of good thick cream. First mix the groats boiling hot by degrees to the beaten eggs, then the marrow or suet, rub the spice into the bread-crumbs, which then add to the mass, then the almonds, next the currants, and lastly the cream. The skins after cleaning

should be soaked in rose-water. Fill and tie up in the same manner as the black-puddings, allowing one-fourth of the size for swelling. When they have slowly boiled about five minutes and begin to swell, take them out and prick the skins, then return and make up twenty minutes of boiling; cool on straw. When required for eating, they are to be broiled, and served with cold butter and sugar, or with wine sauce. A more simple article may be made with either groats or rice simmered in milk, and enriched more or less with eggs suet, sugar, spice and currants.

To clean Hair Brushes and Combs.—Sub-carbonate of soda or potass, sometimes

called salt of tartar, or salt of wormwood, is to be dissolved in boiling water, two heaped tea-spoonsful will be sufficient for half-a-pint; into this mixture dip the hairs of the brush, and draw the comb through many times. The brush and comb, with the help of this solution, will quickly cleanse each other; dry quickly and they will be as white as new. Observe two things: the potass must be kept in a stopper bottle, or it will soon become liquid; when liquid it is not injured for use, but if left in paper would be wasted; also the mahogany or satinwood back of the brush must be kept out of the solution, as it is apt to discolour wood.

THE FRESH EGGS.

It was the winter of 1842, and a lonely hearse might have been seen driving away from the church of St. Vincent de Paul. The funeral was that of a poor man who had just departed this life at the age of eighty-seven, leaving behind him the faithful partner of his life—one who, only a few months younger than himself, had shared from early youth in all his joys and sorrows.

The Bardets, the aged couple whom death had now separated for a while, were well known in the quiet street, the “Rue Belleford,” where many years of their existence had been passed; and the circumstance which chiefly attracted towards them the attention of their neighbours was the untiring self-devotion of their daughter, who had herself entered upon her sixty-seventh year, and whose whole existence was one continued service of love towards her aged parents. In order to supply their simple wants, her heart had been ingenious in devising, and her hands indefatigable in executing, divers little schemes which added to their scanty store. By dint of much order and contrivance, she managed, without inconveniencing the two old people, to receive into their humble dwelling the infant children of some of her poorer neighbours while their mothers were engaged in their daily labours, and she received, in return, a remuneration so trifling that its deduction was scarcely felt even from their hardly-earned pittance.

But as the small sum thus obtained did not suffice to realize a livelihood, she bethought herself of a new source of profit; and having at length, by indefatigable industry and rigid self-denial, succeeded in saving a few *francs*, she purchased some fowl, and began to sell fresh eggs. The great difficulty was how to feed her poultry. Catherine Bardet, however, inspired by that unselfish affection which is ever fertile in resources, at length devised an expedient by which she was enabled to supply the wants of her feathered flock without encroaching upon the little fund which, barely enough, sufficed to supply the wants of her aged parents. During the long nights in winter, she might continually be seen wandering, basket in hand, over the spots which in the daytime were occupied as a stand by the innumerable hackney-coaches which ply the streets of the great metropolis of France: on these spots she would industriously collect the scattered grains of oats which the horses had dropped when partaking of their evening meal. From the Place La Fayette, Catherine Bardet might be seen bending her steps successively towards the Rue Richer, the Boulevards, the Madeleine, pausing wherever a little grain was to be gleaned, and oft-times not returning to her lowly home until the crowing of the cock gave notice of approaching dawn.

When the neighbouring quarters of the town did not afford her a sufficiently

abundant harvest, she would extend her excursions yet further ; more than once she has been met with on the right bank of the Seine, and looking up with a good-humoured smile, has greeted her astonished acquaintance with the information that she had been ' gleaning her oats at the Place St. Michel, or at the Luxembourg.'

At the period when our informant wrote, Catherine Bardet was still the sole support of her aged mother, although herself almost a septuagenarian, and beginning to be bowed down by the infirmities of age.

She found, she said, ' that she would soon be no longer able to gather grain for her fowl ;' but we trust that ere this, if Catherine Bardet still lives, some kindly heart has sought her out, and ministered to the wants of her old age. To some, her lot through life may seem to have been

a joyless and a dreary one, but *they* will not so deem of it who know that

"Life hath holier ends than happiness ;"

and that duty is a high and holy thing, which imparts an interest even to the most trifling act of our existence. They will feel that Catherine Bardet, when gleaning her oats in the thoroughfares and selling her fresh eggs for the support of her aged parents, was, unconsciously to herself, a truer heroine than many a one whose name history has recorded for the admiration of posterity ; nor will her simple story have been written in vain if it lead any of our youthful readers to make it more their aim to realize—

—————"The soul's deep joy
In passing onward, free from leaven,
Through every day's employ."

GOOD AND BAD HOUSEWIFERY.

ILL housewifery lieth till nine of the clock ;
Good housewifery trieth to rise with the cock.

Ill housewifery trusteth to him and to her ;
Good housewifery hasteth herself for to stir.

Ill housewifery careth for this nor for that ;
Good housewifery spareth for fear ye wot what.

Ill housewifery pricketh herself up in pride ;
Good housewifery tricketh her home as a bride.

Ill housewifery one thing or other must crave ;
Good housewifery nothing but needful will have.

Ill housewifery moveth with gossip to spend ;
Good housewifery loveth her household to tend.

Ill housewifery booketh mad toys in her head
Good housewifery looketh that all things be fed.

Ill housewifery bringeth her shilling to nought ;
Good housewifery singeth her coffers full fraught.

Ill housewifery rendeth and casteth aside ;
Good housewifery mendeth, else would it go wide.

Ill housewifery craveth in secret to borrow ;
Good housewifery saveth to-day for to-morrow.

Ill housewifery pineth (not having to eat) ;
Good housewifery dineth with plenty of meat.

Ill housewifery letteth the devil take all ;
Good housewifery setteth good store of a smail.

Tusser.

Fireside Amusements.

CHARADE 1.

WHEN Adam first became a man,
My wondrous origin began ;
With Eve I never shared a place,
Or any of the tender race,
Unless Dame Nature, in vagary,
Mistakes for Thomas Mistress Mary.
Through poverty I claim assistance
Sometimes a week without resistance ;

And with the rich so short my stay,
I scarcely live a single day.
Of various colours I am seen,
Black, blue, and gray—but never green.
When I expire, no ghost so white,
And in that hue I vanish quite.
But hydra-like, I rise again
And rear my crest upon the plain,
Where erst so often I've been slain.

CHARADE 2.

My first, if on garments, denotes want of care,
But if on reputation, oh, woe to the fair !
The proud navy of Britain could never leave
port,
Till their sails from my second received their
support.

My whole, if in singular taken, I pray
That neither of us may be seen in that way.
If you now tell my plural, ah, long may you
wear them ;
If not, I say also, long may you forbear them.

CHARADE 3.

What shoemakers oft-times make shoes without
leather?
The elements still they make use of together.

Earth, water, fire and air—
Their customers must always have two pair.

ENIGMA.

A sprite mysterious am I,
Most active when I cease to fly;
Shorn of my plumes, to earth restrained,
'Tis then my glorious powers are gained;
Silent and swift, where'er I go,
Life, death, fame, titles I bestow.
Milton, Pope, Shakspeare, Walter Scott,
Had lived unknown, had I been not;
Byron, the star of poesy,
And Moore, their fate consigned to me.
Bard, warrior, heroine, patriot, sage,
I bid still walk the enchanted stage,
And though in dust long mouldering each,
Presume through me the gift of speech.
From north to south, from east to west,
My magic influence is confessed.
I kindle war, love, pity, hate,
Preside o'er counsels of the state;
Thrones, armies, empires, wait my nod.
The Queen, too, though it may seem odd,
Can make no treaty, law, decree,
Unless she yields her hand to me.
But though so courted 'midst the great,
I condescend to low estate;

The dumb a voice, the deaf an ear,
I give, the instant I appear,
Bidding them, as my votaries, prove
An interchange of thought and love,
When comes the last sad parting hour,
Parent and child invoke my power;
Lover and husband claim from me
Assurance of fidelity.
From distant climes I can impart
A talisman to ease the heart;
For time, space, ocean, own my force,
Nor dare impede my noiseless course.
With learned astronomers I rise,
To note the wonders of the skies
I bow to beauty, sense, and wit,
With law and physic oft I sit;
And sorely would the priest be vexed
Did I refuse to aid his text.
Births, christenings, marriages, and deaths,
I tell as fast as gossip's breath;
In short, whate'er is done, I try
To have a finger in the pie.

FAVOURITE WINDOW PLANTS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

AMONG the plants suitable to windows are some of the bulbous order, which blow early, and are easily cultivated, such as the snow-drop, spring-crocus, early tulip, hyacinth, jonquil, and narcissus. These, having displayed their flowers and diffused their fragrance, should retire to make way for others on the stage of floral life. The odour of flowers, which renders them so pleasing to us, is, however, very injurious to our health if they be with us in confined rooms. The odours which proceed from the jonquil and narcissus, in particular, are very powerful, and produce headache in many persons, unless where there is a free circulation of air. During the night, plants generally give out a gas which is especially hurtful to us in a sleeping-room of which the door and window are closed. The effluvia also which sometimes arises from our sleeping bodies, has an unhealthy effect on the plants, besides the injury they suffer from having light altogether shut out at night by a shutter or window-curtain. In this unnatural state plants cannot thrive; therefore, if they are to have places in bed-rooms they should only have *outside* ones, which will suit them

well in mild weather. Indeed, in all cases, the plants which we would recommend for window culture, will be better placed in *moderate* weather on the outer than on the inner ledge of a window, or on a stage within a room, during the night when air, light, and moisture, will be as necessary to them as in the day-time. As the bloom of the bulbous window-plants has now passed away, or nearly so, for this year, we shall not offer any remarks respecting their culture until the time for re-potting them in autumn. In the meantime, if the leaves have withered, let the bulbs be taken from the pots, and laid in dry sand in any safe place. Other plants, such as the double primrose, hepatica, anemone, ranunculus, tuberosa, and ever-blowing candytuft (all of which are suitable to the flower-stand in spring) have now put forth their bloom, or are about to do so; one of the advantages of placing flowering-plants in a room being, that they come into bloom earlier than if they were in the open garden, and thus give a delightful foreshadowing of the advancing season. The last-named plants should be removed to outside quarters when they cease

to please the eye or regale the nose, and give place to the more-valued geraniums, fuschias, perpetual roses, and sweet-scented myrtle, which will blow through the greater part of the year. These charming plants need not, indeed, be displaced at any time from the window—except to receive genial showers out of doors—as they are always ornamental, and never lose their foliage: if, however, there be a convenient place for them outside the cottage, their temporary removal there will invigorate them, unless in cold weather, and their room can be advantageously occupied by other plants. Carnations, piccotees, ten-week stocks, double wallflower, and Chinese rose, are desirable summer window plants, and may be succeeded by the autumn-blowing campanula, petunia, verbena, calceolaria, and Chinese chrysanthemum.

The cultivator of window plants must be guided altogether by his extent of space within and without: if he cannot shift his plants, when out of bloom, from his window, he must be content to keep such plants as the fuchsia and geranium, and those roses which preserve their bloom longest, and afford the greatest ornament. In cottages, however, above the lowest order, there are usually windows enough to accommodate all kinds of plants we have named, so as to keep up continued *successions*, more especially as the bulbous sorts will want no pot nor care at all; when their short-lived season has passed, they may be pushed aside without ceremony to make way for their betters.

Even a window on the north side of a lattice will serve, at all times, for the following plants:—saxifrage, the musk plant, winter phlox, purple cyrtis, Liebaull's sedum, and hounds'-tongue. A north window also will be useful in summer to preserve the bloom of many of the tender plants longer than would be the case if they were exposed to the stimulating effects of the sun. In no circumstances of aspect, then, can any person say that it is out of his power to cultivate window-plants: in any point of the compass there will be either sun or light sufficient for some sorts of beautiful or interesting flowers, and there is no month of the year in which sweet flowers or green foliage may not gladden the eye of any person who has the command of a window. We shall now continue the directions for the treatment of plants, commenced in the first article of the present subject.

The plant having recovered from the effects which the repotting occasioned to it, (which may be readily seen by the freshened and firm appearance of the foliage) if the weather be mild, the leaves should have a thorough washing by exposing the plant to the rain, if

warm showers should then fall; if not, wash the plant overhead (not the mould, in the pot, except what may chance to fall from the foliage) with rain water, the temperature of which has been raised two or three degrees (Fahrenheit) by the means before stated, using the same instrument there mentioned. The plant may now be left out of doors, if the weather be mild and not windy, or put under shelter where the air circulates freely (not in a draught) until the leaves become perfectly dry, for if put into a window, in a wet or even damp state, it will seize upon every particle of dust that may be floating in the air of the room: and thus the plant will be more injured than benefited by the washing. Plants should not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun when they are watered overhead, or for some hours after. If the weather be unfavourable, this washing should be altogether deferred for a short time. Both greenhouse and window plants require this washing occasionally. In the colder months of the year, it must be done only when the weather is very mild, and then with extreme caution. Warm showers are preferable to water from the watering-pot. The garden syringe is sometimes used to wash off insects as well as to cleanse and refresh the leaves. Whether this washing be given or not, the plant must be examined before it is placed in the window, to see where it requires pruning or disbudding to regulate its growth and clear it from insects, of which the green fly (*aphis rosæ*) is the greatest and most general pest, infesting plants at all times of the year.

In *pruning*, to obtain the best possible form to the plant, if you do not duly observe and consider the natural form of the individual plant, the result must be just the opposite of that at which you aim—it will be deformed; for this reason, the natural growth of seedling flowering plants is not, or should not, be interfered with by pruning. As an exemplification of the different natural forms of two varieties of the same species, take two fuchsias, the fuchsia Chandlerio and the fuchsia Norfolkhen (or fuchsia coroymbiflora, or any other growing variety)—the branches of the former will grow downwards like those of the weeping willow or a cedar of Lebanon,—those of the latter will grow upwards, approaching the perpendicular. Any attempt by pruning or training, to compel either of these plants to grow as the other does, will end in a miserable failure, and will utterly destroy the peculiar beauties of the plant. What is necessary to be done is to remove those buds which are growing where shoots are not wanted; cut away the worst placed branches where they are crowded or are crossing each other; cut back or shorten such

shoots as are disproportionably strong to those growing at the same joint on the opposite side of the branch, so that the two shoots may be brought to an equal growth. In shortening the branch, you must consider the situation of the buds just below where the cut is to be made: this should be so made as that when the buds grow to branches, they will fill up vacant spaces, and thus perfect the form of the plant. You must next very carefully examine the leaves, to see if there are any green flies on them. If only a few of the leaves are affected by them, the flies may be easily destroyed by pressure of the finger and thumb, but when they are in considerable numbers on any plant, it must be fumigated (the door and windows being closed) with tobacco smoke. This should be repeated three times, at intervals of three or four days, the foliage being washed each time, in the way before described, the day after the fumigation. Or, the branches affected by the flies may be dipped into strong tobacco water (infusion of tobacco) instead of fumigating the plant. Soap and water is also said to destroy aphides. It may not be out of place here to mention some curious facts in the natural history of these insects. Their food is the juice of leaves, of which they completely deprive them; having effected this in one leaf, they move away from that to another, and so on in succession; every leaf so attacked turns yellow, and falls from the plant, unless their depredations be stopped by the means before-mentioned, or by *natural* means, to be presently stated. The juice on which they live is converted by the secretory organs of the insect into a sweet viscid fluid resembling honey, which is the honey-dew so often seen on the leaves of trees. The insects are not on the leaves where the honey-dew is

seen, but they are found in vast numbers on the leaves of the upper part of the tree; the secretion has been ejected from them, and probably falls in a state of vapour on the leaves below. Ants feed on this sweet secretion, which they obtain from the green fly, by tapping it on the back with their antennæ or feelers; this induces the fly to throw out its luscious fluid. The *aphides* themselves are the favourite food of the ladybird (*coccinella ocellata*) and they are also eaten by some birds,—the sparrow, the titmouse, and others. For this reason, and from being blown by the winds off trees that are much exposed, the mischief they do to out-door vegetation is scarcely perceptible. Even the rose-bushes on which there are often great numbers, are less injured by them than the plants that are kept in-doors, although the latter may have comparatively but few on them. This is probably owing to the insect being wholly dependent on the juice of the leaf for drink as well as for food; and the plant itself (confined in a house) has not the advantage of rain, dews, and the water held in solution by the air, by which, if out of doors, it would be so abundantly supplied with moisture as to compensate for that which is drawn from it by the insect.

Besides aphides, there are other insects which are injurious to plants, as the red spider and caterpillar. Sometimes grubs bury themselves in the mould of the pot, and in the night-time ascend the plant and devour the leaves. Sometimes the drainage is obstructed by worms, which have crawled in through the hole in the bottom of the pot when the plants have been placed out of doors for watering, or for the benefit of the air, or from not having been carefully removed from the mould at the time of potting the plants.

Rural Economy.

A FEW QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT GARDENING.*

Q. What are the chief months for sowing the seeds of kitchen vegetables?

A. The months of February, March, and April are the principal ones for sowing the seeds of the summer vegetables; but during the months of May, June, July, and August, the seeds of many kinds are sown for successions, or for the next year, as in the instance of cabbage seeds. Some few sorts, such as peas and beans, are sometimes sown in November or December, to take their chance of outliving the winter, and bearing early in the next summer.

Q. What is the most convenient breadth of beds for all the close-growing plants, such as onions and early parsnips and carrots?

A. The most convenient breadth of beds for onions, parsnips, &c., is four feet, with alleys between them: this breadth allows a weeder to weed, and regularly thin the plants, and to

loosen the soil about them, without treading on the beds.

Q. What is the best manner of sowing the seeds?

A. The best way of sowing the seeds is in narrow drills.

Q. How may the drills be easily and regularly made?

A. An easy and regular mode of making drills is that which was practised by Mr. Cobbett.

Q. Explain Mr. Cobbett's method of making drills in beds, for close seeds.

A. He used a rake, that he called a driller, six feet long in the head, (which was made of oak) two inches by two and a-half inches thick, and with teeth eight inches asunder, each tooth being six inches long. There were, therefore, nine teeth, allowing four inches over at each

* From "The Elementary Catechisms. Gardening." Groombridge & Sons.

end of the head. The handle fixed in the head was about six feet long.

Q. How was this driller used?

A. When the bed had been raked evenly for sowing, the person holding the driller began at the left hand end of the bed, and drew nine rows across at once. He then put the left hand tooth of the driller in the right hand drill of those just made, for a guide, so that eight new drills were made at the second and every succeeding draw, there being always one guide drill gone twice over with the left hand tooth. In this manner the drills of a long bed can be made in a few minutes.

Q. What other advantages, besides saving of seed and giving room to the plants, are gained by such an even mode of drilling?

A. This even drilling causes an equal depth of covering to be given to all the seeds sown in the drills, and as the teeth shall be moveable, and capable of being set at any required depth, the drills may be made deep or shallow, according to the nature of the seeds, so that these may be sown at from an eighth or fourth of an inch to an inch or more in depth.

Q. What garden seeds require the greatest space between the rows?

A. Peas, beans, and kidney beans, require the greatest space between the rows, and they also require rather deep drills, made with the hand-hoe.

Q. How are the seeds of cabbages and of Swedish turnips or beet, intended for transplanting, sown?

A. The seeds of cabbages, &c., intended for transplanting are usually sown broadcast, but there is no good reason why they should not be sown in narrow drills, which admit of throwing the soil between the seedlings, and thinning them much more regularly than can be done when the plants are growing all over the surface.

Q. What are the seasons for growing the seeds of cabbages, which are the most generally useful of all garden vegetables?

A. The seeds of the early kinds of the cabbage, which is a biennial plant, are sown in the month of August, and of the late kinds in the spring. All the large kinds may be said to be produced from seed sown the year before; therefore, the seeds of all those sorts that are to stand over the winter should be sown in the spring of the year before. By sowing certain varieties in June and July, coleworts are made to last from September to April.

Q. What are coleworts?

A. Young cabbages before they are headed.

Q. Should seedling plants of the cabbage kind, and of celery or other vegetables raised in seedling beds, be transplanted immediately from their seed beds to the places where they are to remain?

A. The seedling plants of almost all vegetables should be taken up with a trowel, and pricked out in fresh ground at such distances as will allow the roots to extend.

Q. At how many seasons of the year will successions of the cabbage tribe require to be pricked out and transplanted?

A. Seedling cabbages of all sorts will require to be pricked out and transplanted as often as successions have been sown—which may be during eight months of the year.

Q. What kind of plants is it most difficult to transplant successfully?

A. Tap-rooted plants; they require the greatest of care in transplanting: a light soil is most suited to them, and watering should be freely given to their roots.

ROTATION OF CROPS

Q. What is meant by the rotation of crops?

A. By a rotation of crops is meant a regular succession of crops, so that the same kinds shall not follow immediately.

A. Why is a change of crops to be recommended?

A. Since plants of the same sort consume the same elements of food contained in the soil, it follows, that the continued cultivation of the same plants will, more or less, deprive the soil of the elements on which they feed.

Q. Continue.

A. Where frequent and abundant manuring is given, regard to rotations is of no great importance, but in a garden poorly manured, and where, therefore, the dependence is on the soil itself for the nourishment of the crops, a rotation of them is absolutely necessary.

Q. But are there not many perennial plants which must remain in the same ground for several years?

A. Such perennial vegetables as asparagus, sea-kale, rhubarb, and artichokes, ought not to be displaced within less than eight or nine years, or until they begin to fail; but those valuable vegetables are so amply manured every year that they do not depend much on the soil for their support; yet where plantations of such perennials are broken up, vegetables of entirely different classes should be put in their room.

Q. What does Mr. Abercrombie say on this subject?

A. Mr. Abercrombie says,—‘We will suppose a strawberry plantation requiring to be renewed—and the stools seldom continue fully productive more than three or four years—instead of introducing young strawberry plants into the same bed, root out the old plantation entirely, and let it be succeeded by a crop of beans, or of some other esculent, or good-for-eating root, that may be different in constitution and habits. And let the new plantation of strawberries follow some light crop which left the ground in a good state, or which allows them to be trenched. . . . Crops which strike deep and occupy the ground long, should be succeeded by plants which pierce but a little way under the surface.’

Q. What is the simplest rule to be observed as to the rotations of annuals and biennials?

A. The most simple rule as to the rotations of annual and biennial vegetables is, that they should succeed each other as nearly as possible in different classes; for instance, the leguminous class (peas, beans, and kidney-beans), which have deep-growing roots, should be followed by some of the numerous cabbage class, which comprises cauliflowers, brocolies, and turnips: the onion, or bulbous class, may best succeed the carrot or parsnip, or any other such deep-rooted kinds.

Q. Does garden soil require rest between the different rotations?

A. No soil to which manures can be applied ever requires what is called rest: the soil never becomes, as it were, tired of producing; all it requires is to be refreshed with those substances which may have been consumed by the plants it has nourished. If left unsown by the hand of man, it will produce rotations of weeds rather than be at rest.

Q. Is it not desirable to have within the year as many rotations as possible?

A. The greatest profit is drawn from gardens in which the crops are raised and consumed in rapid succession. The market gardener who can clear out a square of any sort of vegetables in a

single week, and re-sow or re-plant it immediately with another kind of plants, makes more of his ground than the person who consumes his vegetables very slowly, and yet does not break up a square until the whole crop on it has been cleared off. The season for a new crop is often lost by such delay.

Q. In what way, then, may the rotations be most speedily made in a private garden, from which the vegetables are very gradually withdrawn?

A. Care should be taken, if possible, to clear off one row before another is entered upon, in order to prepare ground, without loss of time, for the commencement of a new rotation, which may be proceeded with by gradual sowing or planting. Thus, instead of selecting up and down in a square the most forward cabbages, it may be better, when the ground is wanted and the season presses, for a new crop, to cut all the heads of one row before any of another be cut, even though these may be a little more advanced. The loss of a good season may be the consequence of waiting for the further growth of those plants that are in the way.

Q. By what other means may quick rotations

be encouraged in gardens from which small supplies of any particular vegetables are required?

A. By taking care not to sow or plant more space with any crop than will be wanted at any particular season, no loss of time or of ground will be occasioned. Some allowance should always be made for waste and failures.

Q. What else should be observed as to rotations?

A. The seasons should be attended to, so that each rotation shall come as much as possible in its proper month or week, or in its due turn.

Q. May not the varieties of soil in the same garden, or the nature of the aspect and shelter, render it expedient always to sow or plant certain kinds of vegetables in the same portions of the garden, and thereby derange the course of rotations?

A. The peculiar condition of soil, aspect, and shelter, may render particular portions of a garden more fit than others for certain kinds of vegetables: in such case, the regular and usual course of rotations may be dispensed with; but still, many changes may be made in the successions of even the few vegetables cultivated in those particular parts of the garden.

VARIETIES.

JEU D'ESPRIT.—Miss Hamilton, in her book on education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could not be brought to read the word "patriarchs;" but when he met with it he always pronounced it "partridges." A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy was *making game* of the patriarchs.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—He that at midnight, when the labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air of the nightingale, the sweet descant, the rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of the voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth.—*Izaak Walton.*

RECOGNITION OF VOICE BETWEEN THE EWE AND THE LAMB.—The acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. An ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand others all at the same time. Besides, the distinguishing of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and the lamb, which, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things that have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and then the sport continues a whole day.

We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to a hill, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but, instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked, shrivelling—a most deplorable-looking creature. It wheels about,

and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times, before the reconciliation is fairly made up,—*Lay Sermons by the Ettrick Shepherd.*

UMBRELLAS.—If your umbrella is wet, do not unfurl it for the purpose of drying it more rapidly. If you do, the whalebones acquire a particular set, which it is almost impossible to obviate; they become permanently bent, in consequence of the shrinking of the cloth while drying, and give the umbrella when furled a bulging and unseemly appearance.

COD-LIVER OIL.—Such has been the extraordinary demand of late for cod-liver oil for medicinal purposes, that the price has risen in the southern markets from about £20 to £36 a tun. The liver seems to be the most valuable part; for cod-fish, which this time last year was bringing £16 per ton, was last month selling as low as £9.—*John o'Groat's Journal.*

SHARP ALTERNATIVE.—Formerly, when a Turkish baker was discovered to have sold bread of short weight, his ear was nailed fast to his door-post, and he was then supplied with a sharp knife, to work, when tired of his fixed position, his own deliverance.

The Corner.

LORD JESUS, thou Light of Truth and Sun of Righteousness, shed thy bright beams upon my heart, that I may know, and knowing, love thee. Help me, my Strength, by whom I am sustained; shine upon me, my Light, by whom alone I see; and quicken me, my Life, by whom alone I live. For thou only art my Help and my Light, my Life and my Joy my Lord and my God.—*St. Augustine.*

CHARACTER.

READERS, friends, and old acquaintances—did you ever hear of the blacksmith?

Now, I take it for granted that you all begin to wonder a little, and say—What blacksmith? So, to tell you.

Once upon a time there lived a blacksmith, a man of might and mettle; his blows rang the loudest, and his sparks flew the farthest of any blacksmith's in the whole country side, and if you could have heard how he sang and whistled you would have thought him a man not much troubled by debts, and not overburdened by cares. Perhaps you might have wished to be only half as happy.

I dare say you have not lived all your life in the world without observing that at times, even the best of people are spoken ill of by somebody or other. We can't always see the reason why, but it is so, nevertheless. So it happened with the blacksmith. As he lived in a village, he of course had neighbours; and among these neighbours there were one or two who made it their business to go about in a sneaking way and speak malicious and ill-natured things against the sturdy metal-smiter. Thereupon others of the neighbours who were friends of the blacksmith, went to him and said—'You must do something to these people; they have said such things about you as will greatly damage your character.'

When the blacksmith heard that, he meditated for a few moments—perhaps he was trying to remember if he had given the traducers cause of offence,—but presently he answered. 'I tell you what it is, friends, I can go down to my smithy and hammer out a better character in six months than all the courts of law in England could give me.'

This was just the sort of answer that would be given by a straight-forward man who could depend on himself. It is what every Englishman in similar circumstances ought to be able to give. How is it with you—Readers, friends, and old acquaintances—when some envious neighbour tells ugly tales about you and slanders your character, do you threaten to "have him up," or to knock him down? Do you go and shake your fist in his face, and dare him to a good

stand-up fight, as it is called? Suppose you pummel one another for an hour to your heart's content, does that prove that wrong is right. Whichever was wrong when the combat began, is just as wrong at the end of it; besides having to bear the pain of hard knocks and angry bruises. Perhaps you don't like fighting, and so if something bad is spoken of you, you immediately begin to say that he who said it is a great deal worse. But that does not prove any better than the pummelling did that you are right. If you are black, it will not make you white to prove that your neighbour is blacker.

All this seems so clear that I do not think you will venture to dispute it; and now we will talk a little further on the subject of character. What is character? Did you ever ask yourself the question? It is not a commodity which you can buy as you do groceries, nor handle it as you do your tools. We cannot see it, and yet it goes about with us more constantly than our shadow, for that only appears on sunshiny days, or moonlight nights, but character walks silently and surely at our side in all seasons and in all circumstances. The Germans have a story of a certain man, named Peter, who one fine day sold his shadow to a mysterious-looking stranger. On completion of the bargain the buyer stooped, and, rolling up the shadow as though it were a strip of calico, he walked away with it in his pocket. Now we cannot do the same with our characters: if they are good for anything we do not wish to part with them, and if they are good for nothing we can't part with them. Our characters will cling to us whether or no.

Therefore, this brings us to consider that as we must have a character, we had best try to have a good one. If we are to carry it about with us all our life, we may as well try to make it respectable. Few people would like to be always walking about with a pickpocket, or housebreaker, or even a beggar. We are rather shy of keeping such company; then let us be shy of keeping company with a bad character of our own. We cannot help seeing that real sterling character is worth something; that it is of use and benefit to a man. Even in busy

crowded London, where you may live for years without your name being known to your next door neighbour, you cannot get on comfortably without more or less of good character. If you are unworthy, the fact is sure to become known somehow or other, and it damages or altogether prevents your success in any undertaking. A good character is always honourable, and on the contrary a bad one is always dishonourable. Are you an idler, a trifler, a liar, a cheat, a slanderer, depend upon it that you are in a false position; and the sooner you get out of it the better. Suppose any one were to go about telling every body that you are possessed of one or all the faults above-mentioned: What would you say? You could not deny the charge if you have a conscience, neither would you feel comfortable in not being able to deny it.

This would be an awkward predicament; and I know of no better plan to avoid it than to follow the blacksmith's example. You can't change an old coat into a new one by rubbing it with an unclean duster, or blowing it with the bellows; neither can you change your bad character into a good one by abuse, or boastful talk, or by fighting. No! you must live for a character. The blacksmith said he could hammer one out for himself in six months. What matter if people said of him that he was idle and unthrifty?—did he not keep on week after week, plying his trade, smiting the red-hot iron on his anvil until at last the slanderers saw they were mistaken and were forced to believe it. And you and

I, my friends, must do the same. If we cannot fashion a good character in six months, we must try for six years, or for all our lives. It is one of those cases in which we must never cease trying.

Here we may perceive that a good character is like capital in business, or stock-in-trade: there is something to fall back upon. If from our youth up we have borne a good character, no one whose good opinion is worth having believes the evil reports which may be spread concerning us. The matter is sure to right itself; in the same way that if you take hold of a sapling oak and pull it on one side, no sooner do you let go than it springs back again to its natural position of strength and beauty. I dare say you remember what honest John Bunyan tells in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of the garments which were always clean and shining, how much soever of mire and dirt were cast upon them. The people at Plymouth do not go out and place props against the Eddystone lighthouse every time that the wind blows hard; they know that it is so securely built as to resist the storms. And so with character. If your conscience tells you that yours is a good one, you will go quietly on in your duty, and suffer no harm from malicious reports. Your whole life will be a flat contradiction to them. But if you are in doubt; if you feel that your character won't bear holding up to the light, then you will be sore, and vexed, and angry; and your only chance will be to follow the example of the blacksmith.

SUSPICION AND CAUTION.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Suspicion creeps along
With downward look and eye askance;
While caution onward moves
Watchful, yet fearless in her glance.

It was midday. The sunshine rested fervidly upon a garden terrace, along which a lady and gentleman were walking with that slow lingering pace, which denotes a sense of quiet enjoyment, rather than a desire for exercise. And truly, the spot was one well calculated to please them; for beneath this terrace, lay outspread a flower-garden, whose blossoms were not

less rich in their varying hues than fragrant in their balmy sweetness; while on the other side, the terrace was bounded by a wall which was covered with apricot and peach trees in full bearing. The soft downy fruit lay nestling amid the leaves in such rich and mantling beauty, that it was no less attractive to the eye than tempting to the palate. Mrs. Davis,—so was the lady called,—paused a moment in her walk, to gaze upon a cluster of peaches which were unusually large, and seemed ready to burst in their rosy ripeness.

‘What beautiful peaches!’ said she to her husband. ‘I may as well gather them for they seem perfectly ripe,’ and so saying, her hand was already stretched out for the purpose of plucking the fruit, when her husband cried out hastily. ‘Pray don’t touch them;’ adding in a low mysterious tone. ‘I have a good reason for it, you may be sure; and I beg that those peaches may not be touched for the present.’

‘But they are so very ripe! it seems a pity to let them spoil. What can be your reason for not allowing them to be gathered to-day?’

No answer but a mysterious shake of the head: and what woman was ever content with so unsatisfactory a reply?

‘Perhaps my dear, you wish to reserve them for our friends who are coming next week, and if so’ ‘No such thing, Mrs. Davis; and as you *must* know my reason, I will tell you that I have strong suspicions of the honesty of our new gardener, who, I am pretty sure, has made away with some of our best fruit, and I am determined to detect him; so I have reckoned the peaches in that very cluster, as it seems most probable they will not escape him, they are so remarkably fine!’

‘Suspicious of Jones! who has recently been recommended to us so highly by his late employer! I am very sorry to hear it: But what has he done to awaken your suspicions?’

‘You must always have proofs of everything; but I am not such a fool as to wait for positive proofs before I can detect roguery. It is enough that I have pretty sure tokens of his dishonesty. He can never look me in the face. That’s one thing. I am always doubtful of a man who can’t look me in the face.’

‘But my dear, the poor fellow has very weak eyes. He cannot bear the glare of the sun. It was only yesterday, I gave him eye-water, which may I hope, be of use to him.’

‘Weak eyes! all nonsense. The man can look up as well as any one, if he were not ashamed to do so. Besides, I have missed fruit repeatedly off these trees lately, and no one but he, could have taken it.’

Mrs. Davis saw that the demon of suspicion was at this moment in the ascendant with her husband, and knew that at such

times, it was in vain to attempt exercising the power of reason over his mind; so she only added, smiling: ‘Well! my dear, I know you are too just to condemn any one unheard, and am sure you will take care that Jones does not suffer for the fault of any other offender.’

This was not, as might be imagined by some, the language of flattery; for Mr. Davis was in the abstract, an ardent lover of justice; although it too often happened that his moral vision became obscured by suspicion, so that the faults of others were seen through a distorted medium, and were thus unfairly judged by him. He was rather jealous of his wife’s good opinion, and was always pleased to secure it; so, on hearing her speak thus, his countenance lighted up, and nodding at her sagaciously, he replied: ‘you are perfectly right, my dear; I will do nothing rashly—or unjustly.’

But alas! for those resolves which are prompted chiefly by a regard to human approbation, even when that approbation is ever so wise in its nature,—ever so pure in its source!

Mr. and Mrs. Davis returned home from their walk.

He was restless and unquiet during the remainder of the day, but she took no notice of it—played and sang for him,—talked and listened to him as cheerfully as if no cloud had rested upon her spirit.

The following morning, Mr. Davis rose earlier than usual, and as his wife observed the uneasy expression of his countenance, she felt assured that all was not at peace within: nor was this impression weakened on seeing him direct his steps towards the garden at an hour when he was not wont to visit it. With an undefined fear of some rashness on her husband’s part, and knowing well her own influence over him, she hastened after him; not without a silent prayer as she passed along, that grace might be given to each of them, worthily to do their ‘duty in that state of life in which it had pleased God to place them.’ Who can tell the worth of one such moment of communion with heaven? they only, who have learned by experience with what peace and lowliness of spirit they have been thereby enabled to pursue the daily struggle of life, amid the turmoil of this ‘busy battling world,’ can estimate its happy influence.

The loveliness of the morning afforded Mrs. Davis an excuse for this early stroll ; and assuming as unconcerned an aspect as possible, she turned towards the garden terrace which has already been described to our readers. A grievous scene presented itself there to her view. There stood her husband in a threatening attitude ; his hand clenched with rage, and his voice uttering accusations of dishonesty against the gardener Jones, who, this time at least, looked at his master 'straight in the face,' and rebutted the charge with evident indignation.

'You rascal ! you have stolen the finest peaches on that wall. You cannot deny it. I reckoned every one of them myself last evening, and there are now seven missing. I shall have you punished for the theft you may depend upon it. A sense of duty will compel me to bring the matter forward.' And thus did he run on without hearkening to a word the man was saying in his own justification. Mrs. Davis ventured to approach him softly and said in a low voice. 'Only listen to him for one moment, my love ; you are surely too just to condemn any one unheard.' He was however just then, in the unhappy temper of those who "refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely ;" and in an irritable tone, affirmed that it was his duty to convict the rascal, and he would do so.

Jones, who at first had looked angry and astonished, at Mr. Davis's denunciations, now stood calmly waiting an opportunity to speak. As soon as his master's complaints had ceased, he addressed him in slow and measured manner. 'Sir, if you take the trouble of inquiring at your own house, you will find that I brought in the peaches early this morning. I gathered them before the sun rose, as they were fully ripe.' Then with heightened colour, he added : 'I have had a good character all my life, and no one before you, sir, has ever found a word to say against me ; so I am not going to stay in your service to be insulted and abused as I have been this morning. You will be pleased therefore, sir, to look out for another gardener.'

It would be vain to attempt depicting Mr. Davis's shame and perplexity on hearing this plain and manly statement.

He had during the preceding day, suffered the demon of suspicion to draw its coils closer and closer around him, until the phantom of dishonesty assumed to his diseased vision, a living and substantive reality. The indignant reply of Jones, however, had broken the spell, and he stood self-convicted of unkindness and injustice :—condemned in the sight of his servant and his wife. This tendency to distrustfulness had been suffered to dwell within him since his early youth, and to make occasionally its miserable outbreaks ; but never before, had it betrayed him into an act of such glaring impropriety,—never before had its outward manifestation placed him in so false and uncomfortable a position.

Mrs. Davis hesitated a moment what to do. She was one of those women in whom superiority of intellect is so happily blended with humility of heart, that they shrink from directing their husbands even in the smallest matters, while their silent influence is felt in every hour of domestic life. Her hesitation was however, but momentary. She beheld her husband's downcast, contrite look ; and identifying herself at once both with his fault and his regrets, she calmly acknowledged to the gardener that he had been misjudged ;—that wrong had been done him—but an unintentional wrong ; 'which however,' added she, looking towards her husband for a confirmation of her assurance, 'we both deeply regret.' 'Yes, *deeply, deeply*,' repeated Mr. Davis in a low emphatic tone. 'And,' continued she, addressing the gardener ; 'if you are willing still to remain in our service, I think I may promise that your upright conduct will be fully appreciated both by Mr. Davis and myself, and that you will find us as trustful as you are trustworthy.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' replied Jones ; his face glowing with honest pride at this expression of his mistress's good opinion of him, while he directed a hasty glance towards his master, which seemed interrogative of his thoughts in this matter. During the last few moments, Mr. Davis's countenance had betrayed a deep inward struggle ; for he was not like many a one, in whom some favourite fault is suffered to reign supreme without occasioning any disquietude of spirit, unless it prove hateful or contemptible in the eyes of society.

Mr. Davis, happily for himself and others, cherished right principles of action ; and except in moments of excitement, when his 'besetting sin' had gained the mastery over him, it was his earnest desire to act kindly and courteously to all men. It was therefore no small humiliation for him to acknowledge to his own servant, that he had so grievously erred in this respect. But an inward monitor told him this was the only course for an upright man and a Christian to pursue : and that to shrink from it, was alike cowardly and dishonest. He hesitated therefore no longer ; but stretching out his hand to the gardener, he said to him : ' Yes Jones ; I have wronged you, and am heartily sorry for it. But if you choose to remain in your present situation, you will not, I trust, have cause to repent of doing so.' At this unexpected avowal, the spirit of the sturdy Welchman melted within him ; and he raised to his lips the hand which had been extended to him with friendly cordiality, saying in a low voice ; ' God bless you, sir ; I shall be proud and happy to live in your service ; and may I be prospered as I am true and faithful to you and your good lady.'

Mrs. Davis seeing that matters were now smoothed again, thought it better not needlessly to prolong this scene, which, even under its brightest aspect, had been a painful one ; so taking her husband's arm, she bid Jones good morning, saying that it was time for breakfast. Mr. Davis assented, and so they turned their steps homeward.

The breakfast table at Oakfield was on that morning less cheerful than usual. Mrs. Davis made many attempts at conversation, but her husband's mind was evidently too much pre-occupied to talk on indifferent topics, and they both shrank from renewing the subject with which their thoughts were filled. Before long, however, a trifling circumstance afforded the desired vent to their feelings. On going into the drawing-room after breakfast, Mr. Davis took up a purse which was lying on his wife's work-table, and inquired whether it was her's.

' Yes, indeed, it is ; I am ashamed of having been so careless as to leave it there last night.' Observing her husband's eye fixed gravely upon her, she added, ' You are going to scold me for my heedlessness,

and indeed I deserve it ; for it is so very wrong to place temptation in the way of those whose circumstances make them accessible to it.'

' It was not that which was in my mind,' replied Mr. Davis. ' I was only wondering whether my little wife was growing suspicious too, instead of leaving it to her husband, who has been made miserable enough by its indulgence to-day.'

' Oh ! no ; I am only cautious ; but indeed I have given a bad specimen of my caution this morning, especially as I know so little of our new housemaid, except that she is one of a large and indigent family ; and, alas ! how many a good intention is overcome by poverty and opportunity.'

' You are quite a philosopher, my dear,' said Mr. Davis, with a faint smile. ' For my part, I am a plain practical man, and do not understand all the fine-spun theories of the present day. So I wish you would enlighten me as to the distinction between the caution which you advocate and the suspicion which,' added he, with a sigh, ' is so painful to oneself and so hateful to others.'

' Indeed you must not use that word "hateful," my love,' said Mrs. Davis, pressing her husband's hand between her own, and gazing at him affectionately. ' No fault, surely, is hateful, when it is renounced in purpose and in will. Besides,' added she, in a playful tone, ' you and I being one, I must protest against the term "hateful" being applied to any action of yours. As to your desire that I should explain the difference between suspicion and caution, it would rather puzzle me, perhaps, to do so, if a dear old friend had not once written in my common-place book some lines upon this very subject. It was in my early girlhood ; when on being recommended more caution in trifles, I excused myself on the plea that caution was but another name for suspicion. Here is what he wrote upon the subject,' continued she, handing to her husband an open page of her common-place book. The passage ran thus :—

" Caution and suspicion, so far from being, as is affirmed by many, kindred in their nature and effects, are truly antagonistic both in their principle and results. The bearing of caution is erect, and its open far-seeing eye guards against

evil, and thereby prevents its development ; suspicion is crouching in its gait, and by its eager quest after evil, often brings to pass the mischief which had at first been only imaginary. Caution teaches us to think of our fellow-creatures as fallible beings, in whom evil may be fostered or good encouraged by the force of circumstances and example ; suspicion leads us to regard those around us as our incipient deceivers and foes. Caution strengthens the character. Suspicion weakens it. Caution resembles the skilful mariner, who carefully observes the rocks and shoals noted down upon his chart, in order that he may the more safely and the more fearlessly launch his bark upon the bosom of the mighty deep : suspicion may be likened to the timorous child who starts back alarmed on beholding the shadows which harmlessly play around his apartment, and views them fearfully, as though they were substantial and gigantic forms. In a word, suspicion is gloomy and solitary in its habits, while caution is often found in meet companionship with kindness and charity, guiding their course aright into the safe and sunny channels of wisdom and of truth."

Mr. Davis laid down the book as soon as he had read this passage, and gazing steadfastly at his wife for a moment or two, said to her in a grave tone, 'I wonder, Maria, how you ever made up your mind to marry me. Did you not know I was of a suspicious temperament?'

'What unreasonable beings you men are!' replied she, gaily. 'Can it be expected that any woman will recollect precisely what she knew or thought half-a-dozen years ago?' Then observing a shade across her husband's brow, she added more seriously, 'but this I do remember, Edward, that I loved you, and felt assured you would make me happy ; nor has this conviction been changed by the experience of five years of wedded life.'

'Thank you, my beloved wife ; thank you. This is balm to my spirit at the present moment, when I am tempted almost to despair of conquering this wretched tendency.'

This was the first time Mr. Davis had ever owned to his wife that he was conscious of this fault, and she hailed it as a

happy omen ; for there are certain bad tendencies which are never struggled against or overcome, simply because they are either ignored or disavowed by the individual whose whole moral being is marred by their influence. Mrs. Davis had, however, far too much good sense as well as delicacy of feeling, to dwell upon the subject ; for (be it said in passing) there is no moment in wedded life when it is more entirely the duty as well as the happiness of a woman to forget her husband's faults, as when he, under the influence of deep emotion, has acknowledged them in her presence.

'Despair!' repeated she, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up into his face, with a smile bespeaking peace and hope. 'Despair! I have never yet known you to despair of any thing you wished to accomplish, and you will not, I hope, begin to do so now. Besides, the simile used by my friend in the paper which you have just read, leaves no excuse for despondency in the matter ; for do you not remember, my love, the way in which you cured our little Edward of his fear of shadows? Poor little fellow! they quite terrified him, until you showed him how he formed his own shadow by hiding the light from a certain spot of the floor ; and now he cries out merrily, "Oh, there is my shadow." But here he comes himself, dressed for a walk or a drive. Will you not take him out in the pony-carriage? he enjoys it so much, and the day is lovely.'

Seeing her husband hesitate, she rang the bell, and ordered the pony-phæton to be got ready.

The innocent prattle of his child and the sunny freshness of the morning proved alike refreshing to Mr. Davis's wounded spirit ; and on his return home, there was an air of tranquillity and contentment visible in his countenance, which was marked by his wife with joy and thankfulness.

Some years have passed since the occurrence of those domestic events which have been narrated in this Story of a Day. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are still dwelling at Oakfield, and still does the faithful Jones fulfil his duties as their gardener. Mr. Davis is no longer a suspicious man. We do not say that suspicions never pre-

sent themselves to his mind or even cast a momentary gloom across it, for slowly and painfully are evil tendencies eradicated ; but suspicions do not, as in former days, find a lodgment within his thoughts and heart. Although by no means a very strong-minded man, he has resolutely adhered to his purpose of treating them as shadows,—as airy nothings which have so often proved unsubstantial and unreal, that instead of

reasoning about them or struggling against them, he suffers them to pass away unheeded and despised.

Mrs. Davis is still a good, and a happy woman : happy as they must ever be who regard the fulfilment of duty as a holy and satisfying object in life, and who, while they view with complacency the amiable qualities of those around them, observe their failings only with the eye of forbearance and of love.

THE SHOEMAKERS OF NORTHAMPTON.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

ON entering the houses of one of these people, the first thing one sees is a quilt or coverlid, rarely clean and mostly ragged, which is stretched across that portion of the room adjoining the door. Arriving at the termination of this drapery, and looking round on the other side, will be seen, sitting in the recess between the window and the chimney, upon a low stool, an individual with a face as black as the presence of dirt and a long absence of soap and water can make it. It is, however, but a small portion of the face of this personage that can be seen ; his hair generally covers his forehead, or hangs down the sides of his face, when not confined, as in some cases it is, by a band which is worn round the head ; his chin, upper lip, and lower part of his cheeks, are almost completely concealed beneath the exuberance of his beard and mustachios, the crop of which is seldom, if ever, disturbed more than once a week ; indeed, several had a three weeks' growth upon them, at least. The elbows protruded out of the coat, the knees through the trowsers and leather apron, and the toes out of the boots. The remaining parts of the man's person are covered with a quantity of rags, which originally were of divers colours, but which, through the constant application of grease, paste, ink, heelball, and other articles, which are included under the head of "grindery," have, in some cases, become a polished jet, and in others a dirty black, only exceeded in intensity of dye by the flesh of the wearer. By the side of this lugubrious specimen of humanity will be found his

small table, containing his various articles of grindery and tools—a miscellaneous collection, consisting of broken awls, pieces of glass, blades of knives, pieces of brown wax, ends of candles small brads, paste, bristles, wax-ends and other articles of a similar kind which constitute the stock of a working shoemaker. Thus equipped, the son of Crispin, with his head bent low over his work—giving him the appearance of a person doubled up into the smallest possible compass—and a pair of huge spectacles before his eyes, pursues his avocation, accompanying the blows of his hammer by some fragment of a song which he picked up at the last meeting of his "free and easy," or which he may have under rehearsal for one of those vocal entertainments in which the genius of the great body of Northampton shoemakers delight to revel. On the other side of the fire-place, if he is a married man, will frequently be seen a female, who, in point of cleanliness and tidiness, has no pretensions to the title of his "better half." She will be found at work either at the "closing" or "binding." If not engaged in either of those occupations, she will most likely be employed in washing a few articles of clothing, in a pan or small tub, which is mostly placed on a chair, or upon the table, amid the articles of the breakfast service which have not yet been removed, even though it be past noon. Indeed, so highly do many of the shoemakers' wives appear to value time, that, in order to avoid any unnecessary waste of that precious commodity, the tea and dinner ser-

vices are usually allowed to remain from one meal to another. If there are any children at home, they will be certain to be found—whether male or female—occupied in some department of the shoe trade; and it is scarcely necessary to state that, in point of cleanliness and decency of attire, their condition is not many degrees superior to that of their parents. The apartments of the shoemakers are either scantily furnished, or filled with the wrecks of broken furniture. An inventory would include an old small round table, a couple of chairs, and if there are children, perhaps as many stools as there are occupants for them. In several instances that came under my notice there was no table—the stool or table containing the tools and various articles of grindery being used as the dining-table of the family, and an old tea-board placed on a chair containing the articles of crockery used at the meals. In one place a dish with some potatoes and turnips was placed upon the floor, the wife and the children sit-

ting round, eating out of a dish with spoons, and the father taking the portion of the meal in his usual place in the chimney recess. A great proportion of the homes of this class of workmen bear witness to the dissipated habits of their occupiers, and, in the ruinous condition of the furniture, tell too plainly that the owners were “quarrelsome when in their cups.” In such places as these the chairs are without bottoms, and many without backs; the face of the Dutch clock in the corner is broken, the looking-glass on the wall contains about a tithe of its original quantity, and portions of its frame are gone. Shakspeare and Milton are headless as they stand upon the mantelpiece; and fragments of crockery, which abound in the place, are varied in their character, and in the amount of injuries which they may have sustained; but all have suffered more or less in these “clashes of arms,” which upon various occasions, have disturbed the propriety of peaceful neighbours, and called for the intervention of the police.

WAYS AND MEANS.

EVERYBODY knows the ancient household sayings. “Make hay while the sun shines,”—“Many a little makes a mickle”—“A bird in hand,” &c.—“Take care of the pence” and so forth; and everybody feels that they are true. Yet, like many other truths, they are not treated with all the attention they deserve, and there are thousands of men and women, who know they would be doing right to lay by a trifle now and then “against a rainy day,” who never make any really earnest endeavour towards proper thriftiness. When we hear of such a state of things, it sets us thinking of the school-boy, who preferred walking to school along a sloppy gutter, rather than on a clean pavement.

We have never yet heard any really good reason why “ways and means” should be neglected, and the present time appears to us a very fitting one to say something about them. We see every year that the House of Commons talks a good deal about ways and means, that is, the members decide how money shall

be raised, and how it shall be spent for the business of the nation, and it is quite as necessary for every inhabitant of the kingdom to look to his own ways and means, as it is for the Parliament. There is many a man who cries out against the government for extravagance and waste, who never thinks of crying out against his own extravagance and waste. Why should he? He tells you he has a right to please himself. Like the finger-post, he points out the path to others, but never travels on it himself.

We have said that the present appears to be a fitting time for reminding people of the duty and advantages of economy, and the reason is that work is, and has been for several months, abundant. All who were willing to work could have it for the asking. Work naturally brings wages; and wages can be exchanged for food, clothing, firing, books and schooling, and in most cases leave a trifle over. What more is wanted then to enable us all to get rich; why don't we all make fortunes? Nobody will pretend to deny

that it is because work and wages are not to be had. Why is it? The reason is, that people disregard or forget the good old sayings, some of which stand at the top of these columns. Ask them if they would like to have a bag of money, they would all answer—yes! but when it comes to filling a bag, halfpenny by halfpenny, penny by penny, sixpence by sixpence, they shrink from the task, and try to persuade themselves that such little matters are not worth attending to.

It may be doubted whether such people do really succeed in persuading themselves that their way is the best. There is a conscience for economy as well as for religion; and no man has a right to be a fool, seeing that part of the duties assigned us by Providence, is to grow wiser every day. The present writer remembers when he was a boy, some thirty years ago, a number of cotton-spinners called one day at his father's house to beg. They were asked how it was that men who had for a long time been earning high wages, should be reduced to tramp the country as beggars. The reply was—'Ah, master! a year or two ago, we were getting our thirty shillings, or more, a week; but then, we spent it all like men, as fast as we made it, and thought times would never be no worse.' In this incident lies the pith of the whole question. If those weary-footed spinners had but exercised a little forethought—had they saved only five shillings a week, all the time that work was brisk—they would not have come to such a sudden pinch when it fell slack. And the case was clear that they had no right to be thoughtless or wasteful, or to spend every penny as they said "like men," because by such conduct they became a burden to industrious people, who had remembered to provide against a rainy day. The more we look at the question, the more do we see that no man has a right to be a fool.

When people spend their money as fast as it is earned, they seldom have more than a week between them and penury, or the Poor-law Union. They live always from hand to mouth, and the loss of a week's work ruins them because they have nothing to fall back upon. It has been said that English labourers who eat wheaten bread as their

ordinary food, can, in times of scarcity take to potatoes, while, on the other hand, the Irish who content themselves with potatoes as their chief aliment, have no resource in the hour of need, and so come to severe and sudden distress. This is a striking example of the advantages of forethought; he who gets the best diet, is most secure against starvation.

We are willing to believe that all readers of the *Family Economist* will agree with what is here stated, and that they will not object to consider the question a little more closely. Let us look at the present rate of prices. Is not every article of food cheaper than it was two or three years ago? Good bread is now sold at one penny, or five farthings per pound; butter from eightpence to a shilling; meat from fivepence to eightpence; potatoes are plentiful, at less than one halfpenny per pound; coffee—not the powder made of chicory and spoiled sea-biscuit and other rubbish—but coffee in the berry, can be bought at one shilling the pound, and sugar, at from threepence to fourpence; and bacon, cheese, flour, lard, sago, tapioca, and many other articles of food are all remarkably cheap. Then again the cost of clothing is not above half of what it was a few years ago, and the variety of wearing apparel increases every day. Articles of silk, woollen, and cotton which once were worn only by wealthy people, can now be bought by labourers. And further the means of recreation, amusement, and instruction can be had on equally low terms. In most of the large towns, museums and libraries are open to the public, high or low, rich or poor, without charge, concerts of good music are offered at very small charges; children can be sent to school for one penny a week, or for as much, or as little more as the parent may choose to pay. And last, those who like to go to church or chapel without payment, are at full liberty to do so. Altogether here is such a combination of advantages as have never been seen in any land under the sun.

Now, it would be a good plan to set down on a slate or a piece of paper, article by article, the cost of what was a week's housekeeping a few years ago. Do it carefully, and then by the side of

the list, set down the amount at present prices. You will see a remarkable difference: in most cases, you will find the cost to be at least two shillings a week less than it was formerly. This is so much clear gain. It is true that wages have in certain cases been reduced, but not in proportion to the diminished expense of living. Where there is only moderate carefulness even, there will be some amount of benefit over and above. And here the question arises, what is to be done with this surplus? There are of course several ways in which it may be employed. You may buy more food, or more clothes, or more books, or more firing, or live in a better house, or take pleasure-trips by the excursion trains, or put it in the savings' bank. All these means of disposing of your money, and many others besides, are open to you. Which will you choose?

Perhaps you feel uncertain which to decide upon. You cannot make up your minds; we should like therefore to assist you with a little advice. Our advice is this. By all means have enough to eat, drink, and wear, because we are to be mindful of our health, and one of the chief means of health is a sufficiency of good food and comfortable clothing. However plain your food, have *enough*; but no more. People who eat or drink more than enough, merely for the sake of eating and drinking, commit a wrong which is sure to be punished in some way—either by poverty or disease. Then, supposing you have come to a proper habit as regards food and clothes, consider a little what next you have to do, whether your children shall go to better schools, or whether they shall have more books to read at home. We are all bound to give our children the best education in our power. Having done all this you will find a shilling or two left out of your wages, after you and your wife have settled your ways and means for the week; and our earnest advice is, that without loss of time, you should put this shilling or two in the savings' bank.

Probably you would like to know our reasons for this advice. Well, the chief reason is, that at the present time you have enough and to spare. It is of little use to preach economy or saving when people are working half-time, and have not enough to eat or drink, and nothing to save if they would. But when a little overplus remains out of the weekly earnings after all expenses are paid, then is the time to talk about saving, and to practice it too. There seems some sense in telling people to put their money into the bank when they really have got some money wherewith to make a "nest-egg" that shall some day hatch a tidy little independence. So, start at once for the savings' bank.

Another reason why we should save now, is because we cannot expect the present state of prosperity to continue without alterations. There are laws in nature which are quite independent of Acts of Parliament, and corn laws, or any other laws. Bad harvests may come, and then of course bread will be dearer, and when bread grows dear, then will several other articles of food in common use grow dear also; and instead of having a shilling or two to spare, your weekly wages can hardly be made to supply your wants. And besides bad harvests there are other causes of hard times—political disturbances, in our own or other countries. Prosperity too, leads manufacturers to go on making more and more goods: cotton, silk, iron, brass, wood, stone or clay, all and every one are made up into their different forms as fast as steam and hands can work, as though customers could never cease buying or have too much. The consequence is, that the markets become overstocked, warehouses are crammed, there are no buyers, factories work only half-time, or stop altogether, and thousands of people are thrown out of employment. All this has happened, and it will happen again. Therefore, we advise you to save while you can, and prepare for the pinch that is sure to come.

HOPE has a creditable complexion; it throws a generous contempt upon ill usage, and looks like a handsome defiance of misfortune—as who should say, you are somewhat troublesome now, but I shall conquer you hereafter.—*Browne*.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

PART IV.

A SECRET—FORBEARANCE—SELF-DENIAL—HOME TRAINING—HOME DUTIES.

‘O, AUNT, if I were never to grow old, —then I might be certain of binding my husband to me for ever.’

‘You are greatly mistaken, my dear Louisa. Though you were always to be as fair and beautiful as you are this day, yet would the familiarity of years render your charms, in the long run, a matter of indifference in your husband’s eyes. Habit is the mightiest magician in the world, and one of the most beneficent of the household fairies. She makes the most beautiful and the most repulsive object alike common. Say we are young, and grow old, habit prevents the husband from noticing the change. Reverse the case, and suppose that we were to continue young, and he to grow old, mischief might result from the natural jealousy of our time-stricken lord. Things are better as they are. Think of your becoming an ancient grandame, and your husband remaining a blooming youth; how would you reconcile yourself to that?’

Louisa was puzzled: ‘Really, I do not know.’

‘But,’ continued her aunt, ‘I will communicate a secret to you, which —’

‘What!’ interrupted Louisa; ‘that which I have been dying to hear?’

‘Give me your best attention. What I am about to tell you I have myself tried and found to succeed. It consists of two parts. The first part of my plan for making marriage happy is in itself an infallible preventive against the very possibility of dissension, and could not fail ultimately to make even the spider and the fly the best of friends. The other part is the best and surest means for the preservation of womanly grace.’

‘Ah!’ said Louisa.

‘For the first part of my plan, then, Take your bridegroom, the first hour after your marriage that you are alone, require from him a vow, and give him one in exchange. Promise each other solemnly not even in the merest jest to wrangle with one another, or to interchange words of raillery or reproach. Never! I tell you, never! Squabbling, even in jest,

words of the merest banter, by repetition become downright earnest. Mark that! Further, promise, with all the seriousness your heart is capable of, never to have a secret from one another, under any pretext, under any excuse. Continually, yea, every moment, you ought to see clearly into each other’s breasts. If one of you have done wrong, let not a moment be lost till it is frankly confessed; though it be with tears, confessed let it be. And so as both of you have no secrets from each other, all that concerns your home, your mutual intercourse, your own hearts, may be and should be kept a secret from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. Your two selves, under God, fashion henceforth your own calm world. Every third and fourth person you introduce there, would but make division, and stand between you and your love. This may not be. Promise that. Renew the vow upon every temptation. You will find your account in it. So will your souls, as it were, grow together; so will you two become but one. Ah, if many a young couple had but known this little piece of worldly wisdom, and made a proper use of it, how many a marriage would be happier than, alas! it is.’

Louisa kissed her aunt’s hand fervently; ‘I feel,’ said she, ‘this must be done. Where it is not, married people, although united, are still two strangers, who know nothing of each other. It ought to be—without it there can be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best means for the preservation of womanly grace?’

Her aunt smiled and went on. ‘We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times better than a plain one; and men feel just the same towards us. But what we call handsome, what properly pleases us in men, and men in us, is not merely head and hair, symmetry and complexion, as in a picture or a statue; it is the characteristic expression, the soul breathing outwards, which charms in word and look, in earnestness, in sorrow,

and in joy. Men love us in proportion as they discover in us those virtues of the mind which our looks give promise of ; and we find an evil-disposed man repulsive, be he never so handsome or good-looking. Thus, then, a young girl, who would preserve her beauty, must look to the graces of her mind, those qualities of disposition, those virtues, in short, by which she fascinated her lover. And the best of all means for preserving virtue, so that it never alters, but remains for ever young, is a religious habit of thought and action, a walking in the sight of heaven with a mind pure, peaceful and kindly towards all mankind.*

She was a wise aunt, reader, who addressed these words of counsel to the young wife-expectant, and it adds to their value that they are as applicable to a bridegroom as to a bride. For this reason, although one item in this homily was in part anticipated in a former paper, we have introduced it here, in the full conviction that the husband and wife who conscientiously adhere to the good resolutions thus set forth, will not fail in receiving a full reward.

We heartily commend to all whom it may concern, the wise determination, *never to wrangle.*

“ Oh ! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray

Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day !
She who ne’er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules :
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.”

It would seem to promise well for domestic happiness when such a similarity of tastes, habits, and opinions, exists between the parties concerned, as to preclude the chance of a dispute ; but such a general agreement does not always insure perpetual peace. There are some so ingenious in the art of wrangling as to find scope for it in the shape of a cloud or the odour of a flower ; while others may differ from you on a thousand subjects, and charm in the very expression of an adverse opinion. By no means, then, would we try to chain the mind of husband or wife to an uniform level, or a

slavish subserviency. No, no ;—thought is free. But, on behalf of domestic happiness would we say,—Banish self-love, self-importance. Think that the opinion of another is as good and sound to that other, as is yours to you. Hear it respectfully, therefore ; meet it lovingly ; treat it tenderly ; seek rather to be convinced than to conquer ; and yield honourably. Under such regulations as these, well kept on either side, we are far from sure that a slight diversity of thought, wisely and kindly expressed, does not give a zest to domestic life, and an additional strength to domestic happiness.

But save us from that bosom companion and nearest friend, who, almost too meek and retiring to venture to express an opinion, or start a subject of discourse, is yet never wrong—no, never ! who calls by the hard names of captious and disputatious, or combative, as the case may be, all who think it no harm to defend a theory which he, or she, the meek and retiring one, condemns ; and who stops you short with,—‘ Now, I don’t wish to argue ; but I must say that you are wrong.’ With such an one, domestic happiness is more insecure than with the veriest wrangler, inasmuch as positive dogmatism and implied contempt is harder to be borne than honest argument, at any time. Therefore do we pray thee, most meek and gentle spirit—~~if~~ if such there be who reads these pages—to put on “ the meekness of wisdom,” “ bowels of mercy,” and that charity which “ endureth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, and never faileth.” Thereby shalt thou find, perchance, the spectre in thine house—the spectre captiousness—to be the creation of thine own too susceptible brain. *It* shall vanish, and thy domestic happiness shall again bloom.

Nevertheless, and although an honest—not obstinate—adherence to one’s own opinion until convinced to the contrary, be right and praiseworthy, yet is a loving yieldingness to be admired and cultivated by all who seek domestic happiness. Even amicable arguments about trifles are apt to engender strife ; for the desire of conquest excites vanity, vanity kindles into exultation or mortification, and these rankle into enmity. Ah, how frequently,

* From a German Story,—“ The Evening before Marriage.” Under this title, a translation may be found in *Chambers’ Journal*. Vol. viii. Old Series Page 179.

at the close of a conjugal dispute, does each party, if right-minded, think and sometimes say,—How very foolish has all this been! How could we so far have forgotten ourselves? True,—*Reconciliation* is good; but *Conciliation* is better. And in order that conciliation may be easy, and a disposition to yield always exerting a healthy power, there must be *no selfishness*. It cannot be too constantly enforced that selfishness in man, woman, or child, is utterly destructive of true and perfect domestic happiness. Just so far as it does exist, reciprocal love is banished. Parents will do well, not only to be unselfish themselves; but to do all in their power to root out selfishness from the heart of every child God has given them. Selfishness is the bane of mortal existence; the foundation of every vice is laid in selfishness. On the other hand, a self-denying family, under almost any circumstances, will be—must be—a happy family.

And, having mentioned children, we may as well go on to say that domestic happiness will be indefinitely increased, and the capacity for it enlarged, in proportion as their home training is conducted on good and enlightened principles. With some degree of diffidence the writer refers to articles which have already been presented to the reader under the title of “Home Education.” (See *Family Economist*, 1849 and 1850.) Convinced however, that the principles there laid down, if well acted upon, will tend to make home happy, they are referred to; and we would earnestly warn every parent to consider the domestic happiness of that house in hourly peril, where the training of infancy and childhood is left to chance.

Where there is a well-ordered, and well-disposed family,—where husband and wife consult each other’s tastes rather than their own, and where children are trained to be obedient and self-denying, there will also be, in every respect, a well-regulated home. That must be a strange sort of domestic happiness which can live long in the midst of confusion and discomfort. An unswept hearth, a littered floor, broken-backed chairs, rickety tables, dirt, dust, or any other signs and tokens of negligence, are just so many hindrances to domestic happiness. Not

that cleanliness and nicety *are* happiness, nor that they are always accompanied by it; but assuredly they promote it.

That is to say, with a qualification:—they promote it when they take their rightful position. Not otherwise. Listen, reader, to a story.—

When Mr. George Dunk was married, he thought he had put salt on the tail of conjugal felicity, and had caught it. Every body said he was a happy man. His mother especially, and his sisters, too, said, ‘If George is not happy it will be his own fault.’

George was the village carpenter. He had a good business, a pleasant house of his own, sober habits, youth, health, and strength, in his favour. Moreover, being fond of reading, he had a decent library already, and meant to have a larger before he had done. ‘Ha,’ said he to himself, rubbing his hands gleefully, ‘what pleasant winter evenings we shall have—Margaret and I—when we have both done work, and have nothing else to do but she to listen, and I to read.’ And George chuckled again: he was brimful of the pleasures of anticipation.

Margaret was young too, and healthy, and strong. She was pretty, moreover, and faithful, and affectionate. She really loved George for himself; and she had worldly wisdom enough to like him none the less for his pleasant house and his good business.

So, George and Margaret were married, and the honeymoon passed away blissfully. George was happier than ever.

But time wore on, and George began to wonder, and, according to his notions, he had ample cause for wondering.

For one thing, he wondered that he had not found out before he was married, that his house, instead of being, as in his simplicity he had always considered it to be, respectable for its external neatness, and its internal cleanliness, was in fact, a very pigstye—or something near it—for dirt and dust. That it was so, he had Margaret’s word for it; and he had, besides, the evidence of more senses than one, in the entire purification of every floor, and wall and ceiling, of every “stick and straw” that his house contained. He had before known his pretty young wife to be a famous cleaner, and he had pleased himself with the thought

of her superior abilities in this way: but now he found that "the half had not been told him."

At first, George was pleased to find that Margaret's good qualities were not dimmed by marriage; and for week after week, he bore with exemplary fortitude, the infliction of mops, pails, brooms, and brushes, the strong odour of soap and soap-suds daily renewed, and the occasional inconvenience of curtainless windows and damp floors. Then, however, he began to wonder how it was his wife never got tired of scrubbing and scouring, and how soon, or how long, it would be before his house would be *to-rights*.

Vain were his expectations. The house was never *to-rights*. Every day had its appointed duties, and these, or the first and foremost of these, was to scrub and scour. If the dinner was ill-cooked, or not cooked at all, or kept back half-an-hour, what of that? Wasn't there the washhouse to whitewash, and could Margaret do two things at once? If the house was "turned out at the window," and the once comfortable sitting-room without a chair for George to sit upon when he came in from work, what of that? Hadn't Margaret been hard at work all day too? Hadn't she been bees-waxing and turpentineing all the chairs and tables, and making them shine like looking-glasses? Hadn't she been window cleaning? Hadn't she been clearing out the corner cupboards and the closets? And hadn't she got two hours work yet to go through before *her* task would be done? How could George be so selfish and unfeeling as to talk about discomfort? But there, it was just like all the men. They think women have nothing to do, when the truth is, their work is never done.

'Don't go in that room, *don't!*' said Margaret one day, in a pettish tone, as her husband was opening the door of the pretty little parlour, which before his marriage he had papered with his own hands, and nicely furnished, and in connexion with which he had suffered his imagination to picture many a pleasant domestic scene, but from which, after marriage, he had found himself almost divorced.——'Don't go in that room, I say, Dunk;' repeated Margaret, yet more pettishly, as she found that George was still bent upon entering.

'Why not, my dear?'

'Why not? Only look at your boots—see what a lot of dirt you are carrying in.'

'No such thing, Margaret; I scraped them well, and rubbed them on the mat. Besides where is the dirt to come from, such dry weather as this?'

'They *are* dirty, George; and I only swept the parlour yesterday. And then, that nasty pipe—'

'Why, Margaret,' replied Dunk, good-naturedly, 'You didn't use to object to my smoking now and then. You didn't say "nasty pipe," before we were married, Margaret.'

'Well, I do now, then. I declare it makes everything stink of tobacco. The parlour isn't fit to go into after you have been smoking there.'

George was good-natured and forbearing: but it was hard work to swallow his rising anger. Nevertheless, he did it. —'Well, Margaret, I won't go in the parlour then if you will just make this room comfortable, and come and sit down with me. I am sure you must have finished cleaning, for to-day at least. Come, I'll put down my pipe and read to you. I have not had a quiet hour with you for many a long day.'

Ah, Margaret, Margaret, what evil spirit was it that prompted you to say—'There! hold your tongue. Just like you men. Think women have nothing to do but attend to you. Don't you see I've two hours work to do yet before *I*' (with strong and bitter emphasis, that *I*) 'before *I* can sit down?'

'BOTHER!' exclaimed Dunk, with towering wrath, as he darted from the house. It was eleven o'clock when he returned, and—for the first time in his life—half-tipsy. And this, scarcely four months after marriage.

* * * * *

Ten years passed away; and still the great object of Margaret's life was to "bustle about," and to clean. Her house was indeed a picture of good housewifery—when it was *to-rights*, which was one day in seven; and her children (she had three) were orderly and clean, and well-behaved, and timid: good reason had they to be timid. Dunk himself was not greatly changed, except that his dreams of domestic happiness had passed away.

He never—after that one slip—again degraded himself by excess: his principles were sound. But his home!—alas!

Well—ten years passed away: and Margaret, care-worn with her constant exertions, chanced to fall ill. She was very ill. Her recovery was despaired of. With returning, or rather, with awakened affection, George nursed her, and watched by her bed. At length the crisis was over, danger was passed, and, very slowly, Margaret recovered strength. One evening—it was a fine summer evening—she ventured, leaning on her husband's arm, to quit her weary couch, and totter to the window. It was partly open; and shielded by the curtain she sat, still supported by her husband, watching the setting sun. Presently, childish voices were heard below, and Margaret listened. They were the voices of her two elder children.

'George,' said little Margaret, to her brother,—'Father says mother is going to get well again.'

'Is she really?' said the boy, in a trembling voice.

'Ah, that she is—so father says;—and I say George, you take care, you know, it wasn't I that made those scratches on the wash-house wall.'

'No, Margaret, no,' replied little George, with agitation and fear in every tone; 'but don't tell her! Oh, Margaret dear, pray, pray don't tell her!'

* * * * *

It was a hard and painful lesson; but a most blessed one. There is not now a happier home than George Dunk's; for Margaret, his wife, has learned that the excess of virtue is a vice, and has sacrificed her *house idolatry* at the shrine of family love.

YEAST AND PUTRID FEVER.

THE following statement of some remarkable facts, is taken from the Memoirs of Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, who, in addition to his mechanical skill, was well-known as an intelligent clergyman, and a benevolent friend of the poor. The truth of the account here given, in his own words, of the success which attended a series of very disinterested experiments, cannot be questioned; and it is worth asking how far the discovery to which those experiments led, has been followed up in similar cases.

"During my residence at Brampton, a populous parish near Chesterfield," writes Dr. Cartwright, "a putrid fever broke out amongst us. Finding by far the greater number of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I attended a boy about fourteen years of age, who was attacked by the fever. He had not been ill many days before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered bark, wine, and such other medicines as my books directed. My exertions were, however, of no avail; his disorder grew every day more and more untractable and

malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Being under the necessity of taking a journey, before I set off I went to see him, as I thought for the last time; and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered as inevitable, and reconciled them in the best manner I could, to a loss which I knew they would feel severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed, in the corner of a room, a small tub of wort, working. The sight brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met with, of a piece of putrid meat being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation. The idea flashed into my mind that the *yeast* might correct the putrid nature of the disease, and I instantly gave him two large spoonfuls. I then told the mother, if she found her son better, to repeat the dose every two hours. I then set out on my journey. Upon my return after a few days, I anxiously inquired after the boy, and was informed that he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, and though greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on, I went directly to his residence, which was three miles off, in a wild part

of the moors, and, to my great surprise, the boy himself opened the door, looking well, and he told me he had felt better from the time he took the yeast.

"After I left Brampton, I lived in Leicestershire. My parishioners there being few and opulent, I dropped the medical character entirely, and would not prescribe even for my own family. One of my domestics falling ill, the apothecary was sent for. Having great reliance on the apothecary's skill and judgment, the man was left entirely to his management. His disorder, however, kept gaining ground, and the apothecary finding himself baffled in every attempt to be of service to him, told me he considered it to be a lost case, and in his opinion the man could not live twenty-four hours. On this, I determined to try the effects of yeast. I gave him two large spoonfuls, and in fifteen minutes from taking the yeast, his pulse, though still feeble, began to get composed and to fall. In thirty-two minutes from his taking it, he was able to get up from his bed. The expression that he made use of to describe the effect on his own feelings was, that he felt 'quite lightsome.' At the expiration of the second hour, I gave him sago, with wine and ginger, &c, and in another hour repeated the yeast. An hour afterwards, I gave the bark, as before; at the next hour he had food, and an hour after that, another dose of yeast. He continued to recover, and was soon able to go about his work as usual.

"About a year after this, as I was riding past a detached farm-house, at the outskirts of the village, I observed the farmer's daughter standing at the door, apparently in great affliction. On inquiring into the cause of her distress, she told me her father was dying. I went into the house, and found him in the last stage of putrid fever. His tongue was black, his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he lay stretched out like a corpse, in a state of drowsy insensibility. I immediately procured some yeast, which I diluted with water, and poured down his throat. I then left him with little hope of his recovery. I returned to him in about two hours, and found him sensible, and able to converse. I then gave him a dose of bark. He

afterwards took, at proper intervals, some refreshment. I stayed with him till he repeated the yeast, and then left him with directions how to proceed. I called upon him the next morning at nine o'clock, and found him apparently recovered. He was an old man, upwards of seventy."

We give this narrative as we find it, with a word or two of our own in addition.

There is no quackery in this simple remedy. It seems to have been a happy—shall we say, a providential—discovery; and has since been, to a certain extent, adopted by medical practitioners with marked success. Nevertheless, we doubt if it be generally applied where the same salutary results might be hoped for. For ourselves, we have seen a dear and valued relative, for whose recovery we would gladly have sacrificed our all, sink into the grave, the victim of disease, bearing all the marks of putrid fever, despite the efforts of two physicians of no mean celebrity, who confessed that their skill was baffled, and the most potent medicine unavailing, and who did not once suggest Dr. Cartwright's simple remedy. In other instances which have come beneath our notice, deaths from fever of a malignant character have been distressingly frequent; but we have never heard that the simple application of yeast has been tried. We feel justified, then in asking how far this discovery has been followed up? Has it been extensively tried, and found wanting? To how wide an extent is it at present administered? Or has it been permitted quietly to slip into disuse?

It was some years after the death of the friend to whom we have just referred, that the narrative of Dr. Cartwright, met our eye: and the feeling of anguish which ensued was akin to that which prompted the sister of Lazarus to exclaim, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;" and with a hand which yet trembles at the memory of a brother dead, we pen these words:—**IT HAS BEEN PROVED THAT WHEN EVERY OTHER MEDICINE HAS FAILED, PUTRID FEVER HAS BEEN CURED BY YEAST.**

[Medical men affirm that they make use of this remedy, but in another form.—ED.]

THE SHEPHERD OF TARN AND GARONNE.

Dr. JOHNSON has defined genius to be perseverance. Few, probably, will agree in this unqualified assertion of our great moralist—nevertheless, it is perhaps scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of steady, patient perseverance in any useful pursuit, especially when exercised under circumstances of difficulty or discouragement. The following narration offers a remarkable instance of persevering genius crowned with entire success.

Some thirty years ago, a young shepherd boy, might be seen daily tending his flock in the fields adjoining a hamlet, which is situated in the vicinity of Montauban. This child, the son of a husbandman, fulfilled all the laborious work which his position required. In his moments of repose, he might often be seen near the banks of a rivulet, which, descending from a neighbouring hill, flowed through the small portion of land belonging to his family. The little shepherd frequently disappeared, during the greater part of the day; and in the evening hours, he used to occupy himself in fashioning with a dextrous hand, certain instruments of a curious form, which excited the wonder and admiration of his simple-minded parents. Soon, the periods of his absence were prolonged, and his aspect became increasingly thoughtful, until at length, he returned home one day with a beaming countenance, and singing joyously on his way, although, evidently overcome with fatigue. Having prevailed on his father, his neighbours—the whole village, in fact—to accompany him, he led them to a corner of waste land, where none were wont to pass.

Oh! what a surprise awaited them! The little brook had been enlarged, and

under the feeble guidance of the young shepherd, had shaped itself into a graceful basin; the fall of the water was increased by artificial obstacles, and its current conducted into a small rude building, from which it again issued a foaming stream.

The young Pelissier stepped forward, and opening his little cot, the astonished villagers beheld a small, but perfect mill, which needed only to be of somewhat larger dimensions, to grind all the wheat of the commune.

It was a matter of wonder to the whole country—the mechanist was only ten years of age!

It would be endless to detail the many little chef-d'œuvres which his artistical imagination devised.

Thus, when at the age of thirteen, without ever neglecting the labour of his father's fields, he had during his leisure hours succeeded in organizing a forge, as well as a complete mechanical apparatus; and that without any fitting materials; being obliged to make even his first and most simple instruments, and by their means, gradually to construct more complicated ones. He also made many little articles in ebony, and inlaid work, which were curious models of patient labour, as well as of taste and finish.

In such wise, did this man of genius, by the sole power of his artistic nature, united to indefatigable industry, progress from the fabrication of a hammer, to the construction of the most complicated machinery.

At the time we are now writing the little shepherd of Tarn and Garonne is become one of our most talented mechanists, and he has lately accomplished the construction of a clock, which is the object of general admiration among artists.

INSTINCT.

AT one of the meetings of the Liverpool Philosophical Society, a paper was read in support of the theory, that the animal creation subordinate to man, is possessed of intellectuality. Numerous interesting cases were mentioned, which show a power beyond that commonly ascribed

to mere instinct. A cat was put into the receiver of an air pump, a situation in which she had never been placed before, and while the air was being exhausted, the inconvenience which she felt, made her attempt means of relief. At last she placed her paw over the

orifice, by which the air escaped, and thus prevented further exhaustion. Set a cat afloat in a bowl, on a pond, and observe how she will adapt her positions so as to prevent an overturn. Bees taken from one part of England to another, make no alteration in their habits the first summer; but in the second they adapt themselves to the different circumstances of the new locality. Taken from England to the West Indies, the first summer they make a store of honey as usual; but they perceive that flowers bloom all the year round, and that a supply of honey against the winter is not needed. In the second summer therefore, they do not fill their hive. If the descendants of these bees are brought to England, then the reverse takes place, and in the second year, they leave off their tropical habits.

The general tendency of the paper was to show that what are called the inferior animals, are not so far below the standard of man, as has been supposed. Among the more remarkable facts brought forward in the discussion to prove the existence of a reasoning faculty, was one by Dr. Warwick, which may worthily be reproduced.

When he resided at Dunham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds' weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tenter-hook in a post, (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching), and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal, appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and, boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity, that it was almost lost to sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond,

and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. The doctor went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and, with a small silver toothpick, raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first, a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick, did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond; and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon the doctor's making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him at the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary, but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and, at length, he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. Dr. Warwick thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish, for a benefit received; and, as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved, that fishes are sensible to sound.

THE TENANCY.—Preserve an unvaried openness of conduct; cunning is a false friend in the long run. Be honourable, not merely tied to the letter of the law. Be punctual in the fulfilment of your promises—you will have your reward; punctuality is the sure mother of confidence, and of good bargains. Acquire also a character for paying *cheerfully*, it will tell a tale in your favour at the next hiring; a dissatisfied, grumbling paymaster is commonly parted with as a bad tenant—without regret. All Englishmen love the real old English word comfort, and most landlords are willing to pay liberally for it.—*Farrier's Almanack.*

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Oh, don't go in to-night, John
 Now husband don't go in!
 To spend our only shilling, John,
 Would be a cruel sin.
 There's not a loaf at home, John
 There's not a coal, you know;
 Though with hunger I am faint, John,
 And cold comes down the snow:
 Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember,
 And, John, I can't forget,
 When never foot of yours, John,
 Was in the alehouse set.
 Ah, those were happy times, John:
 No quarrels then we knew,
 And none were happier in our lane
 Than I, dear John, and you:
 Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go! John, John, I mind,
 When we were courting, few
 Had arm as strong, or step as firm,
 Or cheek as red as you;
 But drink has stolen your strength, John,
 And paled your cheek to white,
 Has tottering made your once firm tread,
 And bowed your manly height.
 You'll not go in to-night!

You'll not go in? think on the day
 That made me, John, your wife;
 What pleasant talk that day we had
 Of all our future life!
 Of how your steady earnings, John,
 No wasting should consume
 But weekly some new comfort bring
 To deck our happy room:
 Then don't go in to-night

To see us, John, as then we dressed,
 So tidy, clean, and neat,
 Brought out all eyes to follow us
 As we went down the street.
 Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
 And we as little thought,
 That ever, John, to rags like these
 By drink we should be brought!
 You won't go in to-night!

And will you go? If not for me,
 Yet for your baby stay;
 You know, John, not a taste of food
 Has passed my lips to-day;
 And tell your father, little one
 'Tis mine your life hangs on
 You will not spend the shilling, John?
 You'll give it him? Come, John,
 Come home with us to-night!
 --From "Poems" by W. C. Bennett.

ENIGMA.

In youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,
 Nature to form me took delight,
 And clad my body all in white.
 Tall was my person, thin my waist,
 On either side with fringes grac'd;
 Till cruel man my charms espied,
 And dragg'd me from my mother's side.
 No wonder now I look so thin;—
 The tyrant stripped me to the skin;
 My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt,
 At head and foot my body lopt;
 And then with heart more hard than stone,
 He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
 To vex me more he took a freak
 To slit my tongue and make me speak;
 And, though it marvellous appears,
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears,
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice and his lust.

From me no secret can he hide;
 I see his meanness, and his pride.
 And 'tis my pleasure to expose
 His folly to his greatest foes,
 All languages I can command,
 Yet not one word I understand.
 Without my aid the best divine,
 In learning would not know a line
 The lawyer must forget his pleading;
 The scholar could not show his reading.
 Nay man,—my master,—is my slave,
 I give command to kill or save;
 I grant ten thousand pounds a year,
 And make a beggar strut a peer;
 But while I now my life relate,
 I only hasten on my fate;
 My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd
 I hardly now can force a word
 I die, unpitied and forgot,
 And on some dunghill left to rot.

RURAL HINTS.

SERVANTS.—Keep your servants; they are generally as you make them; good vigilant masters are well served. Pay liberally; settle with them on Friday. Piece work is the cheapest to the master, and the best to the men. Study to advance the labourer's condition in life; ever regard his comfort and instruction; be assured, that the best taught are the most profitable servants, and that the more you can raise their religious and mental condition, the better they will serve you. Remember that comfortable and healthily

arranged cottage homes are the best friends of peace, the greatest enemies of change of service and the beer-shop.

ECONOMY.—Have, a place for everything, and everything in its place. In the cropping of land—sow early; change the seed often; sow it in the best form for weeding the growing crop; vary the rotations. Return to the soil, in some way or other, everything you take from it; avoid waste in either the food or labour, or the dunghill.

VARIETIES.

THE CARDINAL'S CURSE.

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book !

In holy anger and pious grief

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !

He curs'd him at board, he curs'd him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;

He curs'd him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;

He curs'd him in eating, he curs'd him in
-drinking.

He curs'd him in coughing, in sneezing, in
winking ;

He curs'd him in sitting, in standing, in lying,

He curs'd him in walking, in riding, in flying,

He curs'd him living, and curs'd him dying !

Never was heard such a terrible curse ;

But, what gave rise

To no little surprise,

Nobody seemed one penny the worse !

—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

WHAT THE STEAM ENGINE DOES.—It propels, it rows, it sculls, it screws, it warps, it tows, it elevates, it lowers, it lifts, it pumps, it drains, it irrigates, it draws, it pulls, it drives, it pushes, it carries, it brings, it scatters, it splits, it collects, it condenses, it extracts, it breaks, it confines, it opens, it shuts, it digs, it shovels, it excavates, it ploughs, it thrashes, it separates, it winnows, it washes, it grinds, it crushes, it sifts, it bolts, it mixes, it kneads, it moulds, it stamps, it punches, it beats, it presses, it picks, it hews, it cuts, it slits, it shaves, it saws, it planes, it turns, it bores, it mortices, it drills, it heads, it blows, it forges, it rolls, it hammers, it rasps, it files, it polishes, it rivets, it sweeps, it brushes, it scutches, it cards, it spins, it winds, it twists, it throws, it weaves, it shears, it coins, it prints.

DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. —*Burke.*

OBSERVATION FOR FOREIGNERS.—Our Foreign Visitors during the Exhibition, will observe many things that will be new and strange to them. Among others—independently, let us hope, of any coercion—they will observe Sunday.—*Punch.*

A GOOD MEMORY.—At the Queen's printing office, in New-street-square, is a middle-aged woman with a wonderful head. She recollects the year and the chapter of every act of Parliament upon any subject. Though she is only the forewoman of the bookfolders, many attorneys are very much indebted to her for information.—*Sun.*

DISCRETION.—Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing, for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.—*Steele*

GENTILITY is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, in adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings are its essential characteristics.

IF MONEY be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that may be said to possess him.—*Charron.*

A GOOD WORD is an easy obligation ; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Tillotson.*

COMMENDATION.—There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day ; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.—*Shenstone.*

IN A FIX.—On Wednesday last, as some of the men employed at Mr. Jackson's, boiler-maker, Pottery Hill, were finishing one of the boilers, and busily engaged in riveting the last piece, it was discovered that one of the men was fastened inside, and could not get out. A large piece had actually to be cut out to enable the man to make his escape. —*Preston Chronicle.*

The Corner.

KEEPING THE MOUTH.—Jest not openly at those that are simple, but remember how much thou art bound to God, who hath made thee wiser. Defame not any woman publicly, though thou know her to be evil : for those that are faulty, cannot endure to be taxed, but will seek to be avenged of thee ; and those that are guilty cannot endure unjust reproach. As there is nothing more shameful and dishonest, than to do wrong, so truth itself cutteth his throat that carrieth her publicly in every place. Remember the divine saying, *he that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life.*—*Sir W. Raleigh to his Son*

Fig. 3.

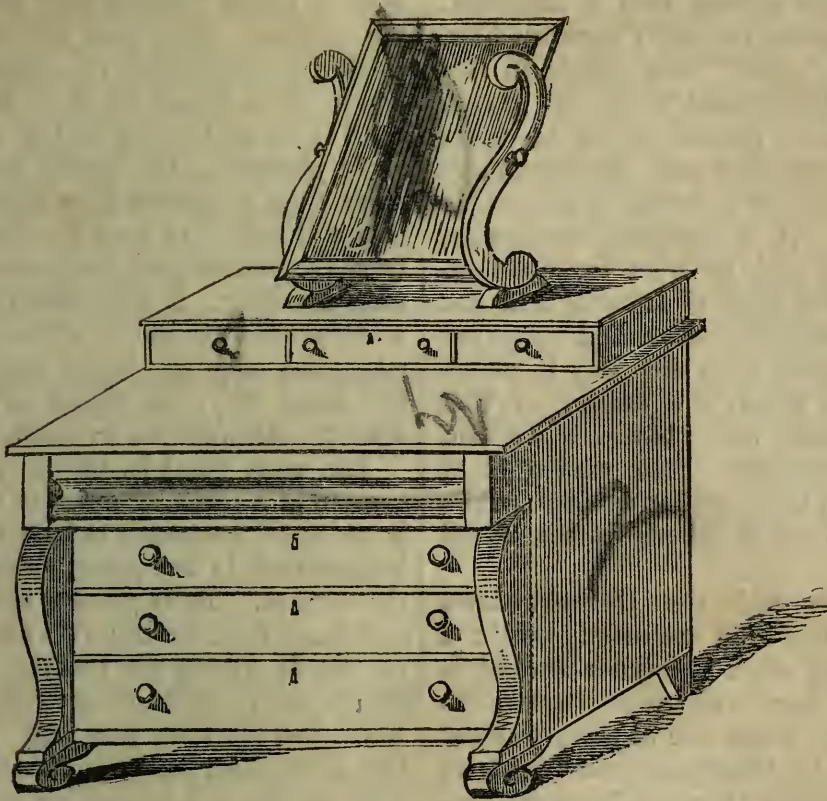
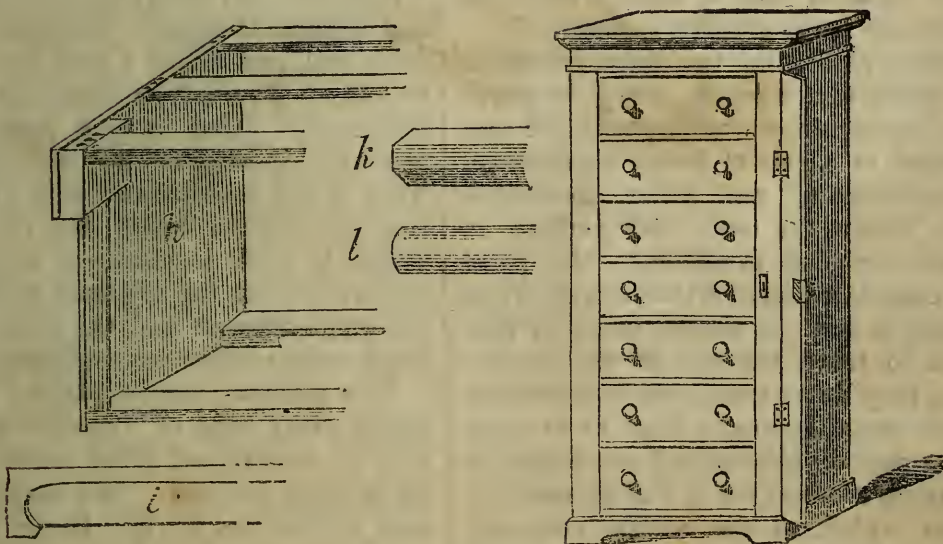


Fig. 4.



HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

THE chest of drawers represented in *fig. 3* is of a make seldom seen in England. From some cause, not easily accounted for, it does not "take" with people in this country, as the present writer has proved by experience: several which he made met with a very slow sale. And yet there is much to be said in favour of this article of furniture: it is compact, serviceable, and elegant, and answers for dressing-table as well as chest of drawers, a matter of some consideration where bed-rooms are small. Besides, from the way in which the glass is fixed, the danger of that valuable article being blown down and broken by currents of air coming in at the window, is altogether avoided, while the convenience it affords is not at all diminished.

In France and the United States drawers of this kind are mostly used: a few years ago, when the writer worked in New York, there was scarcely a respectable house in which one or more was not to be found. In America chests of drawers are always called "bureaus," and this particular kind is named "dressing-bureaus." As we do not call them bureaus in this country, we might say *dressing-drawers*, or *toilet-drawers*, which would be a name expressive of the special purpose to which they are applied; they are intended to be used instead of dressing or toilet tables. When finished with a marble top their appearance is remarkably handsome.

Before proceeding to a more particular description of this article, it will be worth while saying a few words about the construction of chests of drawers generally. Cabinet-makers, and other mechanics handy with their tools, may perhaps be able to turn them to account. One point to be considered is, that the drawers when running in and out should never be permitted to touch the end of the carcase. When they do so touch, the two surfaces brought together are so large as to cause a great deal of friction, and much trouble in getting the drawers to run pleasantly; besides which, as the carcase ends are liable to shrink and swell with changes of weather, the drawers are apt to move stiffly or stick fast, a very great annoyance to those who have to use them.

All this difficulty may be prevented by what is called "lining up" the inside of the carcase. This may be done to any thickness, according to circumstances: either three inches to show as at *fig. 2* (p. 61), or as *f* and *g* on the same page; or if preferred, the lining may be not more than a quarter-inch thick. Even this will suffice to keep the drawer away from the carcase end, and ensure its running smoothly. A strip about two inches wide should be glued down the front edge, and then the lopers being fitted in the usual way, the guides are glued in after the drawers are in place.

The next point is, that in putting the carcase of a chest of drawers together, it is not at all necessary to have the top and bottom each in one piece, forming part of the carcase. Rails answer much better, and leave room for the workman to get at the inside during the making with much greater convenience than when the top is dovetailed in from the first. To make this more clear, a sketch of a carcase end with the top and bottom rails attached is given at *h*. The deep top-rail in front is called the "frieze rail," and the block into which it is dovetailed the "head-block." Below this will be seen the lining continued downwards of the same width, and let in after the "partition edges" are fixed. The back rail at the bottom is "lined up" for about eight inches at the end to make it equal in thickness with the front rail, and afford a hold for the foot or stump. The bottom should be of "half-inch stuff" fitted in as a panel; or if preferred it may be left out altogether. Thus it will be observed that every part may be finished before the top—which should be made separate—is screwed on; and by leaving the top loose the fixing of the small drawers and the glass above is much more readily accomplished.

The methods here explained apply to nearly every kind of "carcase work," as will be understood when other subjects are brought forward. We may now proceed to describe *fig. 3*. Being intended as a dressing-table, 3ft. 4in. will be a suitable length, and the height must not be more than 30 inches, to be thus divided: frieze-rail and head-block, 6 inches:

second drawer, 4 inches : third drawer, 5 inches : lowest drawer, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches : two partition edges $\frac{3}{4}$ each, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches : bottom rail, 2 inches : feet, 5 inches. All these measurements make $28\frac{3}{4}$ inches ; the additional $\frac{1}{4}$ is taken up by a strip glued to the under side of the uppermost partition, which is covered by the top drawer, so as to keep the second drawer clear of the upper one in running in and out : then with one inch for the top the 30 inches are made out ; but this measurement does not include the small drawers to which the glass is fixed : the carcase for these is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and 9 inches from back to front.

This smaller carcase is fixed to the top by screws from the under side, or through the rails from above : and the columns are held in place by bed-screws, or by a double tenon. The size of the glass plate, to be proportionable, should be 24 by 18 in. ; but it may be larger or smaller according to taste and convenience. The top drawer may be an ogee as represented, or arched as at *i*, or chamfered or rounded as *k*, *l* ; while the columns may be round, or canted, or scrolls, as may best suit the taste of maker or purchaser. As a rule it will be best to have the front columns and glass columns of the same pattern. The drawers, instead of having a beed round them, should be made to recede the thickness of a veneer.

Made in this way, *dressing-drawers* are a tasteful and acceptable part of bedroom furniture. Short veneers, if butted so as to meet in the middle, produce a good effect on the fronts of the drawers, or one wide panel veneer may be cut and arranged with the grain running perpendicular, and covering the whole of the front rails as well as the drawers ; and besides these there are other ways of bringing out beauty which ingenious mechanics are already acquainted with, or may discover for themselves. There does not appear to be any good reason why such drawers, if well made, should not meet with a ready sale in all parts of England. It is to be expected that the Great Exhibition will lead to a higher development of taste and skill, and *dressing-drawers* would be a good article to begin upon.

With these methods improvements may be made in the mode of construction and in the appearance of almost all kinds of

drawers ; it is not necessary that we should specify every one of these, but rather leave something to the ingenuity of our readers. Before quitting this part of the subject, we may very properly include what are called *pedestals* or *pedestal-drawers*, *fig. 4*, which are of great use in an office, parlour, or drawing-room, and occupy but a small space, and may be made high or low, broad or narrow, as is most convenient. Instead of having a lock to each drawer, one of the pilasters is hinged, and made to overlap the drawer-fronts, by about half an inch, so that when locked in its place it effectually keeps the drawers from being opened. This article can be employed for several purposes : to hold books, prints, drawings, or writing materials, minerals, botanical specimens ; or it may serve as a lady's work-table, and if required, the space of two drawers in one may be fitted up as a "secretary," or writing-drawer. We should advise all who have any skill in carpentry or cabinet-making to make such an one for themselves ; it will be ornamental and useful at the same time.

In compliance with a request which has been made by certain of our readers, we shall now give a list of prices of furniture, and continue it in subsequent articles. It must, however, be remembered, that there is slop-work in furniture, as well as in clothing. That which costs the least money is not always the cheapest ; and of all cheap nuisances, cheap furniture is the worst. It is always in the way ; we cannot eat it as we do cheating sugar, or cheating bread ; there it stands to remind us of our folly or covetousness. If we are too poor to lay out much money, then the best way is, to seek for strong second-hand furniture, taking care, however, to have it free from vermin.

The prices here given are neither the highest or lowest, but such as would afford a fair chance to most purchasers. We begin with such articles as we have already described :—

	£	s.	£	s.
Mahogany four-post bedsteads,				
with lath or sacking bottoms..	2	0	to	4 0
With birch, or painted pillars	1	5	to	1 10
French bedsteads (painted)	0	18	to	2 10
Press bedsteads	1	0	to	2 0
Stump, and horse bedsteads....	0	8	to	1 0
Painted chest of drawers	1	5	to	2 0
Mahogany ditto (sweep fronts)	2	5	to	5 0
Ditto straight, various drawers	2	0	to	5 0
Dressing-drawers, and pedestals	3	10	to	6 0

SERVANT-GIRLS' EXPERIENCES.

GIVING WARNING.

OUR usually quiet little town has of late been the scene of unwonted commotion. Not less than five families have been thrown into discomfort and confusion ; and perhaps more than five times five unjust opinions have been formed, and hard speeches uttered, and unkind feelings harboured, which may be working injuriously, long after the occasion in which they originated has passed by. No heavy and unavoidable calamity has visited the place. We have been happily preserved from fire and flood, famine and fever. Neither have commercial distress nor political animosity prevailed amongst us. In the matter of trade, there is not much speculation or rivalry. In a county election, our town holds no conspicuous or important place ; and a contested election for bailiff or churchwarden, parish beadle or petty constable, has not been known within the memory of man. What then was the disturbance all about ? Why, to say the truth, it was neither more nor less than a kitchen commotion, and this is how it fell out.

'Jane,' said Mrs. Varney's cook, addressing herself to the housemaid, 'I have got warning to leave my place. I am to go this day month—so mistress says, however, but I have a great mind to be even with her, and leave this very day. A month's wages is of no very great consequence.'

'Too much to throw away, I should think. Besides, what inconvenience it will put mistress to, just as she is expecting company.'

'Serve her just right. What reason had she to give me warning now ? I have not been saucy to her to-day.'

'As to that, you know mistress would not give warning upon a hasty provocation ; but she told you, a fortnight ago, that having so often spoken to you about your temper, if she did not see you trying to mend it, she must part with you ; and you cannot say but she had a great deal to put up with since.'

'What of that ? Is it not a regular rule for all good servants to have bad tempers ? When I am gone, she may get a meek mouse if she likes it, and see whether she will get through the work as I do ! Ladies ought

to know how to put up with a girl of spirit that does her work properly. I know they must where I live ; and no use to mince the matter about it.'

'Well, Lydia, you *can* get through your work well—nobody better—that, mistress has always acknowledged. But you know when your temper comes over you, you won't do what you can, and that is what puts mistress to such inconvenience—because she cannot depend upon you.'

'Well, I don't want any of your preachments, only you will please to remember, that you must give warning yourself.'

'O Lydia, don't say so, I have no fault to find with my place, and I don't know that mistress is any ways displeased with me. Why should you wish me to throw myself out of bread, and offend those who have always been kind to me ?'

'You need not ask me why ; you know very well that we made a firm agreement, that whenever one left, the other would leave too. Did we not bind ourselves with the lock and key ? It is more than two years ago—but I have not forgotten it, and I shall expect you to keep to it ; you certainly will if you are a girl of honour.'

'Well, if I am bound I am bound, and there is no help for it. But, mind, I will not leave mistress unhandsomely, to please you or anybody else. I will stay my month at all events. And I hope you will do the same.'

After a little demur, this compromise was agreed upon, Lydia consenting to stay out her warning, on condition that Jane, before she slept, should give notice of her intention to leave at the same time. In the course of the morning, Lydia made known to the postman, and the baker, and one or two more, that she and her fellow-servant were both leaving their place—of course, with the intention of bettering themselves—and desired to be informed of any advantageous opening that might present. In an agricultural part of the country, where there are no manufactories to give employment to females, who either never devoted themselves to domestic service, or on occasion of some disgust resolve to leave it, good places are not quite so plentiful as blackberries in the hedges. Neither the postman, nor the milk-woman,

nor the baker, brought word the next day of any families just in want of two such servants as Lydia Joyce and Jane Becket. But in the course of the day, there were several applicants for the places they were about to leave. Now, it so happened, that Jane could not anyhow get an opportunity of speaking to her mistress 'before she slept,' as she promised Lydia she would do; 'and yet,' she said, with tears in her eyes, 'she had not broken her promise either, for though a night had passed, not a wink of sleep could she get for thinking of what was before her.'

The first sight Jane got of her mistress was, when she went to announce that Ann Brooks was at the door, wishing to speak to that lady.

'Ann Brooks! Do you know anything of her, Jane?'

'Yes, ma'am. She is daughter to a neighbour of ours. She lives servant with Mrs. Porter.'

'Did she mention her business?'

'Not to me, ma'am. I did not let her in. I was coming up stairs—ma'am—to speak—and Thomas asked me to tell you she was here.'

Mrs. Varney desired Jane to stay. 'I suppose, Jane, Lydia has told you that I intend parting with her?'

'Yes, ma'am, she has—and—' Jane faltered, sobbed, and could get no farther with her speech—her mistress resumed, 'I dare say you feel the parting, after having lived so long together—I hope, in peace?'

'Pretty well, ma'am—not always—we all have our tempers.'

'True, Jane, and it is our duty to regulate our own tempers, and to exercise forbearance towards those of others. But, now, before seeing any other person who may be making any application for Lydia's place, I intend offering it to you. You have seen a good deal of the work; and, with a little farther instruction, you may manage very well to take the cooking. Do you not think you could?'

'Yes, ma'am—perhaps I could—but—'

Mrs. Varney proceeded—'In that case I shall advance your wages; and I have also been thinking, that the week after next, when our visiting friends have left us, you shall be spared for a holiday, before Lydia leaves us. But we must not forget the young woman who is waiting below stairs. Do you think she could take your place as housemaid?'

'Oh! ma'am, I thank you—a thousand and a thousand times—you have—been—a kind mistress to me—but—I must not stay!'

'Why not, Jane? What is the matter?'

With much hesitation, and many sobs, Jane imparted to her mistress the fact of her foolish engagement with her fellow-servant. She owned herself a very silly girl, but said it was too late to help it. Her mistress thought otherwise, and resolved not to let her throw herself away, without an effort to save her. So, giving Jane employment which would occupy her in a part of the house the cook had no access to, Mrs. Varney proceeded to investigate the qualifications of Ann Brooks.

On learning that Ann's employment had been that of subordinate assistant to a general servant, in a house of business, Mrs. Varney thought she was scarcely likely to be competent for the housemaid's work, in such a family as hers.

'But the cook's work, ma'am; indeed, I could do that, if you would be pleased to try me. I have fried fish, and made pie-crust, and custards too—and mistress said I did them very well.'

'But I am not wanting a cook; and if I were, I fancy you would need a little more practice and teaching, to fit you for the place. Another year's training, under an experienced servant, might fit you to undertake the work of a regular housemaid or cook, for which at present you do not appear to be competent.'

So Ann Brooks went away, disappointed and sorrowful. Most of all, for the last remark of the lady, on the value of another year's training, just such as she was actually enjoying, but which she was voluntarily relinquishing in the vain hope of bettering herself. As Mrs. Varney did not consider Ann qualified for the work of her place, she had made no particular inquiries as to the reason of her leaving her present place, though that question would certainly have been put, if Mrs. Varney had thought of engaging her; and indeed, it is a question which every person seeking a situation should be prepared satisfactorily to answer. The case was this: Mrs. Porter had kindly taken Ann, one of a numerous family, poor, ignorant, half-starved, and almost destitute of clothing. A few years had greatly altered the outward appearance of the poor girl, and improved her prospects. She was now,

indeed, a stout, well-grown young woman, decently clad, and possessing the rudiments of a useful servant. To bring her to her present standing, much pains had been taken by her mistress—much awkwardness and inexperience had been borne with. Of late, Mrs. Porter had been so well pleased with the improvement of her young servant, as to cherish the idea of promoting her to the place of general servant, and, perhaps, taking a younger sister to fill hers. Ann was not aware of the intentions of her mistress; indeed, she did not know that there was any likelihood of Martha (the other servant) leaving her place. Martha was not one of the sort to make herself and her affairs a topic of conversation with those who had no concern in them; and she had not deemed it at all necessary to inform Ann, whether her cousin, who once or twice a year paid her a visit, was a married man or a single one; still less was she disposed to say how long he had been working as journeyman for one master, and how much money he had saved; or that he was now looking out for an opening, and intending to set up in business for himself; and that she was to be made the sharer of his fortunes. But Mrs. Porter knew all these matters, and held herself prepared to part with her old servant, whenever the “good opening” should present.

Both Ann and her mother afterwards remarked, that they could not act upon what they did not know. This might be true, but there were some things which they did know, and on which they might have acted; and if they had done so it would have been more to their credit and advantage. They knew that Mrs. Porter had been a good friend to the family, and to Ann in particular, in making her what she was, both in point of capability and of respectable appearance. Her wages had from time to time been raised to the full value of her services. Many a useful article of clothing had she received as a gift, and the useful instruction, too, how to make it up to advantage. Moreover, she had been very kindly tended through an illness, when for more than a month she was of no use but to eat and be waited on; and when, as the neighbours observed, nine mistresses out of ten would have sent her home and got another; and so, perhaps, Mrs. Porter

might have done, only she knew that Ann had but a poor comfortless home to go to. Knowing all this, and more, of Mrs. Porter's kindness, Mrs. Brooks and her daughter might have thought that, in justice and gratitude, so kind a mistress was entitled to reap some comfort and convenience from the girl's services, now she was in good health and able to work. They might have thought too, that in contemplating any change, it would be but a proper piece of respect to ask Mrs. Porter's advice; and that she would be likely to advise for the best. But it seems none of these things were thought of; for immediately on hearing the rumours from some of Lydia's emissaries, or those to whom they told it, that both Mrs. Varney's servants were leaving at a day's notice, Mrs. Brooks decided in her own mind that her daughter was fit for either of the places; that she had been quite long enough as an under-servant, and that it was time for her to think of bettering herself; that this was a capital opportunity for her, and not to be lost by delay. So away she went, and first filled her daughter with the notion that she was not in a place good enough for her abilities, and represented to her, in glowing colours, the advantages of living in such a family as Mrs. Varney's. The next step was to give warning to Mrs. Porter, and this was done in a rude, abrupt manner; partly, perhaps, from the awkwardness attendant on ignorance, and yet more from the triumph of selfishness and pride over conscience. When this kind of conflict makes people feel awkward in themselves, they can scarcely express themselves suitably to others. Mrs. Porter was very much displeased, as well she might—and though kind-hearted and liberal, she was one who could feel indignantly any instance of ingratitude or meanness. In order to satisfy herself, or rather to make the silly excuse of being led on by somebody else, to do a thing that she would not of herself have thought of, Mrs. Brooks intimated that Ann was sent for to wait on Mrs. Varney the next morning. Perhaps she did not, in so many words, tell a direct lie, but she intentionally led Mrs. Porter to believe a falsehood, and Mrs. Porter, in the moment of irritation, said that it was a very unhandsome and un-ladylike thing of Mrs. Varney to entice away her ser-

vant, and thus an uncomfortable feeling arose in her mind against a person who never thought of doing her an injury ; and who, in all probability, did not then know that there was such a person in existence as Ann Brooks.

It is one of Mrs. Brooks' maxims, never to lose anything for want of asking. So before taking her departure, she asked Mrs. Porter if she would like to try her Fanny, who, she assured her, was a nice handy girl—twice the woman that Ann was when she first went out. She was proceeding to say, that she should be willing to let her go the first year for nothing more than her food, and an odd bit or two of clothing ; but Mrs. Porter cut her short, by replying that she would have nothing more to do with her or her family ; or, indeed, with any of the servants in the neighbourhood ; for she thought they were all alike, a selfish, ungrateful set of people. There are, doubtless, exceptions of a better kind, and Mrs. Porter has too much good sense and real kindness to retain bitter feelings against any person, and especially to condemn all for the misconduct of one. However, it is certain she did engage a girl from a distance, to take Ann's place, and that when Ann, after many a weary walk and many a fruitless application, humbled herself so much as to own herself wrong, and to ask forgiveness and permission to stay, her mistress told her she freely forgave her, and would have tried her again, but that her new servant was positively hired, and was to come the day Ann's month was up. So as no new place offered, nothing remained for Ann but to go home, and share the scanty pittance of the family, and hear the reproaches of her father. She earns as she can, a trifle at needlework, or, when that fails, goes out to the field with her mother and sister ; but never misses an opportunity of inquiring for a place in domestic service, and says she would be glad to take ever so humble and laborious a place, in a decent family. She cannot expect to be so well off as she has been. Poor Ann ! she brings to remembrance the Italian epitaph, " Was well—Would be better—Here I lie." It is to be hoped she will have learned wisdom by experience, and that if she should again get a good place, she will take care to keep it.

With feelings and purposes altogether unlikethose of Mrs. Brooks, her neighbour Mrs. Becket, also visited her daughter. There is not much intercourse subsisting between these two families, though they live near each other. Their habits are different ; and Mrs. Becket, at least, is too much taken up with her own business to have much time to spare, either for chatting with her neighbours, or for looking after their movements. Mrs. Brooks had gone and returned, without being observed ; but when, in the fulness of her satisfaction and confidence, she told another neighbour that her Ann was going to live with Mrs. Varney, that neighbour, either out of kindness or curiosity, stepped into Mrs. Becket's with the news. Mrs. Becket said little, but felt much. As soon as her neighbour had left, she set off to the town, musing as she trudged along, ' What can be the matter ? Jane to have left Mrs. Varney's place, and left it at an hour's warning (for among the several reporters, the '*day*' had dwindled down to an *hour*), and left without coming to tell us : sure there must be something very much amiss. What can it be ?' She reached Mrs. Varney's door just as Ann Brooks left it ; and Mrs. Varney happening to see her took her into the breakfast room, where she had been sitting when Ann Brooks was announced, and ringing the bell, Jane soon made her appearance. An hour later, Mrs. Becket left Mrs. Varney's house with a much lighter heart than she entered it. The conversation of her mistress and her mother had convinced Jane, that, foolish and wrong as it was ever to have entered into such an agreement with her fellow-servant, which she had no right to make without the knowledge and consent of her parents, she was not bound to carry out her disobedience and folly, but that she should yield to the advice and guidance of her friends, acknowledge and be sorry for her former wrong-doing, and patiently bear any gibes or reproaches that it might bring upon her. Lydia was called up, and told that Jane would not be allowed to act out the folly to which they, in accordance with a most absurd custom of the neighbourhood, had bound themselves. Jane, with tears, owned how wrong she now saw it, to have promised what she did

not understand at the time, and what she had no right to promise ; and she humbly begged Lydia to release her from her engagement. Lydia, her temper somewhat cooled by a night's rest, admitted that it was a foolish agreement ; that she had no reason to wish to spite her mistress, or to injure Jane, and she would leave her to please herself. This obstacle surmounted, it was soon settled for Jane to remain with Mrs. Varney as cook. Perhaps Lydia herself felt more than half inclined to beg her lady to give her one more trial, and endeavour so to control her temper, as to prolong her settlement in a place where she knew she was well off. But as she did not make the proposal, there is no saying how it would have succeeded.

Time passed on, and Lydia began to be disquieted at not having a situation in view. To be sure, she had heard that Mrs. Porter was changing, but she spurned the idea of offering herself in a tradesman's family. It was not to be supposed, she said, that she was going to take the leavings of little Mary Brooks ; a place at a farm-house was yet more repulsive to her. She had a great mind to inquire at the clergyman's, in the next village ; but she heard that Ann Brooks was all but hired there, and then they would not have her, on account of the manner in which she was leaving Mrs. Porter's. Lydia thought that, if they were such particular folks as all that came to, they might not be satisfied with the account she could give of her leaving her place, which her conscience told her was neither more nor less than her intolerable temper, which was continually throwing the house into confusion, and disturbing the peace of the family.

At length, to her great joy, Lydia heard of a place that she thought would just suit her. She applied for it, and satisfactory arrangements were made, provided her character was satisfactory. Lydia came back highly elated, and told her fellow-servants that she had not waited for nothing—she was going to live in a house. ' A house ! ' exclaimed Thomas. ' Why, have you not always lived in a house ? '

' I mean in a family, Thomas ; do you not know what I mean ? A gentleman's family—no—I mean a lady's family. '

' Well, I call this a gentleman's family,

and a lady's family too. I know no better gentleman and lady than our master and mistress. '

' You wont understand me, Thomas. I tell you, I am going to live at Lillybank House, with the Dowager Madam Tuffnell. '

' Oh, indeed, Lydia ! Well, it is too bad to tease you. I am really glad you have got a place, and I hope you will settle in it and be happy. '

' I hope so too, Thomas ; and if I should in a little time, get promoted to the house-keeper's place, I may, perhaps, recommend you as butler, if you have a mind to better yourself. '

Alas ! alas ! poor Lydia's dreams were soon scattered. On applying for her character, Miss Tuffnell received from Mrs. Varney the most satisfactory testimony as to honesty, sobriety, diligence, ability, and other good qualities. ' But, ' said the young lady, ' there is one essential point which mamma charged me not to forget, *is her temper good ?* '

What could Mrs. Varney answer ? She spoke as kindly as she possibly could do, in consistency with truth. She was compelled to acknowledge that the girl's temper was not so good as might be desired ; but expressed her hope that she would in good earnest try to improve it, and earnestly pleaded for her to have a trial. ' No, ' replied the young lady, ' I should be very glad to take your recommendation, and receive the young woman—but we have an excellent laundry-maid, whose only fault is a bad temper. Such a temper, Mrs. Varney, that I am sure you would not wonder at the implicit orders with which I am charged not to bring into the house a second bad-tempered servant, whatever her other qualifications may be. ' So that treaty was set aside.

Another presented : Lydia's brother was occasionally employed in the garden of a family residing near Madam Tuffnell. It happened that he thus gained early intelligence of an intended kitchen movement, and put in the first word for his sister ; and, probably, would have succeeded, but by some chance it came to light that the applicant was the same person whom the Tuffnells had declined, on account of her temper. On this, Lydia's brother, apparently without her knowledge, wrote Mrs. Varney a very angry letter, reproaching her with taking away the character

of a poor servant, which she well knew was her bread, and whom she could not charge with dishonesty, unsteadiness, idleness, or *any other real fault*, but whose temper *did not happen to please her*; as if faults of temper were not real faults, but mere matters of taste. Several windows were broken one night in Mrs. Varney's greenhouse; and it is thought, in the village, that Richard Joyce was the doer of the mischief, but the injured parties do not seem disposed to inquire into it. Through the kind interest of Mrs. Varney, a place has at last been found for Lydia, who seemed convinced

of the wisdom of her advice, and thankfully took it, as more likely to be suitable to her than those which she would more readily have chosen. It is with an elderly gentleman and lady, who have no family, and keep only one servant. They are extremely particular about having the work well done, but leave the servant to do it her own way, provided the result is satisfactory. It is to be hoped that Lydia, and all the parties more immediately or more remotely concerned in the kitchen commotion, will now quietly settle down, like the lumps of sugar in a basin after a little shaking.

A FEW WORDS ON TASTE.

WHAT is Taste?—is a question easily asked, but not so easily answered. The idea which the word creates in the mind is different in different individuals. We do not mean the *taste* or sensation experienced when food is taken into the mouth, neither are we going to discourse about what may have a pleasant or unpleasant flavour on the tongue. What we have to say relates to the mind, to the perceptive faculties, to intellectual, not to animal taste.

There are few persons who in the course of their lives will not have noticed that certain objects which they have seen always produce a feeling of pleasure, while other objects excite no emotion, or else are regarded with annoyance. One man sees the sun rise, and his mind immediately becomes filled with admiration at the view of the golden light shining over the landscape, flashing and quivering from the ripples of the river, glowing steadily on the hill tops, flickering among rustling leaves, or streaming broadly across the dewy glades of the forest. Or perhaps he contemplates the sky from which the shades of night are disappearing, and bethinks himself of the majesty of creation, of the wondrous phenomena by which sunrise is produced. Or the thought comes to him of the millions of beings about to awaken to another day of blessing and of labour. Any one, or all of these ideas would call up pleasurable feelings, the individual would feel something within himself corresponding to the scene before him. Its grandeur, though impressive, would satisfy his perceptions

of the beautiful; in fact his *taste* would be gratified: or as the poet expresses it—

“His *tasteful* mind enjoys
Alike the complicated charms which glow
Through the wide landscape.”

Such a person may be what is called uneducated, that is, he may not have much book-learning, and he may have mingled but little with society; yet his mind may be alive to natural beauties. If his mind were cultivated, if he knew something of the laws of light and shade, and colour and harmony, it is more than probable that his enjoyment would be increased. On the other hand, however, there are persons to whom a sunrise would be nothing more than the coming on of daylight: the flashing beams, and curling mists, and fading glooms are nothing to them. If they have any feeling at all it is perhaps that the morning is rather raw, and so they betake themselves to their business, and seek for pleasure elsewhere. Of an individual of this class it may be said—

“A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.”

These two cases may be taken as examples of the presence or the absence of the faculty of taste. Some people consider taste as an instinct, a feeling which comes of itself; others are of opinion that it is not an influence growing within us, but existing outside of and round about us. Sir Joshua Reynolds stated it to be “that act of the mind by which we like

or dislike, whatever be the subject ;" and this may be accepted as the true definition, because it is seen that cultivation of the mind will produce a faculty of taste in persons who once were without it, and in fact it will be found that "every object which pleases must give us pleasure on certain principles."

What we have said concerning the sunrise will apply also to other objects. In a picture gallery, for instance, one person singles out the landscapes for inspection, a second looks at none but portraits, a third has an eye only for architecture, and so on ; the taste of each is gratified, and perhaps equally gratified. It does not follow that the man who likes houses best, should be less satisfied than he who admires landscapes. It is wisely ordered that tastes should differ, or else we should be all striving for the same thing : and what a world of disappointments we should then be living in ! What is beauty to one is ugliness to another. Negroes see beauty in their women, although they have thick lips, and black skins smeared with grease ; but if a white man wishes for beauty, he seeks among the females of his own country and colour, and not among the woolly-headed Africans. We see in our own neighbourhood how the plainest of people are sometimes found to be handsome according to some standard of beauty ; and so it is with all nature and all art.

Imagination has a great deal to do with taste ; and perhaps the difference between a man who sees beauty in a sunrise or a landscape, and one who does not, is owing to the fact that the one *can* imagine and the other cannot. The dull mind sees nothing to admire, nothing to inspire glad or grateful feelings, where, with the other—

"The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

and yet if we could follow that dull individual into all his pursuits, we should probably find out that he is not altogether devoid of taste ; perhaps he has a liking for animals, or he sees beauties in a drawing which a friend of his pasted up on the cottage-wall years ago, and in this we see a wise arrangement

of Providence, which leaves no creature uncared for.

Any one may cultivate or acquire a taste in the same way as he acquires a knowledge of arithmetic or geography. We are sure of this from experience. We see that the tastes of the people of this country have improved during the last twenty years : look for instance at the plaster casts, or images as they are called, which Italian men and boys sell about our streets, how very superior they are to those formerly sold. Now they are modelled after some of the best ancient specimens of art, and are truly beautiful in form and execution, and they add a grace to the humble cottage as well as to the stately drawing-room. But some years ago, as most readers will remember, the only images offered for sale were parrots, cats, dogs, and other queer objects, stained with tawdry colours, and as unlike what they were intended to represent as a scarecrow is unlike a human being. In the matter of books and pictures also, the improvement is not less striking, and for very little money both old and young of the present generation can make themselves acquainted with excellent works, written, engraved, or painted, which at one time could only be obtained by the rich. As an instance of popular taste we may mention an engraving published some months ago, representing three choristers in their stall, with the epigraph "We praise thee, Oh God !" No publisher could be found willing to bring it out, the artist therefore sent it forth on his own account, and it has sold by thousands, so completely did it suit the taste of the public. The drawing of this picture, however, is said not to be according to the strict rules of art, and it affords proof that the pleasure to be derived from an object does not always depend on fidelity to rules. There is a moral taste, as well as an intellectual taste, and it is the moral taste to which the picture here referred to makes it appeal.

There are several ways in which taste may be acquired or cultivated : by observation, by reading, by comparison, study, and experience. The English are said to be generally deficient in matters of taste ; we want cultivation : while it has been remarked that in the markets

of France, the women in tying only two flowers together for sale, give them a tasteful effect which no English market-woman would ever be capable of. And yet the means for beginning are very simple—they lie ready to our purpose in town and country. In taking children out to walk, instead of moving steadily forwards as though getting over the ground were the only consideration, it is well to let them look at the numerous articles displayed in shop windows. Among these, especially in large towns, are to be seen specimens of the rarest art and workmanship, and children soon learn to discriminate in their youthful way, and with a few hints from older people form to themselves pretty good notions of what true taste means. Then in the country nature herself supplies the means of inspiring and forming taste: if the attention of young persons be directed to the elements of beauty, they will learn before long to find them out for themselves. They will see that the windings of a river add a charm to a landscape—that the effect of a broad extent of wood is improved if a church spire, or a few tall poplars or slender fir-trees, rise from any part of it. They would know the fact without being aware of the reason why. The explanation is that a long range of horizontal lines is made more picturesque when broken by one or more vertical lines. Then again, the forms and varieties of trees may be pointed out to children, how the branches spring forth in all directions, and the leaves seem glad as the breeze sweeps through them. The copses and hedgerows too, and all their numerous plants and flowers, will not only aid in the object, but convey at the same time knowledge of a delightful and elevating character. A love for flowers is generally a sign of true taste; and many persons have been led to the highest appreciation of the faculty from having had a garden of their own, in which, month after month, buds and blossoms came forth in their beauty. How often we see people in the narrow, smoky streets of towns, trying to raise a few flowers on a windowledge, or in a patch of stubborn ground, in obedience to

“An instinct call it, a blind sense;

A happy genial influence,

Coming one knows not how nor whence,”

and herein lies the germ of a taste which may become a source of never-ceasing satisfaction to its possessor.

Another source of taste may be found in observing the habits of birds, and listening to their song. Many an aged heart, weary of the world, remembers the time when the twitter of a bird seemed the sweetest of music, and regrets the loss of the simple taste which found a charm in simple objects. A country lad a short time since was driving a village preacher along a narrow lane in a gig, when suddenly he stopped the horse and said ‘Do you hear that nightingale, sir?’ as the bird poured forth its mellifluous notes from a neighbouring thicket. There was taste in that boy’s mind, which made him find true pleasure in musical sounds.

An observant youth may have been brought up in a small country town, where, perhaps, the best buildings he sees are the banker’s house and the town-hall. He forms his own notions as to the beauty of these. By-and-by, however, he goes away and sees other and better buildings: perhaps he lives for a time in a large town where much of the architecture is grand and elegant. So that when he returns to his native town with his improved ideas, he says to himself—the banker’s house and the town-hall are not such very fine buildings after all! This indicates the way in which taste is to be found: if we want to get a good taste we must study good objects. Whether it be poetry, or pictures, or paintings, or buildings, we should endeavour to see the most and best that we can. The present writer once fell in with a navvie who had a great taste for the beautiful in architecture: he made a point of viewing all the cathedrals in England, and whenever he happened to be working any where within twenty miles of an old ruin, he was sure to walk over and look at it, to linger about it for a time, find out its beauties, and carry them away in his memory. He had been to see Kenilworth Castle on the day I met with him; and his honest face glowed, and his light blue Saxon eyes sparkled as he spoke of the picturesque and ivy-covered remains. This man enjoyed pleasures to which thousands of his companions were entire strangers, and in him we have a proof that refined taste may co-exist with the humblest and most

laborious employments. It is well known, too, that many of the pitmen near Newcastle are diligent students of mathematics, and cultivate the higher branches of the science with great ability.

To follow fashion is not a proof of taste, because mere imitation is not sufficient to form the genuine faculty. It has been truly said, "There is scarcely a subject upon which men differ more than concerning the objects of their pleasures and amusements; and this difference subsists not only among individuals, but among ages and nations; almost every generation accusing that which preceded it of bad taste in building, furniture, and dress; and almost every nation having its own peculiar modes and ideas of excellence in these matters, to which it pertinaciously adheres, until one particular people has acquired such an ascendancy in power and reputation as to set what is called the fashion. When this fashion is indiscriminately adopted upon the blind principle of imitation, and without any consideration of the differences of climate, constitution, or habits of life, every one who presumes to deviate from it is thought an odd mortal, a humorist void of all just feeling, taste, or elegance."

We have endeavoured in the present article to show what is meant by taste generally: in a future number we shall go into particulars, chiefly as relates to in-door life, and point out in what way taste may be used, so as to add a grace to domestic existence and the comforts of home: meantime—

"Whoever possesses the ordinary powers of perception, sensibility of heart, good sense, and an imagination capable of being roused by the striking objects of nature and of art, may, without inspiration, become by mere experience, a man of fine taste in the objects of which he aspires to be a critical judge." Yet such a man, as Reynolds observes, should have or acquire "a habit of comparing and digesting his notions. He ought not to be wholly unacquainted with that part of philosophy which gives him an insight into human nature, and relates to the manners, characters, passions, and affections. He ought to know *something* concerning *mind*, as well as a great deal concerning the *body*, and the various external works of nature and of art; for it is only the power of distinguishing right from wrong that is properly denominated taste."

CHEERFUL INDUSTRY; OR, A WORD TO WORKMEN.

BY CONRAD CATERWELL.

There's virtue in the sunny ray
Of eyes that gladly glisten:
I speak to working men and they,
If they are wise, will listen.

"Up guards, and at them!" was the cry of the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, when the important moment had arrived to let loose the rushing tide of battle on the devoted soldiery of France. But though this was thought to be a fine cry, most, if not all thinking men, are wise enough to see that more is to be got by work than by war. We love liberty, and we dearly love our country; but the fewer battles we fight on the tented field the better. To our mind, a working man is much more nobly employed in fighting the battle of life, and winning honest bread for himself and

the loving hearts that look up to him for support, than in playing the part of a destroyer.

"I would rather work for sixpence a-day, sir, than have a shilling a-day for doing nothing," said a hard-working man in our hearing, and we could not but commend the principle he avowed. In working for sixpence a-day he would be honestly using God's gifts of health and strength, but in receiving a shilling a-day he would be abusing them, having no right to live in idleness.

Miller, the mason, had neither work to do, nor inclination to do it if he had, having leaned for some time on a relative, who had allowed him a few shillings a week; this allowance had made him a discontented idler, instead of a willing

workman. He was poor and in debt, and his relation died without leaving him a farthing. He was standing at the door of his dirty, dilapidated cottage, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers, looking over the broken palings of his weedy garden. He had long talked about "putting things to rights," still it was nothing but talk; it was put off from one time to another.

"That cunning, shuffling rogue, Delay,
Lives by deceit from day to day;
Search out and drive the thief away."

An idle, slothful man, leaning on others instead of depending on his own exertions, must be an unhappy man. True is the saying of King Solomon, "By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." Eccles. x. 18.

Well! we took Walter Miller in hand, gave him work, and obtained still more for him from others, with the understanding that he should pay his debts, and put his cottage and garden in order. We looked after him till he began to taste the sweets of independence in the earnings of honest labour. In a little time

the man was a new creature, for not only had he work to do, but a disposition to do it. In short, when we last called on him, besides being out of debt, he had a clean, whitewashed cottage, a ready hand, a grateful heart, a clean shirt and a shilling.

It may safely be put down as a truth, that riches and honours, though so many are striving after them, seldom make men happy. They are like new clothes, which never fit so comfortably as old ones. Look for a month, and you will not find a happier man than the workman who has a wholesome habitation, a ready hand, a grateful heart, a clean shirt and a shilling.

If these remarks should ever be read by any who are leaning on their friends, and living in idleness, thereby losing their own respect, and sinking in the estimation of those around them, thus would we speak to them in the language of kindness. Up and be doing! Shake off the shackles by which you are bound; be industrious, and be happy.

If God has given you health and strength,
My poor misguided brothers,
Oh, strive and labour for yourselves,
And never lean on others.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—PART V.

THERE are certain pairs of old-fashioned looking pictures, in black frames generally, and most commonly glazed with greenish and crooked crown glass, to be occasionally met with in brokers' shops, or more often, perhaps, on cottage walls, and sometimes in the dingy, smoky parlour of a village tavern or ale-house, which said pictures contain and exhibit a lively and impressive moral. Some of our readers, doubtless, have seen and been edified by these ancient engravings; and, for the benefit of those who have not, we will describe them.

The first picture of the pair, represents a blooming and blushing damsel, well bedecked in frock of pure white muslin, if memory serves us faithfully, very scanty and very short-waisted, as was the fashion fifty years ago, and may again be the fashion in less than fifty years hence, for aught we can tell. Over this frock is worn a gay spencer, trimmed with lace,

and ornamented with an unexceptionable frill, while the damsel's auburn curls are surmounted with a gipsy hat of straw, fluttering with broad true blue ribbons, which fasten it in a true love knot under the dimpled chin.

Her companion (for she has a companion) is a young countryman in glossy boots, tight buckskins, gay flapped waistcoat, blue or brown long-waisted and broad-skirted coat, frilled shirt and white kerchief innocent of starch, who smiles most lovingly, as with fond devotion, [here gentle reader, is the moral of the picture]—he bends lowly, and chivalrously places at the disposal of the fair lady, hand, arm, and manly strength, as she pauses before a high-backed stile which crosses the path—leading, if we mistake not, to the village church. Beneath this picture, reader, in roman capitals, are the words—"BEFORE MARRIAGE."

We turn to the second picture ; and there may be seen the same high-backed stile, the same path, and the same passengers. Painfully and awkwardly is the lady represented as endeavouring, unaided, to climb the rails, while beyond her is the companion of her former walk—her companion still, but not her helper—slowly sauntering on, and looking back with an ominous frown, as though chiding the delay. Beneath *this* picture are the significant words—“AFTER MARRIAGE.”

One could wish these pictures were only pictures : but, in sober earnest, they are allegories, and too truthfully pourtray what passes continually before our eyes ;—the difference, to wit, between the two states there represented. Truly, indeed, has it been said, “Time and possession too frequently lessen our attachment to objects that were once most valued, to enjoy which, no difficulties were thought insurmountable, no trials too great, and no pain too severe. Such, also, is the tenure by which we hold all terrestrial happiness, and such the instability of all human estimation ! And though the ties of conjugal affection are calculated to promote, as well as to secure permanent felicity, yet many, it is to be feared, have just reason to exclaim—

“Once to prevent my wishes Philo flew ;
But time, that alters all, has altered you.”

“It is perhaps not to be expected that a man can retain through life that assiduity by which he pleases for a day or a month. Care, however, should be taken that he do not so far relax his vigilance as to induce a belief that his affection is diminished. Few disquietudes occur in domestic life which might not have been prevented ; and those so frequently witnessed generally arise from a want of attention to those mutual endearments which all have in their power to perform, and which, as they are essential to the preservation of happiness, should never be intentionally omitted.”*

† This witness, dear reader, is true. The neglect of those little attentions which every married couple have it in their power to show to each other, daily, hourly, is a sure method of undermining domestic happiness. Let every married reader bear this in mind, and reflect upon it ; for it is an undeniable truth.

* Guide to Domestic Happiness.

It was a full quarter of a century ago that the writer first saw the pair of engravings which he has described. They were hanging over the fire-place of a newly-married cottager. ‘There,’ said she, laughing, as she pointed to the second picture ; ‘you see what I have to expect.’

She did not expect it though ! Such an attentive, kind, and self-denying lover as her ‘old man,’ as she called him in sport, had been, would never change into a morose brute, who could suffer his wife to climb over an awkward stile without help, and scold her for her clumsiness.

Reader, not many months since, we saw poor Mary, prematurely gray and time-stricken. For years she has been living apart from her husband, her children scattered abroad in the world, and she is sad and solitary. And thus it was :—*He*, the trusted one, tired of being the fond lover of the picture, soon began to show himself the husband. *She*, the confiding one, stung by some instances of neglect, reproached and taunted. *He* resented these reproaches as unjust, and, to prove them so, redoubled his inattentiveness to her, absented himself from home, and bestowed his attentions elsewhere. *She* copied his example, and, by way of punishment in kind, lavished her smiles and kindnesses in other quarters. *He* — but why go on ? years—sad years of crimination and recrimination, of provocation, and bitter reproaches, and suspicion, and mutual jealousy, and dislike, and hatred, wore away. At length they parted. What became of the pair of pictures, we often wonder. Each took one, perhaps, to testify of what had been, what should have been, what might have been, if possession had not sunk the rustic lovers into *mere* man and wife. Enough of this sad sketch : let us turn to another.

“For about two years after I was married,” says Cobbett, in his advice to a husband, “I retained some of my military manners, and used to romp most famously with the girls that came in my way ; till one day, at Philadelphia, my wife said to me, in a very gentle manner, ‘Don’t do that ; *I do not like it.*’ That was quite enough ; I had never thought on the subject before : one hair of *her* head was more dear to me than all the other women in the world, and this I knew

that she knew : but I now saw that this was not all that she had a right to from me ; I saw that she had the further claim upon me that I should abstain from every thing that might induce others to believe that there was any other woman for whom, even if I were at liberty, I had any affection."

"I beseech young married men," continues he, "to bear this in mind ; for, on some trifle of this sort the happiness or misery of a long life frequently turns. If the mind of a wife be disturbed on this score, every possible means ought to be used to restore it to peace ; and though her suspicions be perfectly groundless ; though they be wild as the dreams of madmen ; though they may present a mixture of the furious and the ridiculous ; still they are to be treated with the greatest lenity and tenderness ; and if, after all, you fail, the frailty is to be lamented as a misfortune, and not punished as a fault, seeing that it must have its foundation in a feeling towards you, which it would be the basest of ingratitude, and the most ferocious of cruelty, to repay by harshness of any description."

"The truth is," adds the same writer, "that the greatest security of all against jealousy in a wife is to show, to *prove* by your acts, by your words also, but more especially by your *acts*, that you prefer her to all the world ; and I know of no act that is, in this respect, equal to spending in her company every moment of your leisure time. Everybody knows, and young wives better than anybody else, that people, who can choose, will be where they like best to be, and that they will be along with those whose company they like best. The matter is very plain ; and I do beseech you to bear it in mind. Nor do I see the use, or sense, of keeping a great deal of *company* as it is called. What company can a man and woman want more than their two selves, and their children, if they have any ? If here be not company enough, it is but a sad affair. This hankering after company proves, clearly proves, that you want something beyond the society of your wife ; and *that* she is sure to feel most acutely : the bare fact contains an imputation against her, and it is pretty sure to lay the foundation of jealousy, or of something still worse."

Addressed, as these sentiments are, to

the husband, they are equally applicable to the wife ; and on the part of domestic happiness, we urge upon our readers, all, to prove their constancy of attachment by mutual kind offices and delicate attentions, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow ; by abstinence from all that *may* wound ; and by an honest preference of *home* enjoyments above all other enjoyments.

But to keep alive this honest preference, there *must* be—in addition to other good qualifications which have heretofore passed under review,—

1. *Constant cheerfulness and good humour.* A wife and mother who is perpetually fretful and peevish—who has nothing to utter to her husband when he returns from his daily occupation, whatever it may be, or to her children when they are assembled around her, but complaints of her hard lot and miserable destiny—who is always brooding over past sorrows, or anticipating future evils—does all she can, unconsciously it may be, to make her hearth desolate, and to mar for ever domestic happiness. And the husband and father who brings to that hearth a morose frown, or a gloomy brow—who silences the prattling tongue of infancy by a stern command—who suffers the annoyances and cares of life to cut into his heart's core, and refuses to be comforted or charmed by the thousand endearments of her whom he has sworn to love and cherish—such a one does not deserve domestic happiness.

Young reader, and expectant of future domestic bliss, take a word of advice :—Be good-tempered. You have not much to try your patience now : by-and-by your trials will come on. Now, then, is the time to practise good-temper in the little vexations of life, so as to prepare you for future days. No doubt there are many little rubs and jars to fret and shake even you ; many small things, not over and above agreeable, to put up with. Bear them you must ; but do try and bear them without losing your temper. If a man have a stubborn or a skittish horse to manage, he knows that the best way to deal with it is by gentle, good-humoured coaxing. Just so it is in other things ; kindness, gentleness, and downright good-humour will do what all the blustering and anger in the world cannot accomplish. If a waggon-wheel creaks

and works stiff, or if it skids instead of turning round, you know well-enough that it wants oiling. Well, always carry a good supply of the oil of good-temper about with you, and use it well on every needful occasion ; no fear then of creaking wheels as you move along the great highway of life.*

Then, on the part, still, of domestic happiness, would we earnestly advise a *decent, nay, a strict regard to personal habits*, so far, at least, as the feelings of others are concerned. "It is seldom," writes a traveller, "that I find associates in inns who come up to my ideas of what is right and proper in personal habits. The most of them indulge, more or less, in devil's tattooing, in slapping of fingers, in puffing and blowing, and other noises, anomalous and indescribable, often apparently merely to let the other people in the room know that they are there, and not thinking of anything in particular. Few seem to be under any sense of the propriety of subduing as much as possible all sounds connected with the animal functions, though even breathing might, and ought to be managed in perfect silence." Now, if it were only in inns that disagreeable personal habits are practised, it would not much interfere with the happiness of nine-tenths of the people in the world ; but the misfortune is that *home* is the place where they are to be noticed in full swing—to use a common expression. Indeed, perhaps there are few persons who do not, in a degree at least, mar domestic happiness by persisting in personal peculiarities which they know are unpleasant to those around them. Harmless these habits may be in themselves, perhaps ; but inasmuch as they are teasing, annoying, and irritating to others, they are not harmless. Nay,

* The young Working-Man.

they are criminal, because they are accompanied by a most unamiable disregard to the feelings of others. For a few pointed remarks on this subject, we refer the reader to an article on "Good Breeding" in the *Family Economist* for 1850, and pass on to one other item, with which our papers on Domestic Happiness will close.

To make home truly happy, *the mind must be cultivated*. It is all very well to say that a man and his wife and their children, if they have any, ought to be company enough for each other, without seeking society elsewhere ; and it is quite right that it should be so : but what if they have nothing to say to each other, as reasonable and thinking beings?—nothing to communicate beyond the veriest common-places—nothing to learn from each other?—nothing but mere animal enjoyments in common? Imagine such a case, reader, where father, mother, and children are sunk in grossest ignorance, without knowledge, without intellectual resources, or even intellectual powers, without books, or any acquaintance with books, or any desire for such acquaintance ! What domestic happiness can there be in such a case ? As well might we talk of the domestic happiness of a dog-kennel or sheep-pen, a stable or a pig-stye. And just in proportion as ignorance predominates, so are the chances of domestic happiness diminished. Where there is great ignorance, and contentment with ignorance, there is vice ; and vice is not happiness—it cannot be. Therefore, all other things equal, that family will have the greatest chance of the greatest share of domestic happiness, where each member of it has the mind to take in, and the heart to give out, a constant succession of fresh ideas, gained from observation, experience, and books. Reader, think of these things. .

CANARY BIRDS.

THERE is a group of small islands off the N.W. Coast of Africa, called the Canary Islands, which give their name to a kind of wine, as well as to the sweet little songsters of which we are about to treat. These islands have a delightful and warm climate, and the woods are inhabited by canary birds, which, however, in their natural state, are said not to have the fine song of the domesticated birds. The

plumage also varies considerably, some are white, others green, gray, yellow, and black ; and it is from the intermixture of these varied colours in breeding, that the varieties now so common in England have sprung.

The Spaniards, to whom the Canary Islands belong, first introduced the birds into their own country, and from thence they have been taken into France, Ger-

many, and other countries of Europe. From Germany, many of those of the finest song are imported, as the German fanciers have attained great perfection in rearing and training these birds. Although from attention to their breeding, they have become somewhat able to endure our northern climate, yet they are far from having become acclimated, and on this account a different kind of management is necessary than for our own British song-birds. They must not be exposed to the open weather in winter, and it often happens that they are killed, even indoors, by the frosts at night, unless kept in a warm room. In spring and autumn they may be put out of doors at mid-day, when the sun shines, and be carefully guarded from cold winds. In summer they must be sheltered from the hot sun, as, in their native state, they retire to the shade of trees for protection from his burning rays.

In the choice of canaries for breeding, the most vigorous must be selected. The best are generally of a bright yellow, with a few black spots; but the mottled and whitish kinds have often good qualities, both for song or breeding, which may determine the choice in their favour. A respectable dealer will generally tell the perfections or the defects of his birds, and the price will be fixed on accordingly.

The breeding-cage should be large, that is, not less than three-quarters of a yard long, and half a yard broad. A small room or attic is sometimes allowed them, at the convenience of the fancier; whether in a cage or a room, small boxes must be provided, made with lifting lids, and with holes at the sides for the birds to go in and out, in which to build their nests. A net filled with soft cotton, moss, wool, and hair, must be hung up in such a position, that the birds can pick the materials for this purpose.

The beginning of May is a good time to pair the birds, by placing them in a cage together, though this is often deferred to a later period, if the weather is cold, and there is no means of warming the apartment in which the cage is placed. The hen lays her first egg in about ten days after pairing, and continues to lay one egg every day, until six are laid. Each egg must be removed as soon as laid, and a small bone or ivory one placed in its stead; this is to prevent their being

broken. On the sixth day all must be replaced, and on the thirteenth day of incubation, or the twentieth day from laying the first egg, the young birds will be hatched.

The proper food to be now supplied in the feeding-box, for the old birds to carry to the young, is yolk of egg boiled hard, and minced very fine, and German paste. This is made by soaking the crumb of stale white bread in water, until it is quite soft, then squeeze out the water, and add two-thirds of sifted barley-meal, and form it into a paste by stirring it together with boiling milk. This paste should be made fresh every other day, especially in summer, as it is apt to turn sour; it forms the most suitable food for old canaries at any time, as well as for the young.

As a substitute for German paste, crumb of bread dried hard in an oven, then ground to a fine powder (which will keep a long time), may be used, mixed, as before directed, to a thick paste with boiling milk.

Various kinds of seed are given to canaries, among these the seeds of the canary-grass, *phalaris canariensis*, are collected in large quantities for canary-food alone. Hemp-seed is also good, and the birds are very fond of it, but it must not be supplied too liberally for ordinary food, as it is apt to induce disease of the lungs. Lettuce-seed may be given occasionally.

A little green food may be supplied to keep the birds in health, such as groundsel, chickweed, lettuce, or even slices of apple; but sweet cake, sugar, or such like articles, must be withheld, as they are positively injurious.

The floor of the cage should be scraped every day, and sprinkled with fresh sand, for sand is as necessary to canaries and other birds kept in cages, as gravel is for fowls.

Water must be supplied fresh every day for the birds to drink, and as they are fond of washing, a small pan of clean water should be daily introduced into the cage for this purpose.

Careful attention to cleanliness and diet, together with their being kept properly warm, will in general keep disease from canaries; but they are sometimes attacked with *surfeit*, which is occasioned by their eating too much green food, and which may be known by their bodies swelling, and becoming covered with fine red veins. The best cure is to withhold the green food for a time, and give oat-

meal instead of barley-meal in the paste, and a little saffron in the water.

If this remedy fails, and breaking out appears on the head, and the feathers fall off, wash the head daily with a weak solution of salt and water, wipe it very dry, and anoint it with palm oil.

Ground rice boiled in milk, with the addition of a little stick-liquorice, is a very good remedy for the surfeit.

The head and eyes of canaries are sometimes affected by a *scab*, which causes them great annoyance, and hinders their singing. The best remedy for this is simply anointing the parts with fresh butter. During *moulting*, the birds must be kept very warm; if placed in the sun, they must be screened from cold winds. Let them be fed with nourishing and stimulating food, as minced yolk of eggs, hemp, &c. An iron nail put into the water they drink is said to be useful for giving them strength while moulting, and strips of stick-liquorice, or saffron, are often used for the same purpose.

Is it right to keep birds in cages? This is a question often asked, and our reply is this: that it is not right, but really wrong to keep our own native warblers pent up within iron bars, and that it is positive cruelty to the lark, which

sings as he mounts upwards, and in endeavouring to obey this law of his nature, beats himself against the top of his cage, in vain attempts to ascend. Why should we remove birds far from their native haunts into the busy city, and there keep them prisoners, especially now we have such facilities for going forth into the open country, where "the lark still warbles flying," or to the woods where we may "hear the sound of music sweet, from birds among the bowers," telling of joy and liberty, and always suggestive of praise to the great and good Creator, who has made birds as well as man to enjoy his blessed gift of freedom?

But we can scarcely regret that the canary should be *at home* with us, for he has completely become a household bird, born and brought up in our houses, nursed in the midst of plenty and indulgence, with no care to provide his own living, and exempt from the ups and downs of life, through which so many of our own *real* British songsters have to pass; but all this is necessary, that we may have the enjoyment of hearing the delightful voice of the delicate little foreigner. Let us continue our kindness, and long enjoy the melody of the canary-nightingale.

FAVOURITE WINDOW PLANTS.—THIRD ARTICLE.

THE attentive cultivators of window flowers are now enjoying the reward of their pains, in the contemplation of the bloom of some charming plants. A lovely array of geraniums, or pelargoniums, as florists choose to call the finer varieties of the tribe, fuchsias, Chinese fairy roses, ten-week stocks, wallflowers heliotropes, carnations, pinks, and mignonette, (we omit camellias and others of the greenhouse aristocracy, as not generally suited to windows), now "bear their blushing honours thick upon them," we must particularize the treatment of them in some measure.

Some of the above-named plants, which are familiar even to the humblest cottager, retain their bloom and odour for a considerable time. Mignonette, "the Frenchman's darling," if it was sown three months ago on a hot-bed and potted, is now regaling its cultivator "with its most sweet-smelling flowers;" and let it be noticed, that there is a su-

perior variety of this universal favourite, which, being longer lived and more highly scented than the common sort, is especially desirable for the window-stand. Fuchsias and pelargoniums continue sometimes so long in flower, that they should have the first claim to standing-room in any house where growing flowers are kept. We have been recently examining in a cottage window, of south aspect, fuchsias which have been in unceasing and abundant flower since March, 1849, and there is yet no symptom of discontinuing to produce flowers. Viewed from the outside of the window, one of the two plants especially, with its long and pendant head full of foliage and flowers, appears to advantage; but examined from within doors, the stem is long, curved, bare, and unsightly, even though the top branches hang down, long as a woman's tresses, from their confinement to a side of the window frame, with which they are connected by a string and hook.

This plant has been left to the wild unchecked luxuriance of natural growth ; if its shoots had been stopped above, the stem would have thrown out lateral branches, and possibly an even and equally continuous bloom might have been obtained. We can only vouch the fact, that with the unrestrained flow of sap to the top of the stem, and in a window exposed to the south, with a moderate summer temperature throughout the year, this fuchsia has proved, by its constant flowering during twenty-seven months, that its beautiful tribe is pre-eminently entitled to a place on a window-frame. The disadvantages, however, of a too lengthy and attenuated stem, unfurnished with lateral branches, and bearing a head of over-luxuriant growth, is not counterbalanced even by a (supposed) fertility of flowers, consequent on the absence of pruning or stopping—because by proper management of the temperature of a room, and due regard to aspect, successions of well-formed and vigorous fuchsias in bloom might be maintained.

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* has suggested that fuchsias should be transferred in summer to the outside of a window-stool or to a balcony, where they will continue to bloom until frost nips them. And in order that they should not suffer from want of moisture, he gives these useful directions : " Let strong healthy plants be potted in six-inch pots in a light rich soil, and let these pots be dropped into others just large enough to admit the space of about half an inch all round, the inserted pot standing in moss or leaf mould, until its brim is on a level with that of the pot containing it. By this little contrivance, the hottest suns will be unable to scorch the roots of the plants ; they will retain moisture longer, and will flourish more luxuriantly."

All hardy woody window plants should be kept in due form and vigour by *stopping* the buds, rather than by pruning after shoots have struck out ; as the strength of the plant is manifestly more preserved by nipping vegetation in its first stage, than by allowing it to grow at all.

Watering should now be carefully attended to—but natural showers are best : no artificial moistening can nourish the

roots and cleanse the leaves of dust-covered plants so effectually as the rain or dew of heaven. When plants are watered from a watering-pot, a sufficiency of water should be given to soak the roots completely. In the case of newly-potted plants, however, a second supply of water should be withheld until the first has been completely soaked away ; because it is to be remembered, that the roots of plants not yet established are not able to imbibe moisture, except in a very trifling degree ; the moisture, then, not being taken up by the plants, would harden the soil into a dry crust. Whenever the soil is in such condition, it should be loosened with a convenient instrument ; and a supply of suitable mould should be always ready to *top dress* the sinking earth in a pot, in order that fresh nourishment should be filtered down to the roots, in place of that which they have consumed. Carnations and all their tribe, should be carefully treated as to staking (this should have been commenced last month) and supporting the petals, either by tying the flower-stems to a stake, or by propping them with slit cards tucked under their chins, and fastened to the stake by strings of worsted, or bass mat. If the spindling stems be tied to the stake, the ties should not be squeezed, lest the flow of sap should be obstructed, and the opening flowers be deprived of their nourishment, or the tender and soft stems be wounded by the compression of the string on them. The cards afford the safest support to the petals, though they may suggest the notion of dandies, " the very *pink* of courtesy," pillowed in very starched white stocks, or, if it please the reader better—of ladies in the stiff ruffs, green stomachers, and high full-blown top-knots of our great grandmothers. These cards will keep the flowers in a safe position while in bloom ; and previously to this period, if the calyx of any expanding flower requires to be opened in any point, in order to afford equal expansion of the petals, the point of a knife can be introduced with great convenience ; and the artistic arrangement of the leaves (as florists practise for exhibitions) can be made with great facility, by laying them down in the required intervals on the horizontal card, and handling them somewhat as a woman settles the plaited frills of a *chemisette*.

VARIETIES.

ADULTERATION OF MUSTARD.—The *Lancet* states that of forty-two samples of mustard procured from various wholesale and retail dealers in the metropolis, and submitted to examination, the whole were found to be adulterated, and in every case the adulteration was the same in kind, varying only in degree, and consisted in the admixture of genuine mustard with immense quantities of wheaten flour, highly coloured with turmeric. The conclusion to which the writer arrives is, that genuine mustard is scarcely ever to be obtained, whatever be the price paid for it.

THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.—Some mothers make it a practice to go themselves to fetch the candle when the children are in bed; and then, if wanted, they stay a few minutes, and hear any confessions or difficulties, and receive any disclosures of which the little mind may wish to disburden itself before the hour of sleep. Whether then, or at any other time, it is well worth pondering what a few minutes of serious consultation may do in enlightening and rousing, or calming the conscience; in rectifying and cherishing the moral life. It may be owing to such moments as these that humiliation is raised into humility, apathy into moral enterprise, pride into awe, and scornful blame into Christian piety. Happy is the mother who can use such moments as she ought.—*Miss Martineau.*

MILTON.—Macaulay, in his *History of England*, thus, not less truly than grandly, describes Milton:—A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song sublime and so holy, that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold.

HINT TO FORWARD PRETTINESS.—How beautiful are retired flowers! How would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway, crying out, 'Admire me, I am a violet!' 'Dote upon me, I am a primrose!'—*Keats.*

LAZINESS.—Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.—*Judge Hale.*

If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine pride, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

A GREAT LIE (says the poet Crabbe) is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself.

DIVINE LIGHT.—Polished steel will not shine in the dark; no more can reason, however refined, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth—shed from heaven.—*John Foster.*

SENSE OF HONOUR.—One of the maxims of Claudian, the Latin poet, is "Do not consider what you *may* do, but what will *become* you to have done; let the sense of honour subdue your mind."—This is a most admirable epitome of ethics; if men were to look, not to the extent of their power, but to that mode of conduct which would bear reflection, the great would be more respected, and the powerless more happy.

CUCUMBERS.—A grocer in Garstang has for years obtained abundant crops of cucumbers by the following plan. In the beginning of May he makes his bed of pig manure, about 3 feet wide and 4 feet square. He then fills a raisin box with earth, inserts it in the middle of the bed, and sows his seed therein; he next places a hand glass over the box, which is about 21 inches long, 10 inches broad, and 6 inches deep, and lets it remain till the plants commence running; he then removes it and thins out the plants, leaving four to each box. These plants make short shoots, and produce abundant crops, owing, I suppose, to the roots being confined in the box.

The Corner.

I CANNOT believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness? Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are for ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be out before us, like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence for ever!—*Bulwer.*

EXCUSES.

THERE are some unfortunate people in the world who say there is no such thing as conscience. How is it, then, that we are so fond of making excuses for ourselves when we neglect a duty or commit a fault? If there were no conscience to tell us we had done wrong, we should hardly take the trouble to seek for excuses. Is it not true that we are very often apologising for our conduct, either to ourselves or to others; and may we not believe that there is some sufficient reason for our so doing?

But besides the excuses which we make on the score of conscience, there are others which we make on account of our follies, weakness, or selfishness. It seems to come natural to say a good word for something that we like; and what is there in the world that we like better than ourselves? The excuses of this class are manifold. The kettle does not boil when the master wants his breakfast—the servant has an excuse ready. The chimney would not draw, or the fire would not light, or the wood was damp, or the coal too hard; when, perhaps, all the while she had lain a little too long in bed, and found it easier to make an excuse than to tell the truth. The railway van drove up to a grocer's door, precisely at a quarter to ten; the parcel which should have been ready was not ready; but the apprentice was ready with a long string of excuses, which, however, did nothing towards packing the parcel, or catching the train, which went away without it.

'I am very sorry, sir, indeed,' said the landlady of an inn to a traveller, who had not been called according to promise, in time for the coach. 'Hang your sorrow!' he answered; 'will that bring the coach back?'

'Smith, come up and say your lesson.' 'I can't, please sir.' 'And why can't you?' 'Please sir, it's such a hard one.' If Smith had told his master that he had been playing at tit-tat-toe on his slate, instead of looking at his book, it would have been better than to do as he did: namely, make a sneaking excuse.

'Jem, I'm afraid you had taken too much to drink yesterday. I saw you reel as you walked home.' 'Bless your honour, it was the least of a little drop I had; just a thimble-full; that was all. And 'twas only to keep the cold out.' So if we are to believe Jem, he did not drink gin because he liked it; only to keep the cold out.

'Is that seam finished?' cried the governess; and the answer came that the thread broke so—the needle was so blunt—the stuff so hard. Of course the girl who answered was not lazy.

Some people take rum in their tea, because it promotes digestion. Hyssop or camomile tea is also a very good thing to promote digestion; and yet we don't hear of many people taking that. Of course they don't like rum best. They would be shocked if you told them so.

How many workmen and tradesmen go every night to the tap-room, or the inn parlour, because they want to hear the news! They can't get newspapers or magazines and read them at home.

''Tisn't for what I drinks,' said a hatter, in a country town; 'I only goes to get a connexion.' And so he sat night after night listening to the bald and trumpery talk of the public-house, and drinking down his profits, till at last he became a bankrupt, was struck by palsy, and lingered out his last years a miserable driveller.

On the whole, excuses seem to be either silly or mean. When we read them in print, do we not feel very much inclined to despise them

—to have nothing more to do with them—to reject them as so much bad money. People who make frequent excuses must feel, as the Yankees say, ‘uncommonly cheap.’ And after all, what’s the good? of everybody cheats, who wins? It is not to be supposed that all the people who have to listen to excuses are duped by them. They know very well that an excuse, nine times out of ten, is only a civil way of telling a lie.

How would it be if the world should all of a sudden resolve to make no more excuses; but either give no occasion for them, or state facts as they occur? The servant might either get up in good time, or acknowledge that she overslept herself. The boy might have studied his lesson, or else have confessed that he did not look at his book. Jem might either keep out of the gin-shop, or else avow his love for liquor. People might either stay away from the public-house, or else acknowledge that they like twaddle, and smoke, and tippling.

At all events these confessions would not appear so silly or mean as the others, and if we could get to call things by their right names, we should perhaps get to shun the worthless and cleave to the worthy. At present we find excuses for not doing right, and for doing wrong.

If we have been harsh, or cruel, or unkind, the best excuse, if it be a true one, is, that we did not intend it. To acknowledge an error is a good step towards its amendment.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

SINCE the days of the Reform Bill, no event has caused so much wonder and excitement throughout the length and breadth of the land we live in as the Great Exhibition. Everybody, it is said, talks about it, and everybody may read about it if he will, in all sorts of books, newspapers, and other periodicals; and if any one does not know all about the huge building, its length, breadth, and capacity, the number of iron pillars, miles of sash-bar, and feet of glass used in its construction—if any one does not know all this and more concerning the Crystal Palace, as it has been called, it must be because he does not want to know. We believe, however, that there are but very few of this class; for from every part of the kingdom we hear of thousands and tens of thousands who are making preparations for a visit to London, drawn thither by the desire to see for themselves the magnificent collection of what art and industry can produce in all quarters of the world. Except the going up of the Jews to the feast of the passover at Jerusalem, and the mighty gatherings for the crusades, we know of no event in history which has united so many minds in one common object.

Great numbers have already seen the sight, and have returned home again with something to talk about for many a year to come. It was the first visit that the greater part of them had ever paid to London, and to have seen the Exhibition as well is a privilege which, according to the use made of it, will prove a temporary gratification, or a lasting benefit. To see the Exhibition is one thing, but to see it as it ought to be seen is another. We propose, therefore, to offer a few remarks, which may be of service to such of our readers as are interested in the subject.

The working-classes generally will have but a limited time for their visits to the building; and it would be well for them to arrange beforehand how this time may be made the most of. If but a few hours are to be lost in their finding out what to do, it is so much taken from the means of instruction and improvement. The first business on arrival in London will, of course, be to secure a lodging for the night, and then the next step will be to get to Hyde Park. The first feeling on entering the grand edifice will be one of unqualified surprise and satisfaction, amounting, in many cases, to enthusiasm;

and if this be not tempered by a little sober reflection, the chances are that the articles displayed will not be studied as they deserve, but they will be looked at only as so many curiosities.

The great arch which runs across the centre of the building, or, as it is called, the transept, divides it into two equal parts, and we would recommend those who have two days for their visit to devote a day to each part. Enter the first day at the south door of the transept, then turn to the left, and you will find yourself in the western half of the building, which contains the British portion of the Exhibition. Here are the articles brought together from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, from Canada and other parts of our American possessions, from Australia, and from the East Indies. At the farthest end, on your left, as you look towards the west, are agricultural implements, and specimens of woven goods, that is of cotton and linen, stuffs and cloths, canvass and cambric, silk and satin, in almost innumerable variety. These occupy a considerable space, and extend a long distance towards the transept. Next to them come hardware and iron manufactures from Sheffield and Birmingham, and cabinet and fancy furniture, chiefly made in London; then sculptures, statues and carvings in stone, and specimens of church furniture in the olden style. Next to these are the raw materials and manufactures from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, and Africa, including sponges, furs, corals, metals, seeds, basket-work, followed by a similar collection from the East Indies, which brings us up to the transept. Now walk back again to the west end, where, on your right, opposite to the agricultural implements, you will see a large number of carriages, of various make and style, and behind these a long range of machinery all in motion. Here you may see how cotton is spun and woven in our Lancashire factories, and how calico is printed, for working up hemp, silk, wool, or gutta-percha into its various forms. Others for making bricks, paper, buttons, nails, screws, pins and needles, printing-presses, and machines for grinding, rolling, crushing, turning, polishing—all remarkable examples of human ingenuity. The machinery in

motion extends nearly as far as the articles from Canada and Australia on the opposite side. Close by are locomotives and other contrivances intended for railway purposes, specimens of bookbinding, maps, printing in oil, lithography, and other matters connected with the fine arts. Next to these come the remainder of the things from the East Indies, which brings us again to the transept.

Now it is pretty certain that you will care most to see that on which your faculties are most exercised. If you are a machinist, you will be most interested in the sight of machinery; if a weaver, you will like best to see what can be done in the way of weaving; if a smith, you will want to know how iron and other metals can be wrought into new forms of ornament and use; if a cabinet-maker, it will be a pleasure to you to see something excellent in the way of furniture, and so on to the end of the chapter. Do not stay all the time in the central avenue, but go to the passages along the sides of the building, and give a thorough examination to that which you really wish to see or to study. Have a memorandum book and a pencil in your pocket, and make a note at once if anything strikes you worth remembering. Possibly you will see several things which will help you to shape out your own ideas. There will be designs and forms, and colours and contrivances, which may enable you to work out new inventions, combinations, or adaptations. And thus the Exhibition may be as a seed-field to all who contemplate it in earnest, furnishing stores of knowledge to the diligent mind, and to the diligent hand supplies for future harvests.

Having reached the transept, it will be worth while, before proceeding farther, to mount into the gallery for the sake of the view which it affords you of the extent and contents of the building. By going to each corner of the four galleries, where they terminate at the transept, four different points of view will be obtained, all alike remarkable and impressive. After this it will be time to begin the examination of the eastern half of the Exhibition. At the extreme end are the articles brought from the United States of America—machinery, manufactures, implements, and works of art, besides a

great quantity of raw produce. Comparing these with the collections from European countries, you will observe a certain want of beauty and finish; but in the raw materials it will be seen that America has vast resources, as yet but partially developed, which will some day give a high character to her industry. Bordering on the American department are France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Russia. The Russians are noted for their skill in mechanical arts, and here we have an opportunity of judging what they can do in fashioning wood, stone, clay, and metal. Austria exhibits some very beautiful samples of cabinet furniture, with the tools used in such work, and in carpentry. The latter are peculiar, and present many points of difference from English tools, which those who use such tools will do well to study. Close by are the collections from France and Holland; and walking up and down amidst the foreign productions above specified, you will begin to see wherein they are superior or inferior to British manufactures. There are musical and philosophical instruments, paintings, carvings, inlaid work called *marquetric*, castings, wire-work, leather, pipes, paper-hangings, silks, embroideries, and nearly all of the most beautiful workmanship, and showing that while English workmen excel in what is solid and useful, foreigners are better skilled in works of taste and fancy. Next to France come Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Brazil, Turkey, Tunis, Egypt, Persia and Arabia, and with the last mentioned we come again to the transept, having taken a survey of what is chiefly worth notice on the floor of the building. After this you will have to consider about viewing the galleries; and if you can afford a day to the examination of their contents, it will not be too much.

Besides all this, the grand central passage which runs from one end of the building to the other contains a succession of choice sculptures, groups of statuary, castings, bronzes, carvings, fountains, and models, from which much is to be learned. They are examples of what can be effected by taste and genius;

and in looking at them we may learn what true taste means. It has its laws and its rules, and he who is best acquainted with these becomes the best artist.

We do not pretend to have given more than a very slight outline of the magnificent spectacle which the Exhibition presents; sufficient, however, for the purpose we have in view, that of leading to a proper estimate and employment of the opportunity it affords for instruction and improvement. If the view rouses within us a feeling of honourable pride, on the other hand it should teach us humility, inasmuch as it proves that other people are possessed of skill, talent, and industry as well as ourselves. We are not to think slightly of things simply because they are different from those to which we have been accustomed. In many of the differences we may find that we have yet much to learn, and so we may go on with persevering emulation to farther improvements and higher excellence.

The arrangements within the building are such as to afford every facility for moving about and viewing everything to advantage. There is no difficulty in finding the refreshment rooms, or any particular collection from any part of Britain or from foreign countries. The names, in white letters on a red ground, are conspicuously placed over each, and you may walk from Canada to Austria, and from Manchester to Turkey, without the possibility of making a mistake. The most useful guide and plan that we know of is that published from the *Times* newspaper, and sold for three-pence. It gives a good account of the various contents of the building, and in the plan shows where they are to be found. You will not want a catalogue while you are in the Exhibition, but it would be advisable to buy one and take home with you, as it will serve to recal the objects, and refresh your memory by-and-by, when ingenious minds are trying to realize new ideas and new inventions. It will serve as a dictionary of the art and industry of the world for many a year to come.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF POPULAR APERIENT MEDICINES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE effect of aperients is so frequently and obviously beneficial, they are generally considered so safe and easy of employment, and the ordinary doses of many of them are so universally known, that few persons think it necessary to take professional advice before having recourse to the "dose of opening medicine," or even to give themselves trouble to inquire into those distinctive actions, best modes of administration, and necessary cautions which engage the consideration of the careful practitioner when prescribing even the simplest of the class. The plain requisite information upon the subject to be given in the present series of papers will, if attended to, prevent much of the inconvenience and needless suffering which at present results in consequence of the ignorant carelessness with which people generally take or administer these remedies.

Most persons are aware that the bowels consist of a continuous tube, thirty feet long, extending from the stomach downwards, but coiled up within the abdomen or belly; through this tube the food passes after having undergone its first digestion in the stomach; in the passage, its nourishing portions are sucked up by numberless little vessels, and the useless refuse left to be cast out. Many, however, are ignorant of the fact that the tube of the bowels forms not only a passage for the food, but also serves as a sewer, or drain, into which a large amount of noxious matter is continually being thrown from the body generally, and conveyed away. The impression which prevails, even among the educated, that the bowels are employed solely for the passage of the food swallowed, frequently gives rise to the erroneous idea, that during illness, when little or no solid nourishment is taken, there is less occasion for regular action of the bowels; whereas, on the contrary, from the increased offensiveness of the matter thrown into them from the deranged system, its removal becomes doubly necessary. Even in the absence of apparent disease, no one can be thoroughly well whose bowels become constipated; for not only is the excretion of noxious matter from the system impeded, but even that

which has been cast out is apt to be again absorbed into the blood, causing lassitude, headache, depression of spirits, and other well known disagreeable sensations. At the same time, it must be remembered, that what would be constipation for one person, may not be so for another. Although, as a general rule, one free action of the bowels in the twenty-four hours is sufficient for health, some individuals are unwell if they are not relieved twice or three times in the same period, whilst others enjoy good health, notwithstanding the interval is habitually one of two or three days. Every one who has arrived at years of discretion ought, as a duty, to make himself acquainted with his own requirements in these respects, and if he values health and comfort, activity and usefulness, to endeavour to obey the law of his own constitution.

Aperients are divisible into three classes—laxatives, purgatives, cathartics. Of these, only the first, and some of the second, may be safely prescribed domestically. Laxatives, which gently increase the natural movements of the bowels, may be arranged as dietetic, mechanical, and medicinal. Dietetic laxatives are chiefly vegetables and fruits of various kinds, honey, treacle, preparations of the grains, malt liquors, bacon, &c. &c., but many of these act mechanically also. One of the simplest, most wholesome, and, with many, most efficacious laxatives, is a draught,—half-a-pint—of cold water taken on first rising in the morning. The practice is a good one at all times, and by most may be followed with advantage. Some individuals, however, of weak, nervous power, find it too depressing; for them it is inadmissible. The regular use, at meals, of a moderate portion of malt liquor, is often useful in preserving an easy condition of the bowels, the intermission of the habit being followed, certainly, by constipation. Cocoa with a few persons acts strongly as an aperient, but generally in consequence of peculiarity of constitution, and thus can scarcely be regarded as a regular member of the class. Most succulent vegetables and fruits act upon the bowels by virtue

of their peculiar nature, but undoubtedly, also, by the mechanical bulk of their refuse. The common garden rhubarb, stewed, is very useful, more especially if, after it has been eaten, a small quantity of magnesia, either fluid or calcined, be taken to increase its aperient property *—a practice, indeed, which, when required, may be advantageously had recourse to after the use of any of the cooked acidulous fruits, such as apples, gooseberries, &c. Honey, it is well known, is aperient with some, but often causes griping. It is sufficient here simply to mention the common prune, and the half medicinal tamarind, as members of the class of laxative fruits. Olive oil, which is an aperient, may be classed either as a medicine, or as an article of diet. With some susceptible persons, it acts gently in table-spoonful doses. Fat bacon, toasted, is decidedly laxative, and probably owes its utility, in some cases of indigestion and liver disorder, to this quality. It is only the fat, however, which is admissible; the lean is very indigestible, and ought always to be discarded by invalids.

Of the mixed dietetic and mechanical laxatives, the farinacea or grain substances are the most important; these owe their property entirely to the presence, either whole or ground, of the external covering of the grain. Wheat, unground, and boiled in milk, is sometimes successfully employed as an article of food to counter-

* To a few individuals, the oxalic acid which exists in this vegetable is injurious.

act constipation of the lower bowels; but it is unsuited to any but strong stomachs. The grain, ground, and made up flour and bran together, into the common brown bread, constitutes one of the most commonly prescribed dietetic laxatives; but even this, very often useful, will not agree with irritable stomachs. The oatmeal prepared in Scotland, ground coarse, and the bran unseparated, when well boiled to form "porridge" or "stirabout," is remarkably wholesome and laxative, but is liable, like the brown wheat flour, to irritate some stomachs and to cause acidity; its *too constant* and *exclusive* use, moreover, in a dry state, as in cakes, has been found to cause the formation of hardened ball-like masses in the bowels.

As the laxative powers of these grain preparations depend upon the bran particles passing into and mechanically irritating the bowels, the hard indigestible seeds of fruits, such as currants, act in the same way, and thus add to the already mentioned laxative qualities of these pleasant and wholesome articles of diet, which are sent to us by a beneficent Providence during the hot seasons of the year, when their employment is proper and most useful. Rye appears to possess aperient qualities. The flour of the Egyptian lentil, now sold under various names, as "Revalenta Arabica," "Patent Flour of Lentils," &c., is almost medicinal in its power of relaxing the bowels, and often beneficial, being easy of digestion.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

'WHAT have you got for dinner to-day, Bessie, my dear,' asked George Williams, as, a few minutes after one o'clock, he ran into the common sitting-room of his little four-roomed house. 'I've just met with an old friend, who was a fellow-apprentice, whom I've not seen for these ten years, and I've invited him to come in and take dinner with us.'

Now it must be confessed that such an announcement would have called forth a few frowns and a little scolding from some women, who are not bad wives in the main, neither; but George Williams knew well enough that he had nothing

of the sort to fear. He knew, moreover, that the addition of a friend to the family circle would not make any great alteration; that there were always bright knives and forks and a clean cloth, whether they were alone or not. He did not fear finding the mustard-pot clogged up with sour mustard, or the salt-cellars filled with hard lumps of salt, which had been thrown in in a hurry; but he did think it possible that, not knowing that there would be a guest, his wife had only cooked enough dinner for themselves; and this was the fact. 'Why, my dear,' she answered, 'I thought the

rest of the cold shoulder of mutton hashed up would do nicely for us to-day, so I did not get anything else. But I'll run and get a steak, now, to make up. I can cook it very soon, for I've a good fire; if you don't mind waiting ten minutes or so.'

'I'd rather do that than that we should be short of dinner, my dear,' was his reply. 'Poor Granger!' he added, as his wife took off her apron and reached her bonnet and shawl from the peg behind the door; 'he's come to his native town on melancholy business: he tells me his mother is just dead, and he did not reach here in time to see her alive.'

'Oh! that is sad. In what part of the town did she live? I never heard you speak of her, George.'

'I'm sorry to say,' replied Williams, 'she lived and died in the workhouse.'

'In the workhouse! What, is he so badly off as to let his mother live and die in a workhouse?'

'It appears so; he seemed very much cut up about it, but he tells me he has a large family to provide for, and that he has been out of work a good deal.' However, he added, 'I am afraid he has been a little imprudent, too. He was always rather disposed to be idle and fond of company; but I would not say this, even to you, my dear, if I did not feel quite sure that you'll not speak of it to any one else, for I should be sorry to spread such a report of him. And now I will tell you that my object in asking him here to-day, is not so much for the liking I have for him—though we never were otherwise than good friends—but I have hopes of doing him some good.'

'What a blessing that my husband was able to provide a comfortable home for so many years for *his* poor dear mother, and to bury her respectably at last; and what a mercy that he is so industrious and steady, and so affectionate and kind to me.' These were the thoughts of the wife as she hurried along the street; and she summed up all with 'Oh! what a happy woman I am,' as she entered the butcher's shop.

Mrs. Williams modestly thought that her home happiness was wholly the result of her husband's good conduct, though she might with justice have set

down a great portion of it to her own good management, good temper, and good principle. This our readers will find her spouse was quite willing to acknowledge, if they will take a peep into the neatly furnished *best* parlour of the cottage, where the two young men were sitting in full chat, while Bessie was busily engaged frying the steak.

'You've been pretty fortunate, George, I should say,' said Granger; looking complacently round the little apartment. 'I am very glad to see you so comfortable.'

'We've had our troubles and difficulties,' replied Williams; 'but with God's blessing on our labours, we've rubbed on and kept clear of debt.'

'Well, that's a great thing to say in these bad times; but you've a very comfortable little home here.'

'Yes; but that is owing to my wife's good management: she's an active, industrious, thrifty little body. I assure you, I consider such a wife a treasure to any man.'

Granger here gave a deep sigh.

'I hope you are not unhappily mated,' Williams added.

'Well, perhaps I ought not altogether to complain of my wife,' he returned, 'for I have not been able to give her much to make our home comfortable with. But I cannot say she makes the best of what she has.'

'Perhaps you don't encourage her to do it,' said Williams.

'Encourage her! what do you mean?'

'Why I encourage my wife to make our home pleasant, by showing her that I am pleased when she does; and that I like to be in it better than any where else.'

'Ah! but we are not just alike, George. You were always a sedate, stay-at-home fellow. I remember my poor mother used to say that of you when we were boys, and she was sometimes angry with me because I wasn't like you; but it's my disposition to like company, and I can't help it.'

'I am sorry to hear you say that, Granger; depend upon it, we stay-at-home fellows, as you call us, are the happiest and the most prosperous men. I don't mean to say, however, that I should be at home much if I'd an ill-tempered

bad-managing wife, for there would be no comfort in it then, and perhaps I should seek for pleasure elsewhere ; but what I did, was this : I chose a woman who I had every reason to expect would try to make my home happy, and then tried to make myself happy in it.'

'But I could not always make myself happy at home,' cried Granger. 'I want other company beside my wife's. I want change. I want something to cheer my spirits, or I'm sure I should sink under all the disappointments and cares I have to bear.'

Williams looked at his guest with deep concern. 'You spend your evenings in the public-house, then ?' he said.

'Yes ; I candidly tell you I do ; but I don't get drunk. I go there for the sake of the pleasant company.'

'Still you do very wrong ; and I don't wonder that you have not a happy home,' said Williams ; 'and going to a public-house for the sake of pleasant company, as you call it, always leads to drunkenness at last. It has been the ruin of thousands.'

'You are taking a very gloomy view of the matter, George. We only sit there for an hour or two, and have a few pints, and a pipe, and a song or so ; and then we go quietly home.'

'Do you always do that ?'

'Well, it's only now and then, at all events, that we take a little too much.'

'That now and then will grow upon you, rely on it, it will,' returned Williams, very seriously. 'However,' he added, 'come in about seven or eight o'clock, and spend the evening with us, in *our* way. I dare say we can find you a bed, too. My Bessie don't mind putting herself to a little trouble to accommodate a friend. Then we can have a long chat. Ah ! Jem, we ought to be wiser now than we were twelve years ago, when we were 'prentice lads together.'

'Twelve years !' repeated Granger. 'How time flies. Well, I'll accept of your kind invitation ; thank you. I shall be glad to spend a few hours with you, and talk about our boyish days.'

Mrs. Williams had by this time put the nicely browned steaks and savoury hash upon the table. The only difference she made on the occasion of having a guest being that she laid the dinner out

in the best parlour, instead of the back sitting-room.

Two little girls of about five and seven years of age now came in, and seated themselves quietly at the dinner table.

'Is this all your little family, George ?' asked Granger.

'No ; I've a boy besides ; but he goes to a school a good way off, so he takes his dinner with him. I make a point of sending my children to good schools. There is nothing like giving them education. I have often wished I'd had more of it myself ; but learning was not so cheap as it is now, when I was a boy, and my father couldn't afford to send me to school much.'

When the visitor came in the evening, it being summer time, he found Williams busily engaged in weeding the little garden at the back of his house. 'I generally spend half an hour here while my good woman is putting the children to bed,' he said, as he shook him heartily by the hand. 'I find it does my health good after sitting at the board all day, and I'm very fond of gardening too.'

'Ah ! I've no such advantage in London,' cried Granger. 'I'm obliged to live in lodgings, and we've nothing but a bit of a stone yard.'

'But you've a window where the sun shines in sometimes, I suppose,' said Williams.

'Yes ; to be sure we have.'

'Well, you could make a garden there. Many who live in London do that. Flowers in pots are sold about the streets at a very low price, so the poorest man may have a garden on his window-sill, if he pleases.'

'Oh ! I would not give a fig for such a garden as that,' returned Granger, sneering.

'But you would, if your time and thoughts were not taken up by other things. If you were much at home you would like to have a flower to look at sometimes.'

'But I'm not much at home. Indeed, I'm obliged to work a great many hours to keep my family. I'm surprised to see *you* at home so early.'

'I have my full twelve hours,' said Williams ; 'but I begin early. I could earn a little more by working over-hours, and I do sometimes, when we are very

busy at the shop ; but I don't make a practice of it ; for I think when a man can keep his family tolerably well without it, it is better for him to be at home with them, and enjoy what he has. Besides, then he has time to improve his mind, and to do many little things to make his home more comfortable.'

'Ah ! you are a thorough *home* man, I see,' said Granger.

'Yes ; I am, and I want to make a *home* man of *you*.'

'You must alter my wife, then, my good friend,' he rejoined, laughing. 'What man wants to be at home much when he meets with nothing but cross looks ? You confessed, yourself, this morning, that *you* should seek pleasure elsewhere if you had an ill-tempered, bad-managing wife. Come, I have you there.'

'No, not exactly,' returned Williams. 'I also happen to remember that you confessed that you ought not to complain altogether of your wife, because you did not give her much to make home comfortable with. Now, if you were to give up spending your earnings at a public-house, and give her the money that all these pints of beer cost you—which would make a pretty good sum, I reckon, at the end of the week.—If you were to do that, and let her lay it out in providing comforts for the family, perhaps you wouldn't have any cross looks to drive you from home.'

'Ah ! that is all very fine to *talk* about,' said Granger.

'But I and my Bessie prove it can be *done*,' added Williams.

'It may be so in your case ; but your wife is not like mine ; she looks the very picture of good temper, and she's a good manager you say, which my Jane is not. I don't say she's a bad woman ; she's very well sometimes.'

'Try her,' cried Williams ; 'try the plan I've proposed, and I'm sure you'll find it answer, for you've let out enough to show that you haven't such a very bad wife, after all. Come, we'll go in-doors now, shall we ?'

'With all my heart. I must say,' added Granger, as they entered the little parlour,—'I must say, I quite admire your pretty little home, and I really think I should like my home, if I had such a one.'

'It is not so much matter what the place itself is,' returned his host ; 'neatness and order will make almost any place comfortable, without much cost either. Now,' he continued, 'Bessie and I generally sit down opposite each other, like Darby and Joan, and I read aloud for an hour or two, while she makes or mends clothes. Then we stop a bit now and then, and talk about what we've been reading. We've got through several large histories and other instructive and amusing books in that way. But now that you are here, Granger, we'll have a chat till supper-time. You said you should like to talk about our boyish days. Bessie and I sometimes have a chat together,' he added, nodding affectionately to his wife, who just then came into the room ; '*we* chat about our courting days. I tell her some of my manœuvres when I was an apprentice, to get a peep at her. How I used to creep round the house, and give signals by throwing something lightly at the windows ; and then she tells me how she used to draw the curtain-string tighter, or pick the dry leaves from the flowers that were on the window-sill, that she might have an excuse for standing there a minute, and then give me a smile.'

'And you are letting the cat out of the bag. I would not tell him such things again, if I were you, Mrs. Williams,' said Granger, laughing.

James Granger returned to London, *thoroughly* convinced that his friend George Williams was a man to be envied ; that is, that he was a very happy man, and *half* convinced that it was within his power to reach the same position. Perhaps, however, we should be nearer the mark if we were to say that his judgment told him such a thing was possible, but long-indulged habits and inclination threw obstacles in the way of the attainment.

Williams's parting words, when his guest left his house, had been entreaties that he would follow the course he had proposed to him, and Granger had given him to understand that he would make the attempt. But he wanted moral courage to begin, and as he found no one at home to strengthen his wavering purposes, he fell by degrees into his old habits, and at length forgot that he had ever desired to abandon them.

A few months after the above related circumstances took place, Williams had occasion to go up to London on some business for his employer. He was a man to be trusted, and he was chosen for that reason ; indeed, it was his master's intention to make him foreman of the concern ere long.

'I shall try to rout out Granger whilst I'm in town, Bessie,' said Williams, as his wife stood before him, buttoning up his great coat, and tying a warm cravat round his neck. 'I should very much like to know how he's going on, and whether he has taken my advice. Let me see—I think I have got the direction he gave me in my pocket-book ; he'll be surprised to see me I fancy,' he added ; 'for I'd no notion, when I asked him to give me his address, that I should ever want it, except it might be that I should have occasion to write to him.'

'And I fancy he would rather see any body else,' added Bessie, laughing, to hide the tears which had started to her eyes at the thought of the coming parting.

'You think, my dear, I shall not find any alteration for the better in him ?'

'I do, indeed ; he is evidently of such an irresolute character.'

'That is very true, still I have hopes of him. There is no case so bad as to be quite hopeless, and he was not a confirmed drunkard. However, we shall see. There, that will do very nicely, Bessie ; I'll warrant the cold won't get to my chest, now. Good-bye, my love.'

'Stay, here is your parcel of sandwiches.'

'Oh ! I had forgotten them. What a comfort 'tis to have a careful, thoughtful wife to look after one.'

A kiss followed, then another hurried 'Good-bye,' and he was gone.

DOMESTIC LIFE UNDER MILITARY GOVERNMENTS.

THE stay-at-home inhabitants of this blessed isle can hardly conceive what it is to live under a military empire, in fact, in any one of the four great Powers of Europe. Our army is comparatively small, and half of it is always out of the way. Though it presses rather heavily on the purse, it does not offend the sense or demoralize society to anything like the extent the foreign armies do. We have not several thousand soldiers lounging about every considerable town, getting into all kinds of mischief, and becoming more and more unfit for any honest or useful occupation. We do not see our villages emptied of able-bodied men, and the laborious works of husbandry left to women of all ages, working under the orders of husbands and fathers, who have spent the best years of their life in military service, and are as disqualified as they are indisposed for agricultural labour. All this may be seen abroad anywhere, from the Bay of Biscay to the Caspian Sea. On a former occasion we have described what any man may see a day's journey from this metropolis, in the magnificent old cities of Rhenish Prussia ; but, as Mr. Cobden has just dashed it off, with his usual felicity, in his Wrexham speech, we think it common

justice to take his description. "Four millions of men—the flower of Europe—from 20 to 33 years of age, are under arms, living in idleness. There are no men in the country parts there ; the women are doing their farm work, toiling up to their knees in manure, and amidst muck and dirt, at the age of 30 and 40. They may be seen thus employed, tanned and haggard, and looking hardly like the fair sex. They do this that the muscle and strength of the country may be clothed in military coats, and may carry muskets on their shoulders—a scandal to a civilized and a Christian age." We can answer for it from the evidence of our senses that this is no exaggeration, and, as it only aims to give one aspect of the fact, so it only gives half its horrors. If it be inquired why the countrywomen on the continent are so ill-favoured, masculine, and coarse compared with our own village girls and dames, or why foreign husbandry continues in so primitive and barbarous a state, or why the poor villagers are content with such humble fare, or why the statistics of the foreign cities prove so fearful an amount of demoralization, or, lastly, why foreign populations are so prone and apt to arms, and so formidable in insurrection, one answer is

sufficient for all these questions, and that is, that nearly the whole population are early kidnapped, so to speak, from useful employments, to be crowded in garri-

sons and cities, and pampered in idleness, to practice every vice, and forget every useful and honourable accomplishment.—*Times.*

BE TRUTHFUL TO CHILDREN.

THERE is no quality which so surely commends itself to every human breast as that of *truth*. We can love and esteem another in spite of many great faults,—but for an *untruthful* character we can feel no sympathy—their apparent affection, their proffered kindnesses, all are valueless in our eyes, because we know not whether we can place reliance upon them or not. How earnestly should we then strive to cultivate truth and sincerity both in ourselves and in those whom God has committed to our care, whether as parents or as teachers!

In Madame Necker de Saussure's valuable work on education, there are some interesting remarks on this and a kindred subject (that of *duty*), which we think may afford some useful hints to all engaged in the difficult task of training the minds of the young, and of developing their opening faculties.

She says; "Truth is a *sense* which requires to be formed, and it is a sense of which we cannot too early hasten the development. In order to accomplish this, we should begin by teaching the little child to comprehend that his words should be in accordance with *facts* rather than with his own desires or with those of others; for this is a thing that he is not always capable of apprehending by himself, without your assistance. By relating to him all the circumstances of events in which he has himself played the part of either an actor or a witness, he will soon learn to understand wherein a *faithful* narrative consists. . . .

"But *language* is not all—*artifices* of every description must be baffled—we must learn to see through them, and show that we are never duped by them. It is not necessary to come to any explanation on the subject; indeed, it is far better never to tax a child with any fault which we cannot *prove*. If you receive with coldness everything in the shape of interested caresses, and return with tender affection the most trifling mark of sincere and heart-felt love,

the child, warned by the silent monitor in his own breast, will not mistake your motives All exaggeration, boasting, &c., should equally be listened to on your part in silence. Nothing will exalt you so much in your child's mind, nothing will more thoroughly secure his respect for your judgment, than the proof he will thus experience of your penetration.

"A more pleasing task, and one which is fully as important in its character, is that of winning the child's *confidence*. Try to obtain from him an avowal of his little faults, and always recompense his candour by a full pardon. Remember that *before* he has attained the age of *reason*, no evil result which indulgence can produce can at all equal that of exposing his veracity to the slightest danger. We should guard yet more carefully against ever, in the slightest degree, laying a trap for children. Never should we allow ourselves to question them with regard to past good conduct, to any facts which they *may* deny, or feelings which they *may* conceal; nor should we ever interrogate them as to the conduct of other children or of servants. Why should we lead them to betray others, or place their still frail and pliant virtue between the two perils of acting the part of tell-tale or of liar? If we have succeeded in obtaining, during a long consecutive period, a perfect adherence to truth on the part of the child, we then become possessed of a powerful means of acting upon his mind; we may treat him with confidence. Our esteem, which is shown in proportion to the degree of exactitude which is observed by the child in his assertions, renders him watchful over his words. And when we no longer feel a moment's doubt of *anything* he affirms, when his simple testimony produces in our minds the most entire conviction, then does a feeling of joy and dignity possess his soul, which practically convinces him of the value of perfect sincerity and truthfulness of character.

"But the most essential point of all is, to be perfectly true ourselves; every other interest should be sacrificed to that of truth. When we deceive a child, we not only show him a most pernicious example, but we lose all our influence over him for the future. How is it that people do not perceive that the hold they possess upon children's minds rests entirely upon the deep persuasion that they are incapable of deceiving them? And let us not imagine that we can long expect from them a blind credulity . . .

'The acts of deception which their elders most commonly permit themselves to practise in their intercourse with them, viz., that of vain promises, are soon recognized for what they really are, and this discovery forms an epoch in the child's mind. . . .

"The idea of duty is either formed in a child's mind or it is not. If it is not formed, you can only act upon him either by means of his hopes or his fears. Children who have never been deceived, believe in promises as they do in facts, and a *thread* suffices for their guidance. But if they have once been deceived, then *chains* will prove of no avail.

"For this reason it is that education in the poorer classes is so often a mere system of severity. They love their children as much as we do, but they think it is allowable to deceive them *for their good*. This system once adopted, they have henceforth no chance of ruling their children by words alone, and they have no other resource than chastisements. These also, after a time, lose their effect; an unconquerable obstinacy soon provokes a feeling of real anger in the breast of parents who are but too little accustomed to restrain their passions, and hence follows a course of treatment which it would be too painful to me to describe. The unhappy child, feeling himself to be the sport of a blind and pitiless chance, never bestows a thought upon the future. He enjoys his pleasures by stealth, and, having become hardened into a state of stupid indifference with regard to the consequences of his actions, he remains ignorant alike of the principles of morality, and of the common dictates of human prudence. . . .

"We cannot present too simply the idea of *duty* to the child's mind; we cannot

too early render the youthful soul conscious of its own dignity, by showing that we ourselves recognize it, and are not disposed to trample under foot its best and truest instinct. There is doubtless danger to be apprehended from too strongly exciting the principle of self-love in education, indeed, in my mind, there is even some evil to be feared from exalting too highly the idea of moral force; but the esteem, or rather I should say, the respect which men may deserve, notwithstanding all their imperfections—this esteem, which is the just and natural right of all who have not forfeited it, we should freely bestow upon the child. He is weak, he is ignorant—the laws—necessity itself places him in our power, but he is not the less our equal—our brother; perchance he may be above us; nearer than we are ourselves to his high origin, more recently sent forth from the hands of his Creator, his nature is more angelic than our own.

"Feeling himself innocent, a stranger alike to fear and to suspicion, joy, security, and noble trustfulness, will beam from his eyes, so long as sad experience shall have cast no blight over the purity of his heart. The most scrupulous attention to truth on the part of teachers, will not fail to reproduce itself in their pupils, and docility on the part of the latter is an equally secure result. An education in which *sincerity* is the predominating element, is the only one which can habitually be *gentle* in its tenor; for, as there are some points which *must* decidedly be carried, it becomes necessary to resort to violence when words lose their effect. This will soon be felt by an enlightened mother, and she will do all in her power to persuade her auxiliaries in the work of education of the same truth. She ought especially to press this matter upon her children's nurses; but in this quarter she will often meet with much difficulty; *perfect* sincerity of character being, perhaps, the quality of all others which suffers most from the defective education and dependent condition which has generally fallen to their lot in early life. As the means of obviating this difficulty ought to be taken into consideration, I cannot help hoping that in this age, so fertile in undertakings of every kind,

some may turn their thoughts to the establishment of schools for nurses, who should be trained with a special view to the education of children under six years of age. Such institutions, where intelligent, gentle, and truthful persons might be confidently sought for, would be felt by mothers to be a blessing which they could not too highly estimate."

We will not add anything to these observations, which we believe will commend themselves to every heart that has watched the progress of the infant mind with a thoughtful and loving eye—nay more, few can look back to their own early

experience in life, or known aught of the history of other minds, without becoming aware how fatal to the ingenuous trustfulness instinctive to the childlike heart is the first act of deception or falsehood, which is forced upon its notice on the part of those whom it has been accustomed to confide in and to revere.

Let us, then, guard jealously in those committed to our care, that guileless spirit of trustfulness and love so full of blessing to its possessor, so difficult to regain when once it has been tarnished by the world's chilling atmosphere of unkindness and mistrust.

THE LEECH.

THE common leech (*Hirudo Medicinalis*) is a species of suctorial animal, or red-blooded worm, of aquatic habits, found principally in the marshes of Germany, Poland, Hungary, and the south of France. In order to capture them, persons wade in the shallow waters where they abound, and allow them to fasten upon their bare limbs! Children are also employed to catch them with their hands, and they are also caught with baits of liver.

The animal is provided with a sucker at both ends of the body, and the mouth, which is very curious, is situated within the cavity of the foremost sucker. The jaws, three in number, form each the third part of a circle, around which are disposed three sets of minute teeth, with which it inflicts three small lacerated wounds, of a nature the best adapted to cause the blood to flow freely. The flow of blood is further facilitated by the vacuum created by the action of the sucker. The digestive powers of the leech are said to be so slow that a single meal will suffice for many months, and that an entire year will sometimes elapse before its appetite returns. Leeches are furnished with eight or ten eyes, situated above the mouth, upon the sucker. They are so small, however, that they can only be seen by the aid of a magnifying glass.

Leeches are of the greatest value in very numerous cases of inflammatory diseases, as sore throat, rheumatism, toothache, inflammation of the lungs, bowels, &c., in measles and scarlet fever, in bruises and in piles; also for children,

when it is very difficult to get blood from a vein.

A leech may be known to be good by its activity while in the water, and by its plumpness when out. Before application, the skin should be thoroughly cleansed, and a little cream applied to the part, whilst the leeches should be exposed to the air a short time, or allowed to crawl over a dry cloth, as by these means they will be induced to bite more eagerly. Leeches will seldom bite whilst held in the naked hand, but are best applied by means of a wine glass or small pill box. If there is any hair upon the part to be bled, it must be closely shaven before applying the leeches. They must not be touched or interfered with while sucking, and when they have filled themselves they will fall off. Large leeches will draw about an ounce of blood—that is, about one table-spoonful each, and when they come off, the bleeding may be encouraged to a considerably greater extent by bathing the part with warm water. "It is sometimes difficult," says Macaulay, "to stop the bleeding, and the surgeon is sent for in great alarm, especially when leeches have been applied to young children; but in most cases the bleeding may be stopped by proper pressure with a little lint, or similar downy substance, for a due length of time, though this is sometimes very difficult, when there is no bone to press against. Touching the wound with lunar caustic will almost certainly succeed; but we must take care that the flowing blood do not wash the caustic down about the neighbouring

parts. Sometimes the wounds made by leeches give rise to a good deal of pain, swelling, and extensive inflammation. The best application is a cooling lotion of Goulard's Extract, or diluted spirits and water, or vinegar and water. If the pain and tension continue long, an emollient poultice of bread and milk will be useful."

To make the leeches disgorge the blood, a *few grains* of salt may be applied to them, or they may be made to discharge it by gently squeezing them in a napkin, from the head downwards.

Leeches are best kept in a bottle, half filled with pure spring or rain water, and covered with gauze or fine muslin. It is better not to put bran or any other substance in the water, but to change it every day. Leeches are said to be very sensible to electrical changes in the atmosphere.

Such is the demand for these useful little

creatures, that four only of the principal London dealers import between seven and eight millions annually. It is to be regretted that the supply does not keep pace with the increased demand. The retail price of a good leech is now fivepence, formerly it would not have exceeded threepence. The opening of fresh sources of supply in countries where they have not yet been sought for is much to be desired, or their propagation should be again attempted in this country on a larger scale than has been hitherto tried, and with all the advantages to be derived from more advanced science.

The common horse leech, found in shallow waters in this country, is only used upon horses, cows, &c., and for this purpose not very frequently. Its bite is said to be poisonous upon the human subject.

RECIPES, AND ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

A choice recipe for Indian Pickle.—The vegetables to be employed are small hard hearts of white cabbage sliced; cauliflowers, or brocoli, in flakes; young carrots, not larger than a little finger; gherkins; (full-grown carrots and cucumbers, cut in slices, are often used, but are not so good as the small ones;) French beans, of the tall white running sort; they should be gathered when less than half-grown; small button onions; white turnip radishes, half-grown; radish pods; shalots; young hard apples; green peaches, gathered when the trees are thinned, before the stones begin to form; vegetable marrow, not larger than a hen's egg; horse-radish; nasturtiums; small green melons; celery, only the very heart; young shoots of green elder; elder flower-buds, before they begin to open; green hips, (the fruit of the briar or dog-rose;) capsicums, or chillie; and garlic. It is not essential to have every variety of substance here mentioned, but all are admissible, and the greater variety the more it is approved. Neither mushrooms, walnuts, nor red cabbage are to be admitted, nor any other substance that would diffuse its own colour. As all the vegetables required do not come in season together, a large jar of the pickle is to be prepared at such time of the year as most of the things may be obtained,

and the others added as they come in season. Thus the pickle will be nearly a year in making, and ought to stand untouched another year before using. It will then be found excellent; but will keep good and continue to improve for many years. Great care is requisite that every article be perfectly free from damp, and that the jar is very closely tied down every time that it is opened for the addition of fresh vegetables, or to take any out for use. It is better to prepare the whole stock in one large jar, than in several smaller ones, and, from it, to fill a small jar or bottle, as required for use.

To prepare the Vegetables.—Some need only be dry-gathered, and dropped into the pickle. These are radish pods, nasturtiums, capsicums, chillie, horse-radish; the latter to be seraped clean, and cut in rounds not exceeding half-an-inch deep. Some should be slightly sprinkled with salt, and left a few hours; then drain off the brine, and dry them on a coarse cloth. Have ready a jar—of stone ware, unglazed—with hot vinegar, into which drop the articles, when dried from the brine; closely bung the jar, tie it over with a bladder, and stand it on a hot plate, or kitchen hob, for one day; then strain off the vinegar, and when the vegetables are properly cold, drop them

into the general jar.* The articles to be treated thus are white cabbage, cauliflowers, carrots, onions, radishes, shalots, garlic—of which last only a small proportion should be used, elder shoots and buds, celery. Those articles of which it is desired to preserve the green colour, should be left longer in salt, say two days, then prepared in the hot vinegar as above; but with the addition of a thick layer of vine leaves at top, and a small lump of carbonate of potash. The articles to come under this treatment are gherkins, or cucumbers, French beans, melons, vegetable marrow, apples, peaches, and hips. The same vinegar may be used for all the articles in succession, being kept in a bottle and well corked, and each time of using being made thoroughly hot in a stone jar, closely covered. The vegetables are to be added when the vinegar is as hot as possible, without actual boiling. The vinegar may afterwards be used as sauce, or for filling up pickle jars.

To prepare the general Pickle.—To each gallon of the best white wine vinegar, add salt, 3 oz.; flour of mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; turmeric, 2 oz.; white ginger, sliced, 3 oz.; cloves, 1 oz.; mace, black pepper, long pepper, white pepper, of each, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; cayenne, 2 drachms; shalots, peeled, 4 oz.; garlic, peeled, 2 oz.; best olive oil, or mustard seed oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint. The spices and vinegar are to be steeped together on a hot plate, hob, or trivet, for two or three days. The garlic, onions, and such other things as are ready, put to the hot vinegar, and steep as above, one day. During the whole process, be careful to keep in the steam of the vinegar by closely bunging the jar, or by means of a well fitting lid or plate, tied over with a bladder. The flour of mustard, turmeric, and salt, to be well rubbed together, then mixed into a smooth paste with the oil, and stirred to the rest immediately, before removing from the heat. N.B.—If oil is objected to, the articles last mentioned may be stirred to a smooth paste, with a little cold vinegar. It is essential to keep all the pickled articles completely covered; for this purpose, as the liquor wastes, a little cold vinegar may from time to time be added, or vine-

gar in which vegetable substances have been prepared.

Salad Cream, or Dressing Ingredients.—Best white wine vinegar, one pint; best olive oil, half-a-pint; vinegar of garlic, onion, or shalot, two large table spoonfuls; horseradish vinegar, a large table spoonful; fresh butter, 3 oz.; loaf sugar powdered, 2 oz.; flour of mustard, 2 oz.; cayenne pepper, 15 grains; the yolks of twelve hard-boiled eggs; salt, 3 oz.

Method of Preparing.—Boil the eggs from ten to twelve minutes, and immediately plunge them in cold water. When perfectly cold, remove the shells and the whites, and rub the yolks, or beat them in a marble mortar, for at least ten minutes. Next work together with the hand the butter and loaf sugar, until they form a perfect cream. If the weather is cold, they may be just melted over the fire, but great care is requisite to keep the vessel shaken one way, and not to leave it over the fire a moment longer than the butter is melted, otherwise it will be apt to oil or curdle. If putting over the fire can be avoided, it is much better. The salt, mustard, and cayenne to be well rubbed together. The flavouring vinegar to be mixed with the other vinegar. The butter and sugar to be rubbed with the yolks of eggs, till the whole is blended in a perfectly smooth paste. Next add the oil, and rub till the whole is well incorporated; then the salt and other powders, and, finally, the vinegar. When well mixed, put it into bottles that are perfectly clean and dry, cork very closely, cover the corks and tops of the bottles with bottle cement, and keep in a dry and cool place. It is better to have small bottles than large ones, as frequent opening of a bottle is to be avoided.

As the preparation of these flavoured vinegars may not be known, it is here subjoined:

Garlic, Shalot, or Onion Vinegar: To be made between Midsummer and Michaelmas.—Peel and chop one ounce of garlic root, or two ounces of shalots, or onions. Pour over them a quart of best vinegar, stop close the stone jar, or bottle, and well shake every day. After steeping ten days, pour off the clear liquor, and put it in small bottles.

Horseradish Vinegar is prepared in the same way. The ingredients to a

* That is, supposing they are not done at the time of making the general pickle. For such as are prepared then no straining is required.

quart of vinegar are, horseradish, scraped, 3 oz.; shalot root, not chopped, 1 oz.; cayenne pepper, 1 drachm.

So much for *salad cream*; but if it be asked how to prepare a good salad, we should say, by all means let the dressing be mixed only at the time of using, and added to the herbs as nearly as possible at the moment they are to be eaten, otherwise the salad eats flabby, not crisp. The plants should be carefully picked, and well washed, then shaken in a large strainer cloth to rid them of the water, not wiped. The most simple way of dressing a salad is perhaps the best, and certainly the most wholesome. It is this: cut up the salad, sprinkle a little salt, not too much, then oil, then vinegar. The dressing should be scattered over the whole, so that every part may partake of them, without much tossing about being necessary, as that takes off the crispness of the lettuce. One tea-spoonful of salt, one large table-spoonful of best olive oil, and three of vinegar, is a good proportion. If oil is not approved, or not at hand, good gravy of roast meat is a fit substitute—not made gravy, but gravy that has dropped from the meat,—or a bit of fresh butter, rubbed up with fine moist sugar—or a little thick cream.

For a more elaborate salad, the following are good proportions:—Two yolks of eggs, hard boiled, and rubbed as for salad cream; a tea-spoonful each of salt, thick mustard, as made for the table, and loaf sugar; best oil, 2 table-spoonsful; best vinegar 4 or 5 table-spoonsful. Well mix all these ingredients in the bowl, in the order and manner directed for salad cream; then cut the salad herbs at top, and stir them in, taking care that the various colours are displayed. The coral of a lobster, or a crab, makes a beautiful variety of colour with the white of egg, and both, with the colours of the herbs, lettuce, onions, radishes, and beet. The herbs may be served dry, and the sauce in a tureen or boat.

Cucumbers should have no other dressing than pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar.

To pickle Gherkins, and preserve the colour and crispness of Pickles.—The gherkins should be fresh gathered, and nearly of a size, which should be about that of a finger. If smaller, they have not attained their flavour; if much larger,

they are apt to be seedy. Lay them in a Welsh dish, or other suitable vessel of *unglazed* stoneware, and sprinkle them lightly with salt. If in a pickle jar, or other tall vessel, salt must be sprinkled above each layer. In this state leave them for two, or at most three days, when they will have become very yellow. Then drain off the brine, and spread the gherkins on a coarse cloth to dry. Meanwhile, the pickle is to be prepared thus:—Allow a sufficient quantity of the best white wine vinegar to rather more than half-fill the jars that are intended to be filled with the pickles. To each quart of vinegar allow, best ginger, 2 oz.; black pepper, 1 oz.; horseradish, 1 oz.; cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; mustard seeds, 1 oz. The ginger should be sliced, the horseradish scraped outside, and cut up in rounds from a quarter to half an inch deep. If the flavour of garlic is desired, a few cloves may be added to the pickle; or if shalots or small onions are preferred, they may be peeled and put with the cucumbers and salt; but these additions are not generally preferred. The jar or jars containing the vinegar and spices should be closely bunged down, and a bladder tied over to keep in the steam. Then let them stand on a hot plate, or trivet, or hob, by the side of the fire, for three days. The vinegar should be kept as hot as possible, without being suffered to boil. When the gherkins are quite ready, if the vinegar is already in the jars they are intended to occupy, the gherkins may be dropped into each; or if the vinegar has been heated in other jars, have those intended for the pickles perfectly dry and hot. Lay the gherkins in them, taking care not to pile them higher than one inch from the neck of the jar. Pour over the hot vinegar, suitably dividing the spices to each jar. Cover with a thick layer of fresh gathered vine leaves with young juicy stalks; over this put a plate or saucer, tie down with a bladder, and set on the hob for one day. Then remove from the fire, uncover the jars, drop into each a small lump of carbonate of potash; when quite cold, remove the vine leaves, fill up the jars with cold vinegar, and tie down securely.

Pickles thus managed will be crisp and yet tender, and of as good a green as it is possible to have without the use of pernicious minerals; indeed, they have some-

times been of so fine a colour as to excite suspicions of unfair means having been used to produce it.

The same method applies to French beans, cauliflower or brocoli, elder shoots, melons, mangoes, and full-grown cucumbers, excepting that with the latter article, one end should be nearly cut off, but left hanging by a bit of rind, which is to serve as a hinge to a box lid. Scoop out the seeds, and fill the hollow with the spice, which for this purpose should be ground. Then sew down the lid.

Onions may be done in the same manner, excepting the use of vine leaves and potash, which are only used for the sake of colour. Nor need any spices be added to onions, as they are themselves sufficiently warm; but the sprinkling with salt, and putting them in hot vinegar as above directed, will be found the best method of having them tender, mild, and crisp. The more flavour is desired, the less time they should be allowed to lie in salt.

Samphire—steep three days in brine made thus:—Dissolve a quarter pound of salt in a quart of boiling water, stirring it well; when quite cold, pour this brine on the samphire; after three days, draw off the brine; dry the samphire, by spreading it on a coarse cloth; put it in jars, and cover with cold vinegar. This simple method, adopted to save time, and in the hope that the samphire would not be quite wasted, has proved most excellent.

Nasturtiums and radish pods require nothing more than to be put into cold vinegar as they are gathered; also, capsicums and chillies. When the jar is full, tie it down.

To prevent the unpleasant taste given to milk and butter when the cows are fed on turnips.—This is effectually done by the use of a little common nitre, or saltpetre; but the common mode of using this preventive is not the best. It has been usual to put a small lump of saltpetre into the milk-pail, but it sometimes happens that the nitre remains undissolved, and the milk retains the objectionable flavour. Instead of this, make a strong solution of saltpetre—say a pint of boiling water on an ounce of saltpetre; when thoroughly dissolved, put it in a bottle, and stand in a cool place. Before milking, put into the milk-pail a spoonful of this solution, or more, according to the quantity of milk expected, and all turnip flavour will

be entirely destroyed. It also in a great degree destroys the bad flavour given to butter by the yellow crows-foot, or butter-cup.

To make Yeast.—Boil two ounces of best hops in rather more than a gallon of water for an hour; strain it, and if reduced to less than a gallon, complete that quantity by pouring some more boiling water through the hops; add two tablespoonfuls of salt, then mix well together 1 pound of fine flour, and half-a-pound of coarse sugar; when the sugar is milk warm, stir these thoroughly into it, and add two tea-spoonfuls of brewer's yeast, which finishes the process; keep the mixture closely covered for twenty-four hours, in a moderately warm place, stirring it frequently; it will then be fit for use, and will keep good for two or three months in stone bottles, at first lightly corked, in a cellar, or other cool place, stored up; when used, the bottle must be well shaken, and the sediment stirred up with a stick. Brewer's yeast is only necessary in the first instance; the yeast thus produced will serve to work any future making. Half-a-pint of the yeast is sufficient for 28 pounds of flour. Set the sponge over night.

Custard for plain families, or for children to use with fruit pie.—Boil a pint of new milk, reserving a little cold to mix with a tablespoonful of flour. Thicken the milk with the flour, let it cool a little, then add an egg well beaten, sweeten to taste, set it on the fire again, and stir till the egg thickens, but do not allow it to boil; if desired, add a spoonful of rose water, or a little lemon or almond flavouring, and pour into the dish or bowl in which it is to be served.

Unfermented Bread.—The following plan, after many trials, has answered perfectly, in the making of unfermented brown bread:—12 oz. of brown flour, 1 drachm of carbonate of soda, 1 drachm of muriatic acid, 7½ oz. of water. The soda is first rubbed in with the flour, the acid poured into the water, and the whole mixed with a wooden spoon, and baked in a tin. The above is a great improvement on the recipe you gave in a former number of the *Family Economist*. If people in general were aware of the little trouble in preparing this kind of loaf, and its excellence when made, it would soon become very general.

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one !
 Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
 Hereafter she may have a son
 Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
 Love thy mother, little one !

Gaze upon her living eyes,
 And mirror back her love for thee,—
 Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
 To meet them, when they cannot see.
 Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow
 With love, that they have often told,—
 Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.
 Press her lips the while they glow !

Oh ! revere her raven hair !
 Although it be not silver-gray ;
 Too early, Death, led on by care,
 May snatch save one dear lock away.
 Oh ! revere her raven hair !

Pray for her at eve and morn,
 That heaven may long the stroke defer,
 For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.
 Pray for her at eve and morn !

Hood.

MAXIMS FOR GARDENERS.

(From *Gardening for Children*, by the Rev. C. A. JOHNS.*)

Grow nothing carelessly ; whatever is worth growing at all, is worth growing well.

Many kinds of garden seeds lose their vegetative power, if kept over the first year ; be sure, therefore, to sow none but new seeds.

Melons, cucumbers, and other plants of the gourd tribe, form an exception to this rule ; their seeds should not be sown until they are several years old, for they will then produce plants with scanty foliage, but abundant fruit.

The seeds of most weeds will retain their vegetative power for an unlimited number of years ; take care, therefore, that all weeds are burnt, or, at all events, that they are not thrown on piles, from which they would be liable to be brought back to the garden.

The first leaves which appear above ground (called the seed-leaves) are the sole nourishment of the young plant until it has acquired roots ; therefore, if they be destroyed, or seriously injured, the young plant must die.

Seeds will not vegetate unless within the influence of moisture, air, and heat ; be careful, therefore, not to sow your seeds too deep, or they will never come up.

Little good is obtained by saving your own seed from common annuals and vegetables ; your ground is worth more to you for other purposes than the cost of the quantity of seed which you will require ; besides which, you will have a better crop from seed raised in a different soil.

The roots of very young plants are not strong enough to bear removal ; the best time for transplanting seedlings is when they have made from four to six leaves ; for by

this time the roots will be able to perform their proper functions.

Plants, when exposed to the action of light, transmit moisture copiously through their leaves ; transplanted seedlings, therefore, and cuttings, should be shaded from the sun until their roots are strong enough to supply moisture as rapidly as it is thrown off.

Roots require that air should be admitted to them ; the surface of a clayey soil should therefore be disturbed as often as it begins to cake.

Let unoccupied ground be left in as rough a state as possible during the winter, in order that a large surface may be exposed to the frost, and the soil become thoroughly loosened.

Frost takes effect more readily on roots that have been dug up, than on those which are left in the ground ; therefore, either give your store roots complete protection, or let them stay in the ground.

All plants absorb from the ground different juices ; a constant variation of crops is, therefore, indispensable.

Leaves absorb and give out moisture, and inhale and exhale air ; they are, consequently, the most important organs of a plant, and if they are destroyed, or injured, the whole plant suffers.

The pores in the leaves of the plants, by which they transmit moisture and air, are exceedingly minute, and liable to be choked by exposure to dust, and especially soot ; delicate plants should therefore be placed out of the reach of smoke, and if their leaves become soiled they should be washed.

The branches and leaves of plants rarely touch another while growing in a state of nature ; learn from this not to crowd plants

* Cox, King William-street. A most delightful and instructive little volume.—
 Ed. F. E.

too much in your beds; air and light are as necessary to them as earth and water.

The throwing off of its leaves by a newly-planted cutting, is a sign that growth has commenced; on the contrary, when leaves wither on the stem, it is a sign that the plant has not strength to perform the natural function of throwing them off.

When shrubs produce an abundance of foliage, but no flowers, either move them to a poorer soil, or cut through some of the principal roots.

Dry east winds are injurious, by absorbing moisture from the leaves of plants more rapidly than they are prepared to give it out; weather of this kind requires to be guarded against more than the severest frost.

If a grass plot becomes over-run with moss, manure the surface, and the grass will gain strength so as to overcome the intruder.

In all cases of pruning, cut towards you, beginning a little below a bud, but on the opposite side, and ending just above the bud; by this means the wood will be kept alive by the bud, and no water will be able to settle about it and cause it to rot.

Leaves shaded from the light do not acquire depth of colour or strength of flavour; gardeners take advantage of this fact, tying up lettuces and earthing celery, that they may be white and mild.

Light is necessary to flowers that they may acquire their proper hues; therefore, when kept in rooms, their place should be as near to the window as possible.

All plants have a season of rest; discover what season is peculiar to each, and choose that season for transplanting.

Plants are in their most active state of growth while in flower; avoid transplanting them at this period, for in all probability they will suffer from the check.

On the contrary, choose the period of flowering in preference to any other for taking cuttings, as they are then most active in forming roots.

Plants, when in bloom, have all their juices in the most perfect state; choose, therefore, the period of their beginning to flower for cutting all aromatic and medicinal herbs.

Profuse flowering exhausts the strength of plants, therefore remove flower-buds before they expand from all newly-rooted cuttings and sickly plants.

No plants can bear sudden contrasts of temperature, therefore bring nothing direct from a hothouse to the open air. Warm weather should be chosen even for bringing out plants from a greenhouse.

Remove all dead flowers from perennials, unless you wish to save seed; the plants will thus be prevented from exhausting themselves.

To procure a succession of roses, prune down to three buds on all the branches of some trees as soon as the buds begin to expand; defer the same operation with others

until the leaves are expanding; in the former case the three buds will bear early flowers; in the latter they will not begin to expand until the others are in full foliage, and will bloom proportionally later.

By checking the growth of plants, you throw strength into the flowers and fruit. This is the reason why gardeners nip off the terminal shoots of beans and other such vegetables. On this principle too is founded the valuable art of pruning.

Generally speaking, the smaller the quantity of fruit on a tree, the higher the flavour; therefore, thin all fruits in moderation, but avoid excess. A single gooseberry on a tree, or a single bunch of grapes on a vine, no matter how fine it may be, is a disgrace to good gardening.

Fruit should always be gathered in dry weather, and carefully laid in baskets, not dropped into them. The slightest bruise will cause fruit to decay.

All bulbs and tubers should be placed in the ground before they begin to shoot. If suffered to form leaves and roots in the air, they waste their strength.

Never remove the leaves from bulbs after flowering until they are quite dead. As long as the leaves retain life, they are employed in preparing nourishment, and transmitting it to the roots.

Vegetables that are valued for their juiciness and mild flavour should be grown quickly. The reverse should be the case when a strong flavour is required.

Though rapid growth is desirable in succulent vegetables, this is not the case with most flowering shrubs, which form bushy, and therefore handsomer plants, when grown slowly.

Few plants thrive in stagnant water; potted plants should therefore always have a thorough drainage of broken pots or brick, and should not be allowed to stand in damp saucers. They require but little water during the winter; but when they begin to grow, they should be liberally supplied.

Plants in pots are more liable to be injured by frost than plants in the ground which are exposed to the same temperature, because the fibres of their roots cling to the sides of the pots, and are soon affected. If they are kept out of doors during the winter, bury the pots in the ground.

All garden hedges should be kept clear of weeds; or, when the latter run to seed, they will supply your gardens with a stock against the next season.

Finally, whether you sow seeds, water the young plants, or reap the produce, remember that you are dependent for all on God's blessing. With all your care and industry, you will find yourselves sometimes disappointed when least you expect it. He has been pleased to ordain that certain results shall ordinarily follow from certain labours in the tillage of the ground, reserving to himself the power of setting your industry at naught, in order to remind you that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," whether that word command the earth to bring forth abundantly, or whether it send forth the cankerworm to eat what the caterpillar has left.

VARIETIES.

POISONOUS SWEETMEATS.—The *Leeds Mercury* contains a report of an inquest held at Birstal, on the body of Mary West, a child two years old, who died in consequence of eating a farthing's worth of coloured spice strawberries. The sweetmeats were bought at a little confectioner's shop in Birstal by the child's father, and given to her on the morning of Saturday week; she was shortly after taken ill, and died the following day. Chemical examinations of the comfits showed that each one contained three quarters of a grain of sulphate of lime, (gypsum,) introduced to give firmness to them in the place of gum arabic. The poison was probably contained in the colouring matter. A verdict in accordance with these facts was returned.

THE GOLD USED BY DENTISTS.—The public and the medical profession generally are not aware of a very fruitful source of disease which arises from the introduction into the mouths of many thousand persons of metallic plates, and other apparatus for the securing of artificial teeth. These plates, &c., are nominally constructed of gold, but in point of fact, in innumerable instances, there is little or no gold used in the construction of them; silver gilt, or some still baser metal, is employed, which, being acted upon by the acids of the stomach, produces a poison which insidiously undermines the health, causing cancer and other diseases.—*Times*.

THE GREATEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.—At the recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in London, the Rev. Dr. Duff, an eminent missionary, gave the following description of a pagoda in India:—"In Seringham you have the hugest heathen temple that can probably be found from the north to the south pole. It is a square, each side being a mile in length, so that it is four miles round. Talk of your Crystal Palace! Why, as a man would put a penny into his pocket, you might put your Crystal Palace into the pocket of this huge Pagoda. The walls are twenty-five feet high, and four or five feet thick, and in the centre of each wall rises a lofty tower. Entering the first square, you come to another with a wall as high, and with four more towers. Within that square there is another, and within that again another—and you find seven squares, one within another, crowded by thousands of Brahmins. The great hall for pilgrims is supported by a thousand pillars, each cut out of a single block of stone."

CHEAPNESS OF THE GREAT GLASS HOUSE.—If for nothing else, this tremendous pile of transparency is astounding for its cheapness; it is actually less costly than an agricultural barn, or an Irish cabin. A division of its superficies in cubic feet by the sums to be

paid for it, brings out the astounding quotient of little more than one half-penny (9-16ths of a penny) per cubic foot—supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractors when the exhibition is over; or, if it remains a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and 1-12th of a penny per cubic foot. The ordinary expense of a barn is more than twice as much, or twopence half-penny per foot. Here are the figures:—The entire edifice contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. If borrowed, and taken down, the sum to be paid is £79,800; if bought, to become a winter garden, £150,000.—*Dickens' Household Words*

FUNERAL POMP.—It has been estimated that during the forty-five years that the cemetery of Père la Chaise has been in existence, nearly 120,000,000f., or £5,000,000 sterling have been expended upon the erection of chapelles and tombs. There are nearly 16,000 of them, built of the finest granite, sandstone, and polished Carrara marble. They are silent monuments of affection or vanity, and to our mind, silent commentaries too upon the strange sentiment of France. It tolerates purlieus like the Faubourg St. Antoine, in which the living darkle—in which they rob, starve, smother themselves with charcoal, and murder for a subsistence—in which a language is spoken which has been invented, not to express, but to conceal the sentiments of those who use it—in which there is a bitterness of life, a sentient death, that comes ever and again rolling out with furious eyes and grinning jaws upon society; and close beside this faubourg, which travellers are warned to shun, this same sentiment, so neglectful to the living, has erected 16,000 marble chapelles, &c., at an enormous expense, in memory of the dead. A splendid, and, at the same time, a pitiable promenade, is the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is a splendid illustration of the French passion for effect.—*Hogg's Instructor*.

The Corner.

"If I were to see a miracle, I should be converted." They who speak thus are ignorant of the real nature of conversion. They imagine that nothing more is necessary than to acknowledge the existence of God, and that his worship consists in addressing him much in the same way as the pagans addressed their idols. True conversion consists in self-annihilation before that sovereign Being whom we have so often offended, and who may justly and at all times destroy us; in feeling that without him we can do nothing, and that we have deserved nothing at his hand but infamy and rejection. It consists in feeling that there is an invincible variance between God and us: and that without a mediator, there can be no intercourse.—*Pascal*.

Fig. 1.

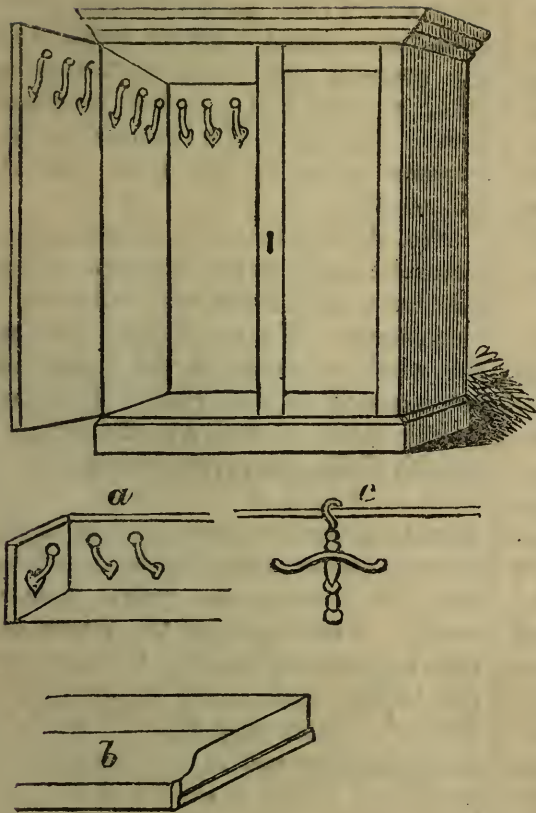


Fig. 2.

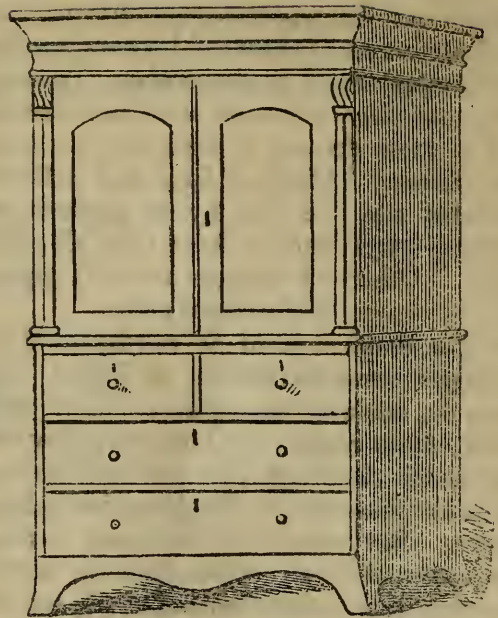
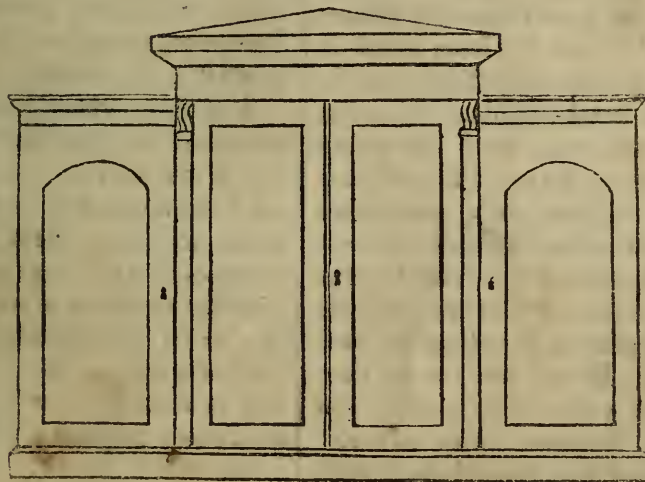


Fig. 3.



HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

MUCH of what has been said in the two former articles, respecting the convenience and usefulness of chests of drawers, applies with equal truth to *wardrobes*. In some respects they are even more convenient, for in them dresses or coats can be hung up without folding, or light and delicate articles may be laid by themselves on sliding trays, and so kept from all pressure. Other advantages too will appear in the course of the description.

The simplest kind of wardrobe is an upright press as shown at *Fig. 1*. It may be made of mahogany, oak, or walnut; most commonly however, they are made of pine and painted to suit customers who cannot afford to give a high price. But caution is necessary in buying painted furniture, as there is risk of getting water-colour instead of oil, and for this reason: in order to meet the great desire for cheapness, cabinet-makers give a coat of size to such articles as they wish to paint, and upon this a coat of water-colour of any required shade. The size prevents the water-colour from soaking in, and when all is dry it is finished off with a coat of varnish, and to an unpractised eye looks as well as oil-colour. But a trial proves the difference, the varnish, which is common, soon rubs off, and then the protection being gone the water-colour wears away rapidly and the bare wood is exposed. This is particularly the case with common painted wash-stands. Many a purchaser has wondered that the paint should wear away so fast, little thinking that what they supposed to be paint was not more durable than whitewash. Therefore, in choosing painted furniture buyers must always remember that that which costs least is not always the cheapest, and act accordingly. Every one knows that good oil paint, or japan as it is called, is worth more than common water-colour.

In *fig. 1*, one of the doors is left open to shew the position of the pegs on which clothing is hung; by having a row on the inside of the door, the whole four sides will be filled, and no space wasted. A partition which divides the carcase into two runs from top to bottom, where the doors meet; and the space covered by the closed door is generally fitted with sliding

trays or drawers. The lowest drawer of all is a very deep one for holding bonnets. Sometimes pegs are placed inside, so that the bonnets may hang apart from each other as shewn at *a*, which represents a part of the inside of a bonnet drawer. A common press of this kind costs from £3. to £5.

Fig. 2, combines the advantages of a wardrobe and chest of drawers; it is suitable for a small room, and will stand well in a recess. When the doors are opened the whole contents of the upper carcase are exposed at one view. This part is mostly fitted up with five sliding shelves, or with sliding trays, which run in grooves made in the end of the carcase. The best way to make the trays is first to fit the bottoms (which should be half-inch thick) into the grooves and make them slide easily. Then dovetail the frame of the tray together, rabbet the front to receive the bottom, and screw it on all round. This is a better way than to screw slips on the carcase end to serve as guides. A portion of a tray is shewn at *a*. If the bottoms are of deal, instead of colouring them with ochre, as is usual, the cleanest way is to line them with paper. The ordinary size of a wardrobe of the kind here described is from 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 6 in. wide, and about 8 ft. in height. The price, if made of mahogany, from £6. to £10.; if painted, £4. to £6.

Fig. 3, is what is called a *wing wardrobe*, and is the most serviceable of all, but it can only appear to advantage, or be used with comfort in a large room. It is usual to make them seven or eight feet wide and as many in height; but it is possible to make a small wardrobe after the same pattern should it be preferred. Such an one is called a *dwarf wardrobe*, and is often made with the wings highest, as dresses require a considerable space to hang at full length. One or both of the wings may be fitted with pegs as shewn at *fig. 1*, or the dresses may be suspended by the contrivance marked *c*. A rod of wood or metal is fitted across the wing, to which the instrument called the *stretcher* hangs by a hook. The two projecting arms of this pass into the arms of the dress, and thus support it in the best

possible manner. By having a number of stretchers, six or eight dresses may be suspended side by side, they can thus be easily seen, and any one lifted down without disturbing the others. If it be preferred the centre carcase may have drawers below, as *fig. 2*, or the whole of the inside may be fitted with trays and a bonnet

drawer. Wing wardrobes cost from £10. to £20.

One convenience of a wardrobe over a chest of drawers is worth remembering:—one lock on the door secures the things inside as well as the five or six locks on the drawers, and with far less trouble.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

PART SECOND.

‘Does Mr. James Granger live here,’ enquired Williams of a group of dirty looking children, who were playing about the door and in the passage of a mean looking house in one of the back streets of White-chapel.

‘Yes, he’s my father,’ was the rough reply of one of the boys.

‘Can I see him, my man?’

‘No! he’s not at home.’

‘Say, *sir*,’ whispered a little girl who was standing at his elbow. How rude you are to the gentleman, Jim.

‘Perhaps your mother is at home then. Can I see her?’

‘Yes, *sir*, mother is at home,’ answered the girl, ‘shall I run up stairs and call her down, or will you go up, *sir*?’

‘I’ll go up my little maid, if you please,’ Williams replied, but he found the task more difficult than he expected. The stairs were in total darkness, and so strewn with broken playthings, marbles, bits of china, and things of that description, that it was really dangerous to tread on them.

The child tripped on before, and ran into the front room on the first-floor. ‘Mother,’ she said in a loud whisper which reached the ears of the visitor. ‘Here’s a gentleman wants you.’

‘A gentleman; is he really a gentleman?’

‘Yes, he looks like one, and he’s coming up stairs.’

A bustle followed, occasioned by the scrambling together of some litters which were thrown into a corner. Mrs. Granger then made her appearance at the door. She was a tall, thin, slatternly-looking woman of about three or four and thirty. ‘What is your business with me, *sir*,’ she said in an agitated voice.

‘My name is Williams. Perhaps you have heard your husband speak of George Williams, his fellow apprentice.’

‘Oh, yes, very often,’ she cried. ‘Come in, *sir*, I’m very glad to see you, and so will my husband be;’ and the cheerful manner in which this was said convinced the guest that he was welcome, and also that the mention of his name had relieved the poor woman of some terrible dread.

Williams now entered a large, ill-furnished, uncarpeted room, lighted up by a glare from the lamps of an adjacent gin-palace.

Mrs. Granger cleared him a chair near the fire-place, for fire there was none, excepting a few sparks at the bottom of the sooty grate. ‘We are in a sad muddle, *sir*,’ she said, ‘but I’ve a large family to attend to, and my baby has been very ill all day.’

‘Never mind,’ said her visitor, good humouredly. ‘When do you expect your husband?’

‘Oh, he’ll be in, in a few minutes. He’ll be in to his tea. We’ll have tea very soon,’ she added, catching up an old pair of bellows without a nose, and trying to puff the dying embers into a flame. ‘Have you just come off a journey, *sir*?’

‘No, I came into London the day before yesterday; but I shall go home to-morrow or the next day, and I should like to spend an hour with my old friend.’

‘I have been busy and have almost let my fire out,’ she now said. ‘Nancy,’ she added, addressing the little girl, ‘run and get a few sticks—your father will be so cross if he comes in and finds the tea not made.’

The girl returned saying there was not a bit of wood in the cupboard.

'Then run and get me a bundle.' Mrs. Granger here put her hand into her pocket, but having drawn it out again empty, she said a few words in a low tone to the child, who ran off in great haste. A cry from the cradle called off the attention of the mother. A few minutes of hushing and rocking lulled the little one to sleep, again, and by that time Nancy re-appeared—still, however, without any wood. 'Mrs. Smith says she won't trust father another halfpenny,' she whispered to her mother.

The poor woman looked deeply distressed, and Williams thrust his hand into his pocket. He felt a difficulty, however, in offering her assistance.

'Pick up those shavings that are lying about the room,' she said. This was done, and the shavings were forced into the grate, but though they made a bright blaze, they did not set light to the coals.

Mrs. Granger, with a desperate effort, next caught up a broken cart which the youngest boy had just before been dragging along on a bit of string.

'You shan't burn my cart, mother,' he bawled out.

'Oh, it's no good, Johnny my dear, I'll buy you a better cart when we go out next time.'

'No you shan't have it,' he shouted, and he set up a loud bellow.

'There take it, you naughty boy,' cried his mother, throwing it from her with such force that the last wheel came off. 'You know I've got no wood to light the fire with, and that your father will be in a passion with us all when he comes in.'

Williams could forbear no longer, but drawing a shilling out of his pocket, offered it to her. 'Take this if you are short of money till your husband comes in,' he said.

'Thank you—you are very kind—but—but perhaps Granger will not have money to pay you again, he has—'

'Well, never mind that, take it at all events, and get what you want.'

'I do want two or three things,' she returned, 'I have no candle, and scarcely any bread. Granger has had very little work lately.'

'Why this is a busy time in our business too,' added her guest.

The poor woman turned aside to give

the orders for the articles with a sorrowful look.

'I hope Granger is not spending his time at a public-house,' said Williams, as she again stooped down before the fire-place.

'Well, sir, he is at work to-day, I think; but I'm afraid he didn't go to the shop at all, either Monday or Tuesday.'

'You mean he could have had work if he had liked to do it.'

'Yes, I'm afraid so. He often serves me so, I'm sorry to say. I don't like to speak against him, sir,' she added, and her eyes began to fill with tears; 'but really he leads me a miserable life. You see what a wretched home we have. I am ashamed to see any body. I know *you* live in a very different way, for he told me what a nice comfortable pretty place you have got.'

'Well, my good woman, we will see if something can be done to make *your* home more happy. I've set my heart on making a teetotaler of Granger. I tried at it when he was with us, and I thought he was more than half convinced that it would be for his good.'

'Ah, if you could do that, Mr. Williams, you would do a good thing indeed,' she exclaimed, her face brightening at the thought. It is that horrible drink that is ruining us. He has been getting worse lately. At first he didn't use to get drunk, only I could not get him to spend his evenings at home.'

A heavy step was now heard on the stairs. 'Here he is,' she exclaimed, 'and I havn't got the kettle boiling.'

Again the broken bellows were caught up.

'What, are you all in the dark, and isn't the tea ready,' cried Granger, as he came in at the open door. 'You lazy creature what have you been at,' he added, darting a fierce glance at his wife; then catching a glimpse of the figure of a man in the chair by the fire, he said surlily, 'who have you got here.'

'It is I, my boy,' exclaimed Williams, starting up from his seat, and holding out his hand.

'What!—no—it can't be—surely it isn't George.'

'Surely it is though,' cried his visitor, laughing. 'I foraged you out you see. Come,' he added, tapping him on the shoulder, 'don't be hard upon your better-

half, she is doing the best she can to make the kettle boil for us.'

'Baby has been worse again this afternoon, Jem,' said Mrs. Granger, 'that is what has taken up my time.' Then she added in an under tone, as she passed him to go out of the room, 'You left me no money even to buy a bundle of wood, and there is not a shovel of coals left.'

'This will shew you what sort of a home my wife makes *me*,' he said addressing Williams, as he looked round.

'But have you given her the means to make it comfortable?'

'No, I haven't got the means; I haven't a penny piece in the world: still, there is no need for all this dirt and muddle.'

'But the sick baby has taken her attention. Be a little reasonable, man. And how is it you are so poor this time of the year; we are all alive at our shop.'

'Oh, times are very bad in London.'

'That is strange—things are generally better in London than in country towns, however, we will talk about these matters over our tea.'

'I shall have no time for tea—or if I do stay I shall have half an hour's pay cut off at the end of the week, and it's little enough I've got to take.'

The meal was ready in a few minutes, but Granger was not in a temper to enjoy it. He was, in heart, vexed that Williams had come to town, for he expected to be closely questioned upon a subject which was far from pleasant. He was glad, therefore, of an excuse for going off to his work.

'Well, I shall stop and have a chat with your wife,' said his guest, as he rose to go.

'I'd ask you to stay till I come back again,' Granger said, 'but there is no comfort *here*, and I know it's no use asking you to go and have a pint and a pipe where one *could* be comfortable.'

'No indeed, and I am sorry to find you go there still.'

'I've no choice.'

'You've no right to say that, Jem,' cried Mrs. Granger, who was now getting angry, 'You are always saying *I* make your home miserable, but it's not true. It is all your own fault, and you know it is.'

'Well don't quarrel, my good friends,' cried Williams. 'I shall stop here, and have a chat with your wife whether you come back to see me or not.'

'Then I will come back. But I really don't know whether Jane has got a crust of bread and cheese to offer you. You've come at such an unlucky time.'

'Never mind that, I came to see *you*, not to eat your bread and cheese; and I dare say we shall find a way of getting something.'

Granger laughed, but it was evidently not with a very light spirit.

As soon as he was gone, Williams placed a few shillings in Mrs. Granger's hand, and begged she would send for some coals and anything else they were in want of. 'Now my good friend,' he said, as after a little while she sat down with her babe in her arms before the now cheerful fire, 'I have spoken very candidly to your husband, and I hope you will not take it amiss if I am as candid with you.'

'Oh, I could not take anything amiss you could say, Mr. Williams,' she replied; 'you are so very kind.'

'Well, I am sure what I say to you both is intended to be kind; but I am going to give you *some advice* which you *may* think I have no right to do.'

'Indeed I shall be very glad of advice,' she made answer, 'for I am almost at my wits' ends to know what to do. To tell you the truth, I have been expecting a broker in every hour this day. Our landlord has threatened it for some days past, and then we shall lose everything we have for a few weeks' rent.'

'Indeed,' said Williams, 'I am grieved to hear that. However, we must make the best we can of this sad affair. Perhaps Granger will be more willing to follow my counsel if I help him out of his difficulties. Happily, I have a little money just now I can help a friend with; but I don't think I should do right to use it in that way, unless he promises me to give up these drinking habits. It would be of no use; he would be as badly off as ever in a week or two's time.'

'Yes, that he would, Sir. He'll never do any good for himself or his family whilst he spends so much time and money at a public house. Oh, if you could persuade him to give that up!'

'Well, I'll do my best to try. But I want you to help me.'

'Oh, it's no use for me to say anything; he is only angry. I've talked to him till I'm tired; he won't hear me, sir.'

'I don't want you to *talk*, my good woman,' returned her visitor, smiling, 'I want you to *act*.'

She looked up to enquire his meaning. 'Now I'm going to test your good temper,' he added, in the same cheerful tone. 'I have a notion that if you were to try to make your husband's home more comfortable, he would not be quite so willing to go from it; for, with all his faults, he is not quite without good feeling.'

'Oh no, that he isn't,' cried the wife, her thin features glowing with animation. 'If it wasn't for those shopmates of his, I really believe he wouldn't do it, for I know he loves me at bottom. But they'll never let him rest if he don't go with them.'

'And you love him at bottom and at top too,' added Williams, laughing. 'It is easy to see that; and that makes me think it such a pity that you shouldn't be happier together.'

'Well, what can I do?'

'I'll just tell you what *my* wife does to make *me* stay at home. She always has her house clean and neat, and is always tidy herself, and keeps the children so. Then she has always got my meals ready for me when I come in, so that I can have time to have them comfortable; and above all, she always puts on a smile—yes, even if I am a little out of temper myself, which I sometimes am, for I'm naturally irritable.'

Mrs. Granger looked a little grave, but did not speak.

'I am very plain spoken you see,' rejoined her guest.

'Yes; but I dare say what you say is very true. I am not offended indeed.'

'I hope not. I hope you are too wise for that. Well, I cannot help thinking that if you were to do your part in the matter, Granger would be more likely to do his; and that in the end you'd find the plan answer.'

'I'll try it at all events!' exclaimed the wife with energy. 'I know I have grown rather careless, and cross too, of late, for things have gone on so badly.'

'Yes, that, you see, is the way to make them worse.'

'To be sure it is; but I've had a good deal to try me.'

'I know you have, and I feel for you. I've known your husband from a boy, you know. But I shall see you happy together yet I hope.'

'I hope so. Oh, I would do anything that I thought would keep him at home, and make him kind to me, as he used to be when we were first married.'

Granger did not after all return home in time to see his visitor again that night. He was persuaded just to take one pint and a pipe, and that taken, he was easily induced to stay longer and take more. The reckoning being left, as usual, till Saturday evening.

When Williams called the next day which he did about noon, he found the family in greater distress than before. The landlord had put his threat into effect, and a broker was taking an inventory of the furniture. Granger, who was at home, was sitting in stupified and sullen silence in one corner of the room. The children were crying, and the mother hoping that their new friend would arrive in time to save them, yet fearing that he might not, was walking up and down with her baby in her arms, in the most torturing suspense.

The scene needed no explanation. Williams saw in a moment what had taken place. He begged the broker would not remove any thing at present, and then called Granger away.

The two young men then walked up and down the street together for half an hour, in earnest conversation. We cannot relate what passed but the result will perhaps give the reader some idea of what was the subject. When they returned to the house, Williams paid the arrears of rent, sent for a good dinner for all, and then sat down and shared it with them; and that very evening he and Granger went together to the Temperance Hall, where the latter subscribed his name to the Total Abstinence pledge.

About six months after this circumstance took place, Williams received a letter, from which the subjoined is an extract:—

'We have now a pretty first-floor, in

a quiet respectable street. Our room is carpetted all over, and there is a bright stove, and a pair of bellows with a *nosel to them*. Plenty of wood and coals in the cellar, too. My Jane and the children are well drest and clean, and she is as good-tempered and industrious a wife

as any man need wish for. Then we have our window sills full of flowers, and a painted book-shelf, of my own making, full of nice new books. All this we owe to *you*, my good friend, and to *T'eetotalism*.'

ABOUT LETTER WRITING.

It is a great privilege to be able to send a letter for a penny from one part of the United Kingdom to another, however great the distance. If at any time you want to ask your friends how they are, and let them know all about yourself and your doings, you have only to write what you wish, seal it up, fasten a Queen's-head on the corner, drop it into the letter-box, and away it goes at railway speed to all the corners of the land. It is only in a highly civilized country, where law and order prevail, where confidence exists, that such speedy and cheap inter-communication could take place. Let any one imagine how difficult it must be to send a letter in a country where there are no roads, no bridges, no mail-coaches, no railway-trains, and where travellers are in continual fear of being robbed, and he will come to some idea of the great amount of thought, skill, industry, and self-control which must be exercised before such means of rapid travelling could be realized as are now open to every one in England.

As was prognosticated more letters by hundreds of thousands are sent now than formerly. Indeed it may be said that

Those write now who never wrote before,
And they who always wrote now write the more.

But there are more ways than one of writing—a good way and a bad way; and unfortunately very many persons never get out of the bad one. To them letter-writing is a most irksome or almost impossible task. When seated at the table, they generally spread out their elbows and take up the room of three persons, they bend their head close down to the paper, and put out their tongue, as though all these awkward efforts were a real part of the operation of setting their thoughts down on paper. We were once at the Bank of England, when a country wheelwright came to ask for certain dividends which were due to him. He had not re-

ceived any for five years, so that he had to sign his name ten times; once for each six months. And what a task it was to him! After getting the pen between his fingers, he looked for a minute at the line on which he was to sign, and then summoning courage, and screwing up his muscles as though he were going to knock down a bullock, he began. The first signature was the work of about two minutes. He then laid down the pen, took off his hat, and wiped from his forehead the perspiration which came out in big drops at the thought of what he had yet to do. After that, two more signatures, when he stopped for another wipe, and exclaimed 'Tis harder work than putting on tires;' and altogether he was about twenty minutes signing his name ten times. Here was a striking instance of a difficulty being made out of what is in itself no difficulty. If the wheelwright had only accustomed himself to do a little writing occasionally, say once a-week even, he would not have made such a labour of receiving his dividends. It is well worth while for every one to take a little pains in learning to get a ready use of the pen.

How easy to many people seems the writing of a letter; all that they want to say is in their head, and there appears no reason why they should not bring it out comfortably. So down they sit and begin by writing the words '*My dear Friend*,' and there they stop. They sit and look at these few words for half an hour wondering so hard what they shall say next; very often they can't think of anything else, although it seems to be in their head ready to come forth, and they give up the task in despair. Those persons who find it so very difficult to express their thoughts in writing would do well to copy passages from Dr. Franklin's works, and Robinson Crusoe, as the style of these is clear and sound. After a little time spent in copying, an attempt might be

made to write down passages from memory, and thus by degrees the power would be gained of expressing thought in written words.

Here we must make a remark about thinking. Most people fancy that they think, because hour after hour a number of ideas pass through their mind; but these ideas are in the main a loose jumble, no more like real thought than a heap of bricks is like a finished house. Sand cannot be spun into ropes, neither can loose ideas be easily shaped into a letter. So if people want to write they must first find thoughts, and then express those thoughts clearly and connectedly. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Thus far what we have said applies to people who are more or less awkward writers, we must now say something about those who know how to use their pen, and can write a letter quickly, but without saying what they want to say in a correct style, and very often are not understood. It is ten chances to one if they put a date to their letter, or the name of the place at which it was written; so that you don't know if it is a day old or a week old, nor can you always tell where it comes from. Then in the letter itself that which should come first is put last, and now and then you find something which is really important mixed up with matters altogether unconnected with the subject—hear that farmer Tubb 'had a sheep stole,' or somebody's aunt is 'bad with rheumatism.' Such information is all very well in its proper place, but it is not to be brought in any how. Some people have a habit of filling their letters so full of gossip that they forget what they wished to say until the end, and then squeeze it into a postscript. Others think it good fun to sprinkle their letters with jokes; but unless a joke is very good it should never be spoken, much less committed to writing. The faults here indicated are not confined to the uneducated classes; for, as we know by experience, there are numbers of persons in what are called the respectable ranks, who cannot write a letter as a letter ought to be written.

Men and women, it is often said, are but children of a larger growth, there being more similarity between the old and the young than is commonly supposed.

Such being the case we shall make use of a boy's letter for the purpose of giving a lesson in the art of letter-writing.

The boy in question was on a visit to some of his relatives at a little distance from home and wrote one day to his mother as follows:—

Dear Mother,

I hope you are quite well. Uncle's going to have a new pig-stye built, and we went to the Baptist Chapel last Sunday. Oh, Mother, there's such a nice little donkey to be sold, and so cheap mother, and aunt says she thinks of coming to see you very soon. 'Tis only half-a-crown, mother, so do let me have the donkey. There was such a thunder-storm here last week. We could keep him in the wash-house mother, he isn't a big one, so do let me have the donkey. He'd be so useful mother, I hope father is quite well, and John and Charles could ride upon him as well as me, so I hope you will let me have the donkey.

Your dutiful son,

William Gape.

P. S.—Don't forget the donkey.

In beginning to write a letter, unless there are special reasons to the contrary, you should first set down the name of the place at which you write, also the day of the month, and, whenever necessary, the name of the street and number of the house in which you live. For want of one or other of these particulars, it often happens that the person who receives the letter cannot answer it from not knowing the address of the writer. If writing to strangers, it is usual to say *Sir* or *Madam*, and if to acquaintances, *Dear Sir* or *Dear Madam*, according to the degree of intimacy between the parties. Among relatives and intimate friends the name is used with *Dear* or *My Dear* before it.

Now let us examine William Gape's letter and see what can be made of it; we shall add nothing, but only correct the errors, and substitute order for disorder. The first omission is the date and address:—

*16, Church Street, Basingstoke,
July 17th, 1850.*

Dear Mother,

I hope you and father are quite well. We went to the Baptist Chapel last Sunday; uncle is going to have a new pig-

style built, and aunt says she thinks of going to see you very soon. There was such a thunder-storm here last week. Oh, mother, there's such a nice little donkey to be sold, and so cheap mother; only half-a-crown, so do let me have him. We could keep him in the wash-house, mother, so do let me have the donkey. He'd be so useful, and John and Charles could ride upon him as well as I, so I hope you will let me have the donkey.

&c., &c.

With this alteration it is still a boy's letter, but there is no confusion. The inquiry concerning the parents' health comes first, where we should naturally look for it. Then follow the items of news, not very connected it is true. But kept from straggling. Then the most important topic of the letter comes where it will make the most impression, and all the anticipated advantages are strengthened by being kept close together, and some unnecessary words are omitted. There was no need to repeat the word *mother* quite so often, neither after stating that the donkey was a *nice little one* was there any necessity to add that it was not a *big one*; and as the last words were about the donkey there was no good cause for the

postscript. Some painters, it is said, never know when their pictures are finished, and some letter writers never know when they have said enough.

From all of which it appears, that having first thought of what to say, we must then consider how we shall say it. If there be a difficulty it is a good plan to write the letter first on a piece of waste paper, read it over, correct the faults and then copy out fairly, paying due attention to all the above-mentioned particulars. The writing, too, should be plain and legible: it is not fair to put people to the trouble of making out a wild scrawl. Write the address plainly, and let the name of the place or town to which the letter is to be sent be written large: it saves trouble at the post office in the hurry of sorting. The sorter looks only at the name of the town; it is the postman who delivers that concerns himself with the other part of the direction. Also, the word *paid* should be written on the right hand corner of the letter, after it is folded, at top, or if a stamp is put on this is the place for it—always the right hand corner at top. Attention to these few particulars will save trouble to all parties, and greatly enlarge the pleasure and benefits of letter writing.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF POPULAR APERIENT MEDICINES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE purely mechanical aperients, popularly used, are not numerous. Whole mustard seed, once so fashionable, is now neglected: it may be used in table-spoonful doses in some cases with advantage. The common dried currant, or rather grape, is often given domestically, as an aperient, in gruel, and frequently answers the purpose.

Clysters, or injections, may be classed under the head either of purely mechanical, or of medicinal laxatives, according to their nature. Where clysters are used regularly, in habitual constipation, and as a means of relieving the bowels without the aid of medicine, they cannot be too simple; when water alone is sufficient, it only should be used; when more stimulation is required, the addition of a little brown soap to the fluid will generally answer every purpose, or a small portion

of Epsom salts, a little infusion of senna, or a dessert-spoonful of castor oil may be added. As a habit, the employment of large clysters is bad; they destroy the tone of the bowels; neither ought they to be used too warm: for most persons who require this mode of relief, a pint of tepid water will generally suffice. Read's syringe for self-administration is now too commonly known to require description, and the recently introduced vulcanized india rubber bag is another most convenient form of clyster apparatus, not liable to get out of order; it is by far the best instrument for use in the case of children. Clysters are most useful in those cases in which constipation depends upon inactivity of the lower bowels.

The class of purely medicinal laxatives is very small—manna, sulphur, and magnesia are the most common.

Manna is but little used in modern practice, except as an addition to other more active agents ; its aperient power is very slight, it is apt to gripe, and, if given largely, to disorder the stomach.

Sulphur, from its bulk and the disagreeable odour it communicates to the person, is scarcely adapted for general use as a laxative ; it is often given domestically, but its powers of "purifying the blood," as popularly believed, are much over-rated. It is most useful where there is any tendency to piles, and in such cases is frequently combined with magnesia.

Magnesia is, at times, a good laxative, but uncertain, as its power depends greatly upon the amount of acid it encounters in the stomach and bowels, hence it is rendered more efficacious when taken after vegetable acids or fruits. The best and most agreeable form is, decidedly, the now well-known "fluid magnesia," unless there is much flatulence, when the calcined powder is preferable. Any form of magnesia taken habitually, inevitably weakens the digestive power of the stomach, and the solid forms, such as the calcined, or the carbonate, are objectionable from their liability to form concretions or hard masses, which, particularly in children, may lodge in the large bowel and cause mischief. It is a useful precaution for those who habitually take magnesia in the form of powder, to clear out the bowels at short intervals with a full dose of castor oil.

By purgatives, medical men mean those medicines which not only increase very sensibly the movements of the bowels, but also increase the flow of the secretions into them, making the evacuations more fluid as well as more frequent.

The class of purgative medicines is a large one, but a limited number only are proper for domestic use. These are castor oil, jalap, rhubarb, aloes, senna, Epsom salts, tasteless salts, Rochelle salts, cream of tartar. Calomel, grey powder, and blue pill, ought scarcely to be included among domestic medicines, but as their exclusion here will not prevent their use, they are noticed rather for the sake of caution than of direction.

Castor oil, usually regarded as our safest and surest aperient, has the drawback of its nauseousness to many ; by some individuals it is immediately vomited

when swallowed—some it gripes severely, and in a few it causes deadly faintness ; generally speaking, however, it is quite safe and easy in its operation, and the best domestic medicine. It has the two great advantages of leaving the bowels with a greater tendency to act of themselves than before its operation, and, when taken habitually, of requiring a diminution rather than increase of the dose. Moreover, when the bowels are irritable, it exerts a peculiarly soothing effect upon their lining membrane, and in diarrhoea, is often, when combined with a few drops of laudanum, the most efficient cure. It removes irritant matters, the frequent cause of the disorder. Most persons have their own favourite mode of taking castor oil—in brandy and water is a common one, inadmissible when fever is present ; many prefer it in hot tea or coffee. Good castor oil ought to be perfectly transparent, and almost without smell or taste. Dose varies from a teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls. Castor oil is perhaps the safest and best aperient, when one is required, for newly-born infants, in doses of ten or fifteen drops, mixed up with a little sugar.

Jalap, a useful medicine in proper hands, is not well adapted for domestic administration ; it is nauseous, bulky, apt to gripe, and somewhat uncertain ; lastly—it is often sold much adulterated.

Rhubarb may rank with castor oil as a perfectly safe and gentle aperient. It acts chiefly on the upper bowels and stomach, which it strengthens ; but it is apt to leave a tendency to constipation. It is generally given combined, often with magnesia, or in pill, with aloes, &c. The dose of rhubarb for an adult, varies from ten to thirty grains, or more ; for children it is about five grains. Some persons who are very easily acted upon, or who take rhubarb as much for its stomachic as for its aperient powers, habitually carry a portion of the root in their pockets, from which they cut and swallow small portions. The taste is not much perceived in this way. The well-known tincture of rhubarb can scarcely be called an aperient, although it is taken as such. The compound rhubarb pill is perhaps one of the best and mildest purgatives we possess—it contains aloes. Rhubarb is apt to increase any tendency to head-affections, such as epilepsy, in the predisposed.

Aloes, one of the most useful and extensively used purgatives, is seldom given alone, and is scarcely employed domestically, except in its combinations, particularly in pill; indeed, there are few active aperient pills into the composition of which aloes does not enter. The action is certain, and, except in peculiar cases, easy and safe. Generally speaking, in pregnancy, and where any tendency to piles exists, the use of medicines containing aloes is better avoided, its action being exerted principally upon the lower-bowels. The simple aloetic pill, and the compound rhubarb and compound colocynth pills, are the only forms in which this drug ought to be administered by the unprofessional. Of these, the compound colocynth is considerably the most active. One or two pills of any of the above may be taken at bed-time. Aloetic purgatives may be taken for a length of time without requiring the dose to be increased; the continual use, however, is apt to induce piles.

Senna—safe, certain, and convenient, deservedly holds a high place among domestic aperients, especially for children. It is a pure aperient, does not depress or debilitate, and is admissible in most forms of disease, and at all times of life. Senna is often said to gripe, but this effect most generally results from faulty preparation, or from adulteration; indeed, the drug is often so largely mixed with spurious leaves, that the distinction becomes a matter of importance. The true senna leaf varies in form from lance-shaped to round oval. One side of the leaf is always longer than the other, and the whole surface smooth, with the principle veins prominent and well marked. The spurious leaf most commonly mixed with it, looks thicker, wants the distinct veining of the true, and has the two sides equal. Senna is generally given infused; if time permits, the infusion ought always to be made with cold water, which in the course of a night will fully extract the purgative principles of the leaf. When quicker preparation is necessary, the infusion may be made with hot water, like common tea; but ought never, as is too commonly done, to be boiled; the higher the temperature used in the preparation, the more likely is it to gripe. Additions such as ginger, caraways, &c. are frequently made to senna to prevent griping,

this is better corrected by attention to the above directions; and no addition covers the slight nauseous taste of the drug so effectually as a small portion of common black tea infused along with it—a little milk and sugar render the tea more pleasant to some. Besides infusion, senna is given in the form of confection, and of syrup; but none of these preparations are so actively certain as the infusion, and may disorder the stomach. The common combination of Epsom salts with senna infusion, &c., forms a very active purgative, but is only suitable for the strong. The common averages dose of senna is a quarter of an ounce infused in almost a breakfast-cupful of water; this will make a tea-cupful of infusion, and be a suitable dose for a child of ten years of age. A smaller quantity of water, however, may be employed.

Epsom salts, from their low price, are not only generally used, but generally abused, especially among the poor, who do themselves much harm by the indiscriminate employment of the medicine; and, indeed, among the wealthier classes, a good ‘rattling dose of salts’ is a favourite remedy. ‘Salts,’ as usually taken, in from half-ounce to one ounce doses, dissolved in a small quantity of water, act briskly, and cause abundant liquid movement; but, as much of the watery evacuation is procured at the expense of the blood, it is evident how lowering and injurious such a drain must be to the weak and delicate, though it *may* be serviceable to the strong and plethoric. Moreover, the aperient action of a strong dose of salts is often deceptive; they seem to cause much action, when, in fact, only the thinner contents of the bowels are discharged, running over, as it were, much solid matter left behind. If, from any cause, a strong dose of salts does not pass through the bowels, more distress is occasioned than by most other aperients under similar circumstances; the flatulent distension often becomes very great, and spasmodic stoppage may ensue. Many persons, to whom a strong dose of Epsom salts would prove very injurious, may, nevertheless, take with advantage small doses—from half to a whole teaspoonful, dissolved in a considerable quantity (half-a-pint) of cold water. This dose, taken when the sto-

mach is empty, as before breakfast, will act gently, and produce no depression : if acidity is to be corrected, a few grains of carbonate of soda or of magnesia is a good addition ; a little rhubarb is a useful domestic addition frequently made.

Rochelle salt, chiefly requires notice from its being the active ingredient of the common Seidlitz powder, another much-abused popular medicine, and one, open, though perhaps in a minor degree, to many of the objections urged against the too free use of Epsom salts. A Seidlitz powder is so comparatively pleasant to take, that it is apt to usurp the place of other more suitable remedies. Even the strong cannot *habitually* have recourse to its aid without danger of weakening, and the weak require still more caution.

Tasteless salt—phosphate of soda—is a very mild aperient, and is chiefly recommended to notice by the facility with which its weak saline taste enables it to be administered in diet, as in broths.—Dose, from half-an-ounce to an ounce.

Mercurials—calomel, blue pill, grey powder—used as aperients domestically, require notice, rather for the sake of caution than direction. The striking relief frequently afforded by calomel or blue pill to the many disagreeable sensations connected with indigestion and liver disorder, renders it a tempting medicine to those who have once—perhaps by medical advice—felt its power, and who, liable to such disorder, get into the per-

nicious habit of trusting to mercurials for relief, instead of exercising the necessary precaution or self-restraint which might prevent the evil. Mercurials, thus habitually taken, exercise a peculiarly irritant effect upon the nervous system, and render the individual more than usually susceptible of cold. As a rule, none ought, either, to take or administer these medicines without proper medical sanction.

When a regularly constipated condition of the bowels cannot be overcome by due attention to exercise, or by dietetic means, such as have been pointed out, proper medical advice ought to be sought without further delay : for the correction of mere simple, accidental constipation, it is trusted that the few plain directions given in the foregoing papers may prove a safe and convenient guide.

With one caution we conclude. Wherever, without obvious cause, all, or the majority of the members of a household, become liable to regular constipation, especially if the condition be accompanied with pain, let the drinking-water be examined—of late years, lead has been not uncommonly found to be a source of disease. Being taken up or dissolved, particularly by the purer waters, from pipes composed of the metal, and gradually, but continually, imbibed, it displays its first effects by producing obstinate constipation in all persons exposed to the influence.

CHICORY AND CHICANERY.

MAWWORM loved 'to be despised ;' and if we are to believe certain specimens of the 'British tradesman,' the 'British public' loves to be imposed upon. Thanks to the investigation pursued by Mr. Wakley, the discovery is now made that we have been drinking a concoction and decoction of chicory, corn, and potatoes ; or, in other words, marigold, wheat, and vegetables, instead of coffee ; and that, in fact, our fine 'old delicious Mocha' has been, to use an obvious, if not an aged pun, a fine old delicious mockery.

In a little work on 'Coffee and its Adulteration,' published at the *Lancet* office, we have what we might appropriately term, 'a Coffee Dictionary,' in

which we get the real meaning, as tested by examination, of the stuff sold under the various denominations of coffee in London. We give an extract from this interesting piece of commercial lexicography :—

Delicious Coffee.—Roasted beans and chicory forming one-third of the article.

Finest Berbice Coffee.—About one-half coffee, much chicory, and some wheat.

Splendid Turkey Coffee.—About one-half coffee, the rest chicory.

Fine Plantation Coffee.—One-third coffee, the rest chicory, with a little roasted corn.

Parisian Coffee.—Principally chicory and corn ; very little coffee.

Rich Drinking Coffee.—One-third coffee, the rest chicory, with some roasted corn.

Delicious Family Coffee.—One fourth coffee, three-fourths chicory.

Fine Java Coffee.—Much chicory, and some roasted potato ; very little coffee.

Coffee as in France.—Principally chicory.

The above definitions will supply a key to those highly figurative labels which greet our eyes in the shop-windows of the grocers ; and we shall know in future that when we are invited to try the 'fine Java' at 1s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., we are simply asked to purchase some roasted potatoes and marigold, at nearly 2s. a pound, when potatoes are dull at $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and marigolds may be had in the fields for the trouble of picking them. When we observe an announcement that 'this is the noted shop for the DELICIOUS COFFEE at twenty-pence,' we shall henceforth feel assured that for our twentypence we shall get upwards of half-a-pound of beans, and other less valuable commodities, with about one-third of the article we are supposed to be purchasing.

It seems, however, that use has become such a second nature with the public, who are accustomed to drink all sorts of trash under the name of coffee, that out-eeling the eels, they are not only accustomed to be skinned, but insist on having the process applied to them. Tradesmen write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, declaring that they have been serving chicory so long, that they have educated their customers up to it ; and if the latter are

supplied with genuine coffee at two shillings a pound, they send it back indignantly, demanding the old stuff they have been accustomed to.

We presume that the success of the chicory chicanery will encourage other tradesmen to come out equally strong ; and we shall have the sausage dealers openly announcing that the sausage-consumer will not be satisfied without a good smack of the feline flavour in his sausages. The milkman will renounce all pretensions to the keeping of a cow, and will inform the world unblushingly, that if he were to send out anything else than horse-brains, chalk and water, he should have the article thrown back upon his hands by his indignant customers.

The water companies, too, will protest against any interference with their present monopoly of the rich unctuous wash, that the public will insist on paying for, under the guise of water ; and we shall be told, no doubt, that, having been accustomed to a full-bodied fluid—full of the bodies of animacules—they would not be satisfied with the purer element. It is, at all events, a step in the right direction, that things are beginning to be called by their proper names ; and all we ask is, that if the public like chicory instead of coffee, it should be sold as chicory ; that if sausage-eaters will be dogmatic in their tastes, the sausages should be sold under their right appellation ; and that, if the community like to drink Thames wash, it should be classed under the head of Sewers-rate instead of Water-rate.—*Punch.*

IMPROVED MANUFACTURE OF INDIAN CORN FLOUR.

ENGLISH travellers in America are struck with many differences in diet between the American and the English people, at every meal, all the year round. The animal food is different, in the first place. Grazing is not carried to any perfection in America, as the agriculture is rude and simple, in comparison with that of older countries. The beef is not so juicy, tender, or mottled with fat as with us. Mutton is a very inferior meat there ; and in the Southern States it is rare and poor. The best meat is pork, especially in the Western States, where the hogs feed on acorns and beech mast in the

great forests. There is probably no such pork in the world as in Ohio and the neighbouring states. There is a ham on the table almost every day, in gentlemen's houses, all over the country ; and the favourite dressing of salad—an incomparable dressing—is the gravy of ham. Hams come in well with the everlasting turkey, which is the standing dish on American tables ; and also with the vast variety of birds, which there take the place of butcher's meat. Of chickens there is no end ; and few memories can carry the varieties of ducks. The canvas-back duck is a celebrated luxury ; and a

somewhat rare luxury it must remain, for the canvas-back duck is merely an ordinary species which becomes delicious in particular localities, for a very short season, by feeding on a fragrant reed which grows only on certain spots on the Potomac river. Then there are pheasants,—and partridges, as large as English pheasants, but without the game flavour: and smaller birds in great numbers. Even in the city of Boston, on occasion of a certain Christmas dinner of thirty-four persons, there was no meat on the table but ham, the table being otherwise covered with birds,—after the removal of the fish.

Passing over the differences in the vegetables and fruits from those of England, we must dwell on the great article of all—bread. The English traveller rarely sees a loaf of bread, on the other side of the Atlantic. Hot cakes, in considerable variety, are served up at each meal;—buckwheat cakes, wheaten cakes—small, round, and flattened, but thick; and above all, Indian corn bread, of a bright gold colour—rather dry at first to a new comer, but soon found to be excellent. From the President in his palace of the White House to the humblest settler in the backwoods, the whole people eat more of this corn bread than of anything else. All over the country, except in the hottest parts, the noble and graceful maize plant, which produces it, appears in the fields, tossing its branches of blossom in the early summer, and in autumn letting its golden cobs peep out from their stiff sheathes.

When the traveller observes how the cobs are thus left in the fields, long after they are ripe, without fear of their being stolen; when he sees how, everywhere, the barns seem to be bursting, and the yards overflowing with them; when he sees how the cattle and hogs are fed on them, and that a great surplus remains as waste, he longs to send that surplus to the hungry Irish who are hanging about the workhouses, and the Scotch Highlanders who are dragging their limbs along the sea-shore, looking for shell fish, and taking up with sea-weed, when they can get nothing else; or even to many a household in the alleys of our great towns, or under some rotten thatch in a country hovel, where the wild eyes and thin limbs of the children show that they

are but half fed. The attempt has, in fact, been made, for a long time, with great perseverance, but with only partial success. No one doubts that hundreds of lives have been saved in Ireland since 1846, by the importation of Indian meal; and, during the adversity of the succeeding years in England, it proved a good resource in several of our manufacturing towns. But the success was only partial, for nobody really liked the food. The great people in London had it at their tables; and speakers at public meetings praised it: but it soon appeared that the remainder in the barrel was turned over to the fowls and the pigs. It never became an established article of food with any but those who could get no other; and the famishing Irish liked 'the yellow meal' no better than other people, ravenous as they were for it at the workhouse door.

For this there was a very sufficient reason. The yellow meal was not good. If it was not musty, it was sour. If it was not sour, it was bitter. One way or another, it was generally disagreeable,—always wholly unlike what it is on American tables. All this is changed now. The mischief is detected; the remedy is found; and Indian flour may now be had in London, at 1d. per lb., as sweet, and pleasant, and wholesome, and nourishing, as any flour that can be procured. While our own wheaten flour is as cheap as at present, this fact may not attract all the attention it deserves. But our wheaten flour will not always be so cheap as it is now; and then it may be well for our readers to be aware of the facts we are about to state.

The grain of Indian corn contains an acid moisture which, on coming into contact with the air, unites with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and is changed into a substance which has a very bad taste. If the grains could be brought over the ocean, every one whole and entire, the flour from them might be quite good when fresh from the grinding; but, even then, only for a very short time. There will always, however, be some broken grains, and they will spoil the rest. The only way is to get rid of the moisture before the article is shipped in America; and this is now done, quite perfectly, by the patent process of Mr. Stafford, at

New York. The meal is passed over warm cylinders, so as to evaporate every particle of moisture, without having any effect on the other qualities of the flour. The flour comes away almost as indestructible as sand, and as sweet and as nourishing as flour can be. Some of it has been carried round the world, and brought back as good as ever. Some has been laid up in a garret for two years, and then brought down as good as ever. Now, that such an article of food as this is to be had in London for 1d. per lb. is a fact, which it is as well for everybody to know. When we think of the thousands of starving peasants in Ireland, and of the thousands of gaunt Highlanders now (as in the Island of Skye at this moment) going down to death from sheer starvation, and then of the thousands of miles over which the maize is waving in the western valleys of America, we feel as if we could not be too earnest in calling attention to the working of Stafford's patent.

We have lying before us at this moment, copies of letters from Windsor Castle, from Dublin Castle, from Downing Street, and from other great houses, conveying the opinions of the Queen and Prince Albert, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Lord Chancellor, Lord John Russell, and others, that the bread made from flour thus prepared is most excellent. The article is getting into use largely in London. Specimens of it may be seen in the Great Exhibition, in the American and refreshment departments. Those who wish to make trial of it in the form of bread can have it of Mr. James Turner, 67, Bishopsgate Street Within, London. If, for economy, a family, or a set of neighbours, wish to buy a barrel at once, they had better apply to the American agent, Mr. Stans-

bury, 5, St. Matthew's-Place, Hackney Road, London. Either of these gentlemen will furnish printed recipes for various puddings, cakes, and kinds of bread for which this flour is most appropriate. We here add a recipe for bread made of mixed Indian and wheaten flour:—

Pour boiling water on the Indian flour, and let it stand, after mixing it well, till cool enough to add the yeast. Then mix in the yeast, and salt, and let it rise, or work (ferment) for an hour.

[If the proportion of Indian flour is large, it will *rise*: if small, it will only *work*, or ferment without rising.]

Then add sufficient wheat flour to make dough. Knead it well, and prove it from one to two hours in a warm place.

Rather less yeast and salt is required than in common bread.

6 lb. Indian flour } Will make good
6 lb. wheat flour } bread.

1 gallon of water.

Yeast and salt.

The uncertainty in the quality of yeast ought not to be allowed to affect the experiment. The dried German yeast is the best; and it would afford a fair trial.

It will be a great day for our country when she procures her cotton from India, and her foreign supplies of food from America. And it will be a great day for human freedom, and for human virtue all over the world, when the Americans who work for our markets shall not be gangs of negro slaves toiling, broken-hearted or degraded below having hearts, in the cotton plantations of the South, but the free and virtuous owners of the soil, in the Northern and Western States. Every one who joins in the demand for Indian flour helps on that day.

DAGUERREOTYPING IN COLOURS.

THE art of taking portraits, landscapes, &c., by the Daguerreotype and Talbotype processes has now been practised some years in this country, and most people know something about this wonderful method of painting; for to make a picture of the reflected image of an object,—to fix a shadow—to compel the sun to become an artist, and to complete an elaborate drawing, finished to the

minutest detail, in a few seconds of time, is wonderful indeed. But the great drawback has been, that the natural colours could not be imparted by any of the many forms of the Daguerreian process. This difficulty is said now to be completely overcome by the discovery of a Mr. Hill, of Westkill, New York. The *Mechanics' Magazine* for April contains several communications upon

the subject ; from which it would appear that there is no doubt respecting the discovery. Mr. Hill had forty specimens of pictures taken by his discovery. Three of them are thus described.

'1. A view, containing a red house, green grass and foliage, the wood colour of the trees, several cows of different shades of red and brindle, coloured garments on a clothes-line, blue sky and the faint blue of the atmosphere, intervening between the camera and the distant mountains, very delicately spread over the picture as if by the hand of a fairy artist.'

'2. A sunset scene, in which the display of colours upon the clouds is impressed with a truthfulness and gorgeous beauty which I cannot describe.'

'3. Several portraits, in which I have the true complexion of the skin, the rosy cheeks and lips, blue and hazel eyes, auburn, brown, and every colour of the

drapery. Changeable silk is given in all its fine blendings of colours and delicate richness of hues. I not only get red, blue, orange, and violet, &c., but their various tints. The whole impression, including the lights and shades, is far more brilliant, round, and mellow, than the most superb Daguerreian image I have ever seen.'

Mr. Hill adds :—

'I have a most exquisite type of my little girl (one year old) taken in the act of *crying*, the plate not having been exposed a full second. At the same time my light required fifteen seconds for a Daguerreotype. This picture has caught the expression perfectly, both of the eye and whole face. On one cheek is seen a bright tear-drop, and the colour showing through it much deeper than the surrounding parts ; which latter, I suppose, is owing to the refractive action of the fluid.'

AN ENIGMATICAL GARDEN.

THE whole of this territory is planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, of which the following remarkable things form a part :—

In one small corner is to be found the most valuable possession of man ; near it stands a philosopher, and a large public building ; there also grows that herb of which the crown was made for the man who saved the life of a fellow-citizen ; and not far from this is the great consolation for a wounded mind. If you truly repent, there also is to be found an emblem of your repentance ! Not far from these stand two celebrated women,—one adorned with a *rose*, the other with *gold*.

The garden has various parterres and mounds, each division having its own flower in its natural season, viz. :—

Formal roses.

Quad-
rured's
mouths.

Success.

Cerulean
ladies.

The de-
light of
the
wayfarer.



Quad-
rured's
tongues.

Universal
panacea.
Bird's
feathers.
An
agreeable
man.
A spring
month.

A Carmelite's cowl.
Cures for wounds. Holy messenger.
The wisest man's signet. Fireworks.

The pastor's money- bag.	Consolation from the Holy land.
Magician's evening shadow.	A city's ostenta- tion.
A country in Africa.	A contradiction.
A hundred years.	A theological virtue.
Harlequin's wife.	An untidy bird.
An imperishable thing.	Remember me !
A wild tract.	Noblemen and their wives.
Affection unemployed.	A heathen deity.
Affection in a fog.	A fragrant field.
Sea-snail.	A Roman emperor.
The mirror of the queen of beauty.	Public funds.
A gilded instrument of punishment.	A beautiful youth.
A woman's cloak.	A vain youth.
A chest.	An octagenarian.
The wonder of the west of South America.	The star in the east.
Stars from the Celestial Empire.	Birds' beaks.
Cupid prostrate wounded.	Sincere affection.
A mattress.	Perfection.
A little bird.	The suffering flower.
A blossoming cinder.	Women's shoes.
The housemaid's weapon.	
The old schoolmaster's weapon.	
The relief of wounded feelings.	
French thoughts.	French sighs.
Sod from the mount of Wisdom.	
The king's son's plume.	
Pastor's barometer,	Sunset flower.

The fire-worshipper. The power of the dawn.
 A mural ornament.
 Bees' food. A cinder hill.
 In a remote corner of the garden, apart

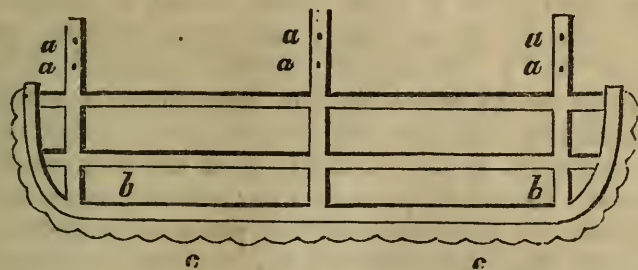
from the intrusion of children, there were
 found,—'Darkness visible,' and a beautiful
 Italian lady.

FAVOURITE WINDOW PLANTS.

FOR AUGUST.

THE auricula, though not the most generally suitable of flowering plants for windows, is worthy of a place on the flower-stand or the window-sill. This is a proper season for dividing the roots or taking off slips, in order to obtain new plants of this sort, and also for shifting the old plants into new pots, which should be placed in the shade until the roots have struck. Pots about seven inches deep, six inches wide at top, and four at bottom, are the most convenient in size for the plants which are to blow next spring. Offsets may be grouped into smaller pots until they take root, after which they will require separate pots. The outside of the window is the best position for auriculas at present. As a general rule, do not repot any plants when they are budding or in bloom, as the shifting checks their progress and deranges their health. In

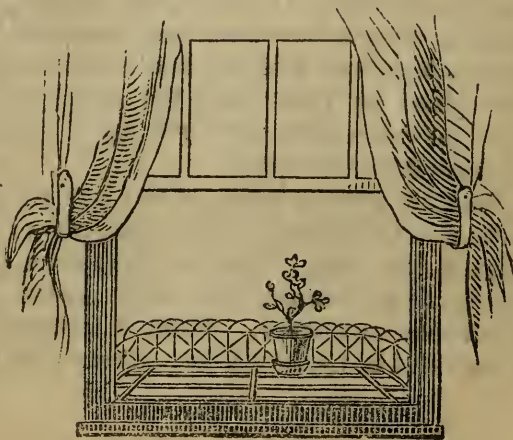
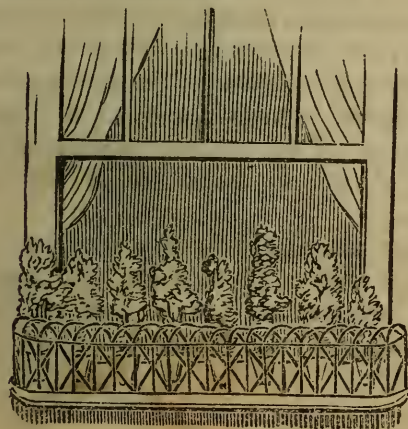
order to afford sufficient space for potted plants, where the cultivator is limited to the breadth of a window-sill within, or within the glazed sash, which to him is the boundary of winter and summer climates, we recommend a moveable platform of bars for the outside, which, whether constructed of wood or iron, screwed into the sill, has rather a neat appearance, if painted green. A gale of wind might otherwise hurl a pot and its blooming tenant on the head of some passenger passing beneath at the moment of the fall, and break his head, or, at least, give him occasion for claiming damages for injury done to his precious person. Besides, the loss of the plant and pot might be annoying to the hapless owner. The plate shows how the frame is attached to the sill, and the wire fence is decidedly ornamental.



a. a.—Iron bars one inch thick and one inch in width, and twelve or fifteen inches long; the holes are for screwing the frame to the window sill.

b. b.—Cross bars of thin iron.

c. c.—The wire fence.



The red colour of flower-pots is certainly very ugly, and quite inappropriate to the plants whose green foliage overhangs them. Green is the livery of nature—and red pots are quite out of character and good taste; they look like what they really are—vulgar things which have just made their escape from the kiln, where they have been closely penned with the very lowest riff-raff of the potteries.

What is becoming and appropriate in one individual person or thing, is quite the contrary in another. If a lady lose the roses of her complexion, the tint of artificial rouge is supposed to give her fresh charms: certainly she would not look bewitching with cheeks of green hue; yet the earthen shrine in which

“The snowdrop, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on the herald of fair Flora’s train,”

“Hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent and blushing inward;”

“The tuberose with her silvery light,”
and “though last, not least,”

“Geranium with her crimson honours,” are usually confined in a villanous ochry-red pot. Yet there is good reason for this; for, although the red pot is as unbecoming and ill-matched to a flower peeping from a cluster of green leaves, as a brick-coloured robe to a lovely woman, the application of paint to a flower-pot, unless it be so large as to allow the exposure of a great surface of earth to the air, is injurious to the plant in it. This is such a well-known fact, that porous pots are often selected in preference to those of close texture. The plant which, from want of free circulation of air around its roots, may languish in a close-grained pot, will perhaps recover if put into one of a porous quality. Covering the surface mould in the pot, however, with loose and moist moss, is both tasteful, and beneficial to the plant by preventing the evaporation of moisture from the earth by which it is surrounded and fed.

There are now in bloom of the window plants of ordinary culture, myrtles, pelargoniums, fuchsias, Chinese fairy-roses, carnations, heliotropes, ten-week stock, and double wallflower. What a charming variety is here! Take cuttings of

heliotropes, ten-week stock, and wall-flowers, and of geraniums—or, as we should call them, pelargoniums. In a recent article, we stated, rather too abruptly, that *florists* choose to call the finer varieties of geraniums, pelargoniums. It would have been more accurate to have said that the pelargonium is a geranium in higher cultivation: the distinction is not an arbitrary one of the florist: a botanical distinction occurs, and this must be observed by the use of some new name. In this instance, without going into particulars which would only puzzle the common reader, it is enough to say, in explanation, that the high culture of the geranium causes some of its stamens to become petals, so that a new botanical difference arises; the geranium alters its original character, and becomes the plant to which the name of pelargonium is given. You may also take cuttings of Chinese roses, if you want to propagate them. When rather large pots can be accommodated in the window, the rose-de-mot would not be unworthy of a place in it. An objection to it is, that as it flowers like the Bourbon rose in clusters, more nourishment is required for its support than a pot of small dimensions can contain.

Put layered or piped carnations that have rooted, in penny—or 40 size—pots, but not in too rich compost, nor in any in which lime rubbish, or calcareous matter in some form, is wanting. The effect of too rich soil is, that it causes the plants to grow too luxuriantly, and to revert to their natural state, in which the flowers are plain and uniform. When a plant is too vigorous, it does not bloom well: the aliment in such case goes so excessively to the production of wood and foliage, that its flowering is defective. The clove which has the highest perfume, and the bizarres, in which the clove streak prevails, are preferable to those in which this colour is deficient. As young plants bloom more luxuriantly than old ones, successions of carnations, piccotees, and pinks, should be kept up by layering or piping.

Water plentifully in dry weather, and smoke to death the aphides and insects which assault your plants, and are such deadly enemies to roses.

RECONCILIATION SOCIETIES.

READERS of the life of Howard will remember a curious account of the action of the 'Courts of Reconciliation,' as witnessed by the philanthropist in Denmark. These courts have recently attracted the attention of an English ex-chancellor, and by an order of the House of Lords, a return has been obtained and printed, showing the results during a term of twenty years. The accounts are rendered up to 1846; in which year it is stated that out of 24,625 cases undertaken, 16,068 were adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, or stopped by mutual consent; 324 were postponed for further consideration, or to give the quarrelling parties time to allay their passions, and settle their differences for themselves; 8,233 were referred to the regular courts of law; and only 2,761 came to actual trial. There is in England a growing disposition to avoid the law tribunals, and it may be anticipated that the Danish system would work well in this country. Umpires and voluntary references are now common among men of the middle classes. The lower orders

have not yet arrived at this advanced point of civilization; not because the idea of making a neutral party judge of the case is unknown to them, so much as for want of confidence in the honour, intelligence, and impartiality of their fellows. Quarrels among workmen, neighbours, and families might be almost always reconciled in a few minutes by a wise and skilful third person, above all suspicion of a leaning towards either side, and discharging the office of mediator in a kindly and generous spirit. In Denmark the mediator is a simple magistrate. His is a voluntary court. He decides according to common sense; and he is not armed with power to inflict heavy penalties. But the litigants rarely appeal from his decision to that of a regular court, as their honour is concerned in abiding by the award of their elected umpire. Such a tribunal would prevent thousands of frivolous law-suits in this country, and help to make law and constituted authority more respected and more respectable. —*Athenæum*.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S MEDICINE CHEST.

BETWEEN two and three hundred pounds are spent every year, for strong sound port wine, for the sick poor in Bartholomew's Hospital. It is bought in pipes, and drawn off as needed. Nearly two thousand pounds weight of castor oil; two hundred gallons of spirits of wine, at 17s. a gallon; twelve tons of linseed meal; a thousand pounds weight of senna; twenty-seven hundredweight of salts, are items in the annual account for drugs. The grand total spent upon physic, in a twelvemonth, being £2,600. Five thousand yards of calico are wanted for rollers for bandaging; to say nothing of the stouter and stiffer fabric used for plaisters. More than half a hundredweight of sarsaparilla is used every week, a sign how much the constitution of the patients requires improvement. In a year twenty-nine thousand seven hundred leeches were bought for the use of the establishment—an invasion of foreigners without parallel, until the influx of the Great Exhibition—for the leeches brought to bite and die in this London hospital are

gathered in France and Poland, in Africa and Spain. A ton and a half of treacle is annually used to make some kinds of syrup; the five casks of hips, which, mixed with a cask of sugar, make linctus for coughs, has been already mentioned, but one little fact, in addition, respecting it, should not pass unnoticed. This preparation for coughs is red in colour, and looks fruity, and tastes somewhat sweet, having still, however, an acid dash. As winter comes, the coughs increase, and the demand upon the stock of linctus becomes heavier and heavier. This is expected and provided for; but one season it had been larger even than usual. The same women and the same children came again and again most perseveringly; when, in consequence of some inquiries, it was found that one of the most urgent claimants for the favourite physic lived by selling little sweets and pies to children, in a back street, near Smithfield, and that she used the favourite linctus to make fruit tarts of.—*Dickens's Household Words*.

GENTLE WORDS.

A YOUNG rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour:
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

STRAWBERRIES deserve all the good things that can be said of them; they are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odour, and are so wholesome, that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions. It is recorded of Fontenelle, that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries." Boerhaave looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscosity, and in putrid disorders. Hoffmann furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions; and Linnæus says that by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.—*Leigh Hunt.*

SIDNEY SMITH said that "the Court of Chancery was like a boa constrictor, which swallowed up the estates of English gentlemen in haste, and digested them at leisure."

THE POET WORDSWORTH.—A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Mr. Wordsworth, and what sort of man he was. "Oh, indeed," said she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *booing* his pottery [repeating his poetry] through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How d'ye do, Nanny,' as sensible as you or me!"

HOW TO BECOME A SALAMANDER.—Tan-acre, a Neapolitan physician, states that the human body can be rendered insensible to fire by the following embrocation:—One ounce and a half of alum, dissolved in four ounces of hot water. To this must be added one ounce of fish glue and half an ounce of gum arabic. Having pickled yourself in this mixture, don't jump into an iron furnace as a first experiment, but try your little finger with a lucifer.

QUACKERY AS TO ANIMAL REMEDIES.—Some learned doctors have thought that all sanitary virtue was to be found in animal substances. Sir Thomas Meyerne, in his powder for the gout, had amongst other things raspings of a human skull unburied; and for hypochondriasis, an ointment made from adders, bats, sucking-whelps, earth-worms, hog's-grease, marrow of a stag, and the thigh-bone of an ox. The liver of frogs, the blood of weasels, and many other ingredients, worthy of the witches' cauldron, were specifics with this great doctor. Though these potent panaceas were excluded afterwards from the materia-medica, there were to be found supposed remedies, which had as problematical a title,—balsam of bats, and the lungs of an executed criminal; live vipers, the blood of a dragon, and *lac virginale*, were also highly approved drugs in the days of ignorance. Live spiders and frogs are still in use as remedies for agues and consumption.—*Duncan's Essays and Miscellanies.*

MORNING PRAYER OF AN OLD PEDLAR IN A BARN.—Thank God, I have slept soundly to-night; and though this morning I am poor, I am well. Thank God, my ass is well also, and has eaten a good lock of hay, and her crust of bread, and drank half a pail of water. God bless us both to-day, and give me strength to walk on foot, that I may not have to get up, and ride upon the poor beast, who has got baggage enough already! God Almighty send that folks may want to buy my wares, and somebody may take a liking to my ballads, and those who can afford it may give me some victuals and drink! And God Almighty lead us through green lanes, that my poor ass may light on good croppings, without running into fields after folks' grass and corn! Poor thing! may she not tumble down, and hurt herself, and break my wares! And God Almighty incline some good body to give us a night's lodging, and that I may have a dry barn, and some barley straw, an't please God! But I won't mistrust God Almighty's care, for he never let me want in my life time; and to his great and holy name be praise, now and for ever! Amen!

SORROW.

SORROW, more or less, comes at times to all men ; and not unfrequently we are apt to murmur under its visitations, to grow impatient, to fancy ourselves ill-treated, and complain that we are called on to bear more than is fairly our due, a heavier load than we can well sustain. We find reasons enough and more than enough which satisfy ourselves that it would have been better for us to have escaped the sorrow. In short, we set up as judges, and bring somebody in guilty who is not ourself.

It would be otherwise were we to look at sorrow with different eyes : we take too narrow and confined a view of it. We see that our daily comforts are perhaps interrupted, that our usual habits are in some way disturbed, that we are put a little out of our ordinary course, and straightway we begin to complain. Sometimes indeed we grumble, and grumbling is said to be complaining without a cause. We take it for granted that we know best what is good for us, as though the ways of Providence were to be altered just to suit our convenience. Do we not see now and then that nipping frosts in spring cut the blossom from the trees, that ungenial weather destroys the husbandman's hope of a harvest, that adverse gales frustrate the mariner's expectation of a speedy voyage ? We see all this without being able to discover the reason why, and yet we know that there is a use in frost, in ungenial weather, and foul winds. If no other, to qualify us with patience, to teach us how to mitigate or avert any hurtful consequences which may ensue. And so, when sorrow overtakes us it has its uses, though, at the time, we may not be able to perceive them.

If we were more accustomed than we are to remember that our life has an inward as well as an outward purpose, we should then begin to see and comprehend uses and benefits in sorrow to which we are now nearly or altogether blind. Sorrow is a blessed purifier and regenerator. The fire that spreads devastation and dismay as it devours the dry grass of the broad prairies leaves behind a fertilizing influence, and soon the young green grass springs in vigorous freshness, and the landscape rejoices in renewed verdure. So when sorrow passes over our hearts it will be either a desolation or renovation according as we regard it. Either there will be refreshing growth, or a scorched and dismal waste : either a sweet savour, or a sense of bitterness. Yet even bitter roots when burned will give out a pleasing fragrance ; and if we open our hearts to the sorrow, if we receive its teachings, learn the lesson it was intended to impart, we shall find as was found by holy men of old that it is good to be afflicted.

Were it not for sorrow many of us would never pause for a moment in our life-career to consider whither we are going. It widens our outlook upon the world and the things therein. It is commonly observed that those who have never known sorrow, seldom know how to sympathise truly with the misfortunes of others. A child is taught by his little sorrows that life has its pains as well as its pleasures, and learns to feel for the griefs of his companions. A mother who has lost a dearly-loved child knows how to whisper a soothing word to another called on to undergo a similar bereavement. A man who has lost his character can best tell, when he hears of a neighbour in the like case, how great is the loss, and how severe the suffering consequent thereon.

Instead of murmurs, sorrow should beget within us a spirit of quiet resignation, and an active spirit of benevolence. We are taught that

it is our duty in every thing to give thanks. If we ourselves have suffered it may make us watchful to prevent suffering in others. Knowing what it is to bear the burden we should be ready with a helping hand. Shall we shut up ourselves in hardness of heart because trials come upon us? Let us rather rouse ourselves to an active and proper sympathy with the sorrows of others. Where we cannot prevent misfortune we may endeavour to soften its effects by a word spoken in season, by friendly counsel, or such means as may be in our power. Let us not be frightened by shadows, or exaggerate sorrow, but take it at its true and real value; not fancying a temporary eclipse to be total and lasting night.

Those persons are in grievous error who believe that when sorrow befalls them they have a justifiable excuse for giving themselves up to despair, for neglecting all the duties of their business or family. Not so should the visitation be rebelled against. As before urged, it should incite us to activity. It is possible by taking counsel aright with our own hearts to keep on in all our real duties with a diligent spirit; and in this diligence we find a double reward, for it alleviates our sorrow while increasing our welfare. If we reflect a little we shall recall to mind instances of constancy and perseverance under sorrow which stand out as examples to all time. To mention only one, that of Dr. Johnson whose greatest work—the English Dictionary was, as he tells us, “written with very little assistance from the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction; in sickness and sorrow.”

By thus finding out the significance of sorrow, we may improve our nature and bring out its better qualities; and as our experience therein widens, we shall find that those who have sorrowed most have generally accomplished most for their own true welfare and that of others. We are too apt to forget that if sorrow endureth for a night joy cometh in the morning. So—

“Who would not thank God for his sorrows all,
When in their working they become so sweet!
Good for ourselves and for humanity!”

MORALITIES FOR HOME.—No. I.

GOSSIPING.

“THOU shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block in the way of the blind,” says the ancient Jewish law; and if the spirit of that law were well regarded in this day, much mischief would be avoided, and much misery spared.

A practice of gossiping about the absent, of making free with their characters, of ridiculing their peculiarities, of dragging to light their imperfections and past slips, and thus undermining their reputation,—what is all this but cursing the deaf, and casting stumbling-blocks in the way of the blind?

But the tongue is an unruly member,

wild and untameable; and, because of this, offences will come. Ay, they do come; many a lamentable history has been recorded, and many more might be, in which the fair prospects of life have been irretrievably blasted by the abominable gossiping propensities of silly men and women, who would tell you that they meant no harm—oh no! many in which ‘chief friends’ have been separated by the whisperings of tale-bearers; and many, in which it would be seen that the happiness of entire families and communities has been sacrificed to a love of scandal. But this is too wide a field

for us now to venture upon in our 'moralities for home.' Let us contract the circle of vision.

If any place in the world ought to be free from the curse of gossip, surely, that place is one's own home. Within that charmed circle, all, or nearly all things, should be held sacred. From it, not a whisper should go forth to the world, injurious to the fair fame of husband, wife, child, friend, or fellow-inmate. Once within that circle, each should feel in perfect security from even the possibility of betrayal, and should be able fearlessly to throw open the shutters of his heart, to talk unreservedly of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, pleasures and cares, to give free utterance to wishes, doubts, and opinions. In effect, home should be a temple dedicated to discretion as well as to love and family affection, and from which no echo should ever go forth.

We hold it to be a cruel thing for parents to speak aloud of the faults of their children; utterly indefensible in wives to complain—however much they may have to bear—of the conduct of husbands to neighbours or friends, or to make known to the world the private affairs of their own families. A wife who can do this is not such an one as Solomon describes when he says, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust her, so that he shall have no need of spoil; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." Despicable, too, is the conduct of that husband who dishonours his wife, while he degrades himself, by unmanly gossip about her failings in temper or conduct. As to "the stranger within the gates," the casual visitor, the more permanent inmate, or the blood-relation, against whom the door cannot be shut; but who cannot enter a peaceable home without attempting to sow the seeds of discord, or be admitted into the privacy of domestic life without carrying off some precious piece of information concerning the strange habits and opinions, or the private affairs of which some insight is thus surreptitiously obtained:—if such gossips had their deserts they would be banished from civil society, and condemned to herd, for ever after, with baboons.

We pray you, reader, to pardon this long introduction to a short history; and we entreat you to believe, if you do not

already know by experience—which we trust you do not—that half an hour's idle tittle-tattle, not to say malicious scandal, about the affairs of home, may destroy conjugal confidence and impair domestic happiness for numerous years, and most wofully derange the beautiful but delicate machinery of family economy. And now to our tale:—

In a town of something under five thousand inhabitants, lived Mr. Edward Lennox. He was a young tradesman, with a young wife; and not being overburdened with capital, he was glad of an opportunity which offered, to receive into his family, for a fair consideration, a far distant female cousin, as a lodger.

This would have been a pleasant enough arrangement, but for one thing, which turned the scale the other way. Miss Chatterton had numerous acquaintances in the town, and she had also a tongue.

Mr. Lennox was a timid man, nervous and excitable. He was also subject to periodical bilious attacks, which had, as is common enough in such cases, a depressing influence on his spirits, and caused him to look, for the time being, on the dark side of his affairs, rather than on the bright.

Mary Lennox, the young wife, was a lively little body, generally good-tempered, but somewhat hasty; somewhat inclined to extremes also: so that, while sometimes you would have supposed her to be the happiest woman on the face of the earth, at another time she would seem the most wretched. Happily, these gloomy fits, which were merely little flaws in her temper, did not last long, nor were they of frequent occurrence.

It happened one summer evening, that Mr. Lennox, having been all day absent from home on business, returned sadly wearied and out of sorts. It happened also, that on that same evening, his young wife was in one of her gayest moods. It happened, too, that Miss Chatterton, the friend and lodger, had that afternoon been planning a jaunt to Ashwell Park, to 'come off' the following day; and in her party she had included, as a matter of course, Mr. and Mrs. Lennox. She was in full consultation with the last-mentioned, concerning the mode of conveyance and the necessary provisions for a pic-nic in the open park,

when the young husband entered his parlour.

'Here you are, just in time,' said Mary Lennox, as soon as Edward's footstep was heard. She did not wait to look at his countenance, or she might have been warned—had she been wise, at least.

'Just in time for what, dear?' he asked gloomily; 'just in time for tea, I hope; or should have hoped,' he added, 'if there were any signs of it, which there are not. Just in time for what?'

'Just in time to settle about how we shall go to Ashwell Park to-morrow, Edward: but what is the matter with you? Are you not well?'

'What are you going to Ashwell Park for?' asked Mr. Lennox, without replying to his wife's question.

'How can you ask such a silly question, Ned?' said Mrs. Lennox: 'for a holiday, to be sure. The Deans are going to be of the party, and the Wyatts, and the Conways; and all we want is to get vans, or wagons, or flies, or—'

'I wish you would get the tea, Mary, and have done with this nonsense about vans and flies.'

'Nonsense!' muttered Miss Chatterton to herself, indignantly.

'Polly put the kettle on,
And all sit down to tea—'

sang Mrs. Lennox very provokingly.

At least it provoked Mr. Lennox very much. But the young wife would not see it.

'You sha'n't have your tea, Ned,' she continued playfully, 'till you have promised to go and see about the vans and flies afterwards.'

'Then I sha'n't have it at all; for I'm not going to do anything of the sort. I have something else to do to-morrow than to go junketing to Ashwell Park, or anywhere else; and so have you, I should think.'

'Junketing!' again muttered Miss Chatterton, with a toss of the head, 'Junketing indeed!'

'You don't mean to say that you will not go with us, Edward?' said Mrs. Lennox.

'I do mean to say that I am not going to Ashwell Park to-morrow: and that I request *you* not to think of going,' replied the husband.

Poor Mary burst into tears. 'It is

very ill-natured of you, Edward; but it always is so; when I wish anything, you are sure to oppose it. It is being a tyrant.'

'Very well, then, I am a tyrant, I suppose,' he said, 'so that matter is settled: and, now, am I to have my tea or not? Because, if I am not to have it at home, I will go and get it somewhere else.'

At this point, Miss Chatterton thought it wise to leave the room; and Mrs. Lennox very sorrowfully set about doing what it would have been better for her to have done at first. Her husband, as we have said, was very weary; he had had a day of annoyances in his business; he had a grievous bilious headache, for which his most effectual remedy was generally a powerful cup of tea; moreover, he had not dined, and was almost faint with fasting.

If Mary's little head had not been full of Ashwell Park, pic-nics, vans, wagons, and flies, she would have seen all this at a glance, and would have spared the exhibition of her husband's impatience. But now she had wrought him into a fit of obduracy, and herself into one of angry mortification and opposition.

'It is a great deal too bad of you, Edward, to treat me in this shameful manner,' remonstrated the sobbing young wife, as she poured out her husband's tea. 'If you must insult me, you might as well have the decency to do it when I am alone, and not before Miss Chatterton. It is too bad. If you are not well, you have no business to degrade me in this way—you have not.'

'Degrade!' repeated Mr. Lennox, with bitterness; 'it will be well if we are not both of us degraded in a different sort of way, before the month is out.'

'Yes, that's as you always talk, when you have one of these fits upon you. You only waste breath; for I don't heed what you say.'

'Very well, Mary, do as you like. I can only tell you that I am likely to be two hundred pounds short at the end of this month, and that I know no more than a child where to get it.'

'I cannot help that,' said Mrs. Lennox, still sullenly; 'and if it is so, that's no reason why you should behave so to me.'

'I have something else to say, too,' continued Mr. Lennox; 'there's that bill of Donkin's for fifty pounds returned dishonoured; and I am likely to lose it all, for anything I can tell.'

'What did you take it for? What business had you with his bills? It is all your own fault.'

'You don't know anything about it, Mary; it is no fault of mine. I was obliged to have to do with it; but the end of it will be what I tell you. Then there is another thing—'

'There, for goodness' sake, don't tell me about any more things.'

'I *must* tell you, Mary, for this is the worst of all; and I say, really and truly, I don't know what to do. Look at that!' And he put into the hands of his wife a slip of paper covered with formal writing, intermingled with printing, in which the names of John Doe and Richard Roe were prominent.

'Well, what is that?' asked the young wife.

'What is it? Why, the copy of a writ I was served with to-day, that's all.'

Mrs. Lennox had heard of these formidable weapons of the law, and her incredulity and carelessness began to change into real alarm.

'O dear, what is it all about, Edward? Why did you not tell me of this before?'

'How could I tell you of it before, when you were bothering me about those stupid vans; and Miss Chatterton by, too? As to what it is about, I don't know that either, for I—but it does not signify talking; all I know is, that I must start to London by to-night's mail, and do what I can to set things straight: they are crooked enough, now.'

Mary thought so too; and if it could be said of her, as one has said of her sex,—

'O, woman! in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,'
so also was it true of her—

'But when affliction clouds our brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

She forgot her vexation, and set about, in real earnest, to comfort and encourage her husband.

After all, there was nothing very dreadful in his affairs; and at another time he would have said so: but now

he was bilious, and everything looked black to him. It was true that that month's payments were heavy, but the next were light, and a week or two would set his balances straight. It was true that a dishonoured bill had been returned to him: but it was also true, as it turned out afterwards, that the money had been duly paid, but by some odd mistake, into the wrong bank. The next morning, *that* was set to rights. It was true that a copy of a writ had been served upon Mr. Lennox, much to his annoyance; but this was only the spiteful act of a foolish creditor whom he had offended; and it was but for a small amount, comparatively. Edward Lennox need not have taken the trouble of a journey to London about it; but in the mood in which that day found him, he had lost the power, almost, of calm thought and action.

'But what shall I say to Miss Chatterton, Edward? for I have promised to be of the party, and I promised for you, too,' said Mary Lennox, as she packed up her husband's carpet bag, ready for his journey.

'Tell her I was obliged to go to London on business: and perhaps you had better join the party. I am sorry, dear, I spoke so unkindly to you.'

'O, don't speak about it, dear Edward,' replied Mary, weeping: 'it was my fault. And I cannot go, indeed.' In another hour or two, Mr. Lennox was on the top of the mail-coach, bound for London.

Meanwhile, Miss Chatterton had left the house, indignant with poor Edward; had been to the Deans, the Wyatts, and the Conways, saying what a dreadful scene she had just witnessed between her cousin—who was not worthy of the name of cousin—and his poor ill-used wife: that he had behaved like a brute, and she like an angel; and that, in the most rude way towards herself, Miss Chatterton, and in the cruelest way towards poor Mary, he had not only refused to be of the party—her—Miss Chatterton's own party—but had forbidden his wife to be of it also; and had, with exceeding incivility, even declined to assist her in obtaining conveyances for it. But, for all that, she was determined that a party there should be. Accordingly, she pressed another

gentleman into her service, and the important affair of 'vans, wagons, or flies,' was settled to her satisfaction; and she had made an impression, too, very unfavourable to her cousin Lennox.

But the worst of it was to come. On her return home, Miss Chatterton found, to her great astonishment, that Mr. Lennox had just started on the mail to London; and—not to her astonishment—that Mrs. Lennox was very dull. To raise her spirits, Miss Chatterton began to talk of the trial it must be to a wife to have to bear the caprices of an ill-natured and tyrannical husband. Mary caught fire at this, and declared that Edward was neither ill-natured, tyrannical, nor capricious,—that she herself was alone blameable for what had passed. And to exonerate him more completely, as well, perhaps, as to enlist Miss Chatterton's sympathies, she, very unwisely, unfolded the history of the day's troubles—exaggerated by her own imperfect comprehension of them, and by her apprehensions of the catastrophe to which they might lead. To all this, Miss Chatterton only lifted her hands in astonishment; and so that evening passed away.

The next day the party 'came off.' Mary Lennox, of course, had not the heart to join it; but the Deans, and the Wyatts, and the Conways, and one or two other families, or parts of families, were there; and—as Miss Chatterton declared—a glorious day they had of it in Ashwell Park.

At any rate, she had had her full employment on that day. Before the week was out, among the five thousand inhabitants of the town, it was currently reported, and, in most cases, firmly believed,—

First—that Mr. Lennox had returned home one evening intoxicated, and had

so misused his wife as to endanger her existence. In proof of which, she had kept her bed ever since.

Next—that the affairs of Mr. Lennox were in terrible confusion, and that he had absconded from his creditors,—escaping to London, and thence to the continent, from the danger of an arrest.

This was varied by another version:—He had actually been arrested for debt, and hurried off to prison—somewhere or other.

Lastly—that Donkin, the wine merchant, had committed an act of bankruptcy, and would, next week, or soon, be in the gazette.

It was not long before this string of false reports drew after it the most serious consequences. Mr. Donkin was enraged; and tracing home the scandal, with great trouble, to Miss Chatterton, he threatened her with an action at law; and she disappeared from the scene. But this was of little matter, compared with the effect produced on Edward Lennox. That which he had—in his timidity and nervousness, without cause—dreaded, actually came upon him: for the reports, not softened by spreading, reached the ears of his principal creditor,—a man of sharp dealing and hard heart, who, without a moment's loss of time, proceeded at law against the unfortunate victim of gossip, for moneys owing on a note of hand. At the same time, Mr. Lennox found his customers unaccountably deserting him. In short, before a month had well elapsed, he was inextricably involved in difficulties, brought on him he could not then tell how; and in less than three months, he was—for that time—a ruined man.

Reader, be you husband, wife, friend, or acquaintance, guard, we pray you, the sanctity of home from the immorality of gossip.

THE BAROMETER AND THE WEATHER.

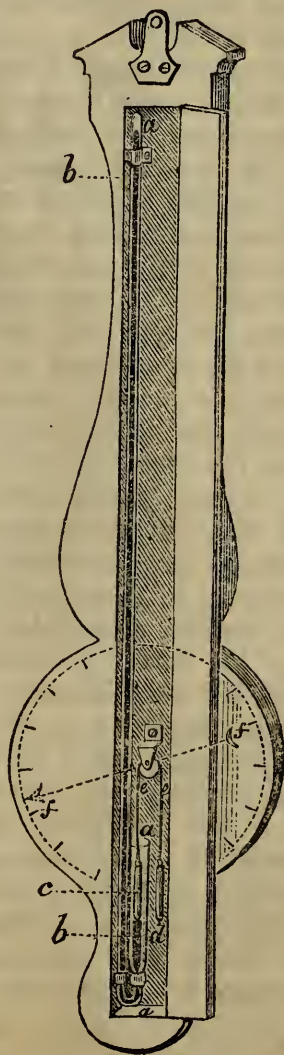
THE Barometer, though well-known as regards its general appearance and uses, is not so commonly understood in reference to its principle and construction. It will be the object of this article to explain the principle of its action, and also to point out with such precision as observation and experience justify, the

exact phenomena which its changes indicate. The Barometer or rather its principle was first discovered by Galileo. It is recorded that whilst residing at Florence, he was applied to on the occasion of the Grand Duke's having sunk a deep well, and finding that the water would not rise to the top when a pump was set to work, he

sent for the philosopher to explain the mystery. Galileo observed that the column of water rose in the pump to about thirty-two feet, and that all attempts to raise it higher by means of the sucker were useless. He therefore concluded that the sucker was not the cause of the water's rising to a given height, as was the opinion at that time, but that the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the water in the well, caused that water to rise into the tube of the pump, and so fill the space which had been emptied of air by the action of the sucker. This phenomenon was afterwards discussed between Galileo and his pupil Torricelli, and the latter first demonstrated the principle in which consists the whole value of the barometer as a philosophical instrument. He found that the atmospheric pressure on the surface of the water would support a column of water, in an exhausted tube closed at the top, to the height of about thirty-two feet; but being sensible that such a column would, from its height, be very ill-suited for conducting his experiments, he chose mercury, a fluid fourteen times heavier than water, and consequently better adapted for the experiment. In the year 1643, he accordingly took a glass tube about forty inches in height, and a quarter of an inch in the bore. Having sealed one end, he filled the tube with mercury; then placing his finger at the open end in order to secure the mercury, and inverting the tube, he plunged the extremity, thus secured by his finger, into a cistern containing mercury, and having a certain quantity of water upon its surface. Having passed the open end of the tube through the water, and below the surface of the *mercury*, he withdrew his finger. Upon this, the mercury in the tube instantly fell to about thirty inches above the surface of the mercury in the cistern. On his raising the open end of the tube until it became level with the bottom of the *water*, the mercury instantaneously sank entirely out of the tube; while the water, with the same rapidity, sprang up to the *top* and occupied the *whole* of the cavity. It would, of course, by the laws of specific gravity, have risen to the height of about thirty-two feet, had the tube been sufficiently long. Torricelli then clearly saw that the columns, both of mercury and of water, were supported

from the same cause, namely, the atmospheric pressure. He next altered the shape of the glass tube by bending up the lower and open end.

After the publication of Torricelli's experiments in 1645, the field was opened to all philosophers for the practice of every experiment to which the barometer is applicable. Torricelli did not live long to enjoy the fame of his discovery, and died at an early age. To enter into an account of the numerous experiments of distinguished men with the Torricellian tube, would be extending the limits of this paper beyond the object proposed. It may be sufficient for us to know that the principle remains precisely the same. By the barometer, we are enabled to determine the pressure of the atmosphere, which is known to be about 15 lbs. on a square inch. This fact is proved when the air is exhausted, by means of an air-pump, from any glass receiver or air-tight box.



The principle of the Torricellian tube having been thus explained, and its power shown of registering the incumbent weight of the atmosphere, it now remains to describe the barometer as it is made for domestic purposes, and as we find it hanging up in most houses, as a standard of reference for changes which are likely to take place in the weather. The first we have to make ourselves acquainted with, is called the Wheel Barometer, in which the peculiar arrangement of

the Torricellian tube is the invention of the eminent philosopher, Robert Hooke.

a a a, the Torricellian tube ; *b b*, the mercury ; *c*, a light weight of iron or glass, resting on the top of the mercury ; *d*, a lighter weight ; *e e*, silk thread which passes over a roller, having a delicate axis. On this axis is fixed the hand *f*. Whenever a decrease of atmospheric pressure takes place, and the vapours no longer suspended, may be expected to descend in rain, the weight *c* rises, and the smaller weight, *d*, pulls round the hand from 'Fair' towards 'Change.' While the height of the column in the short leg has risen, that in the long leg, (which in the plain barometer without the wheel is the only one visible), will proportionably have sunk ; and we accordingly say, on looking at the indicating column, that the mercury has *fallen*. Fair weather is, of course, prognosticated by the contrary process : the mercury sinking in the short leg of the tube, and rising in the long one, presented to the eye.*

Although we have here described the Wheel Barometer, we have only done so, because it is the more common form of the barometer. It is the best looking instrument, and is therefore preferred as an article of furniture. But like some other things, it is not really the best, though the best-looking. The common straight-up barometers are much the best for practical uses, and for minute and important observations it is the only barometer which is of any use at all. The principle is precisely the same in both instruments, only in the "straight-ups" the observer looks direct at the quicksilver, and can mark at once its action, and does not contemplate it, through the somewhat uncertain medium of the index. In the "straight-up" the tendency of the mercury to rise or fall may be ascertained, before there is scarcely any actual movement. If its tendency be to rise, the surface of the mercury will have swelled upwards in the centre, if to fall, it will be depressed. In either case, there will be no actual movement of the mercury at the edge against the tube, the change in the atmospheric pressure not yet being sufficient to overcome the

capillary attraction of the quicksilver towards the glass.

It is a somewhat curious fact, that the atmosphere is lightest, when charged with vapour ; then it is, that the mercury falls, because the air is not so heavy as in its dry state, and consequently it cannot support the column of mercury at so great a height in the tube. And the contrary effect is produced during fair weather. Atmospheric air is specifically heavier than vapour, that is a given quantity of dry atmospheric air, will weigh heavier than the same quantity of unconfined vapour.

The following are the most important rules to be observed in studying the movements of the barometer.*

1. The barometer is highest of all during a long *frost*, and it generally rises with a north-east wind, and the reason assigned is, that a long frost greatly condenses the air, and the more condensed the air is, the greater is its pressure on the mercury of the barometer. The north-east wind has the same effect, being both cold and dry, and therefore condensed and heavy.

The *second* special rule is, that the barometer is lowest of all during a thaw, following a long frost, because the air then becomes saturated with vapour which makes the air lighter. The barometer is also very low during a south-west wind, because those winds are heavily laden with vapour.

The *third* rule to be observed is, that while the barometer stands above 30, the air is sure to be dry or very cold, or both, and no rain may be expected. Very dry air absorbs the moisture, and will not part with it in the form of rain, and very cold air is so much condensed that it has already parted with much of its moisture.

The *fourth* rule is, that when the barometer stands very low indeed, there will never be much rain—although a fine day will seldom occur. At such times, short heavy showers, with squalls of wind, may be expected. When the barometer is very low, the air must be very warm, or very moist, or both ; but the air will not part with its moisture, but absorb more, until a cold air is introduced. This will

* *Dent on the Barometer.*

* *Brewer's Guide to Science.*

better temper. Things have gone on improving with me, ever since my good old father came to live with me. Indeed, he is a blessing in himself to any man's household. I wish that I had half, aye a tenth part of his piety; but I haven't. Sometimes the old gentleman comes out in a way that astonishes me. It was but Sunday night last, that while reading the 11th Psalm, he made a stop in the very middle of it, when he came to the words, "The Lord's throne is in heaven; his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men;" and looking stedfastly at Roger, for Richard was not there at the time, he said,—'Yes! go out on a night as shadowy as ever hid the earth and stars from view; let it be dark as pitch, black as soot; muffle yourself up in a great-coat, tie a mask on your face, and pull your hat over your eyes; go into a copse, a wood, a forest, a deep cave, aye, a coal-pit if you will, and do an evil deed, and the angry eye of God will see you as clearly as if the mid-day sun was shining on your head, and your evil deed shall be written down in God's book against you, even in the very moment you are doing it.'

I don't know how Roger took it, but for myself I felt as certain that God could read every thought in my heart, as I did that I was sitting in my chair. Weak as father is in his body, he is strong enough in his mind. He would have made a rare preacher had he been brought up to it.

We must all make up our minds to have trouble of one sort or other. Workmen's wages are not what they once were, but bread is cheaper; and it's something to have work to do, and inclination and strength to do it. As father says,—'If we thought more of the good things we have, and less of those we have not, it would be better for us all.'

I often think it's no light matter to have such a talented neighbour as we have in Reuben Spenser, a sort of universal genius, who seems, in some strange and unaccountable way to have been every where, to have seen every thing, and to know every body. When he opens his mouth, knowledge comes out of it. True it is, that, when he talks about carbon and the electric fluid, and enters on his hard words—geology, zoology, entomology, and such like—that he gets

a little above me; but Richard, who will be twenty next birthday, is at home with him in them all. Though I am not a teetotaler, I don't think Richard's signing the pledge has done him any harm, and then the lectures he has heard have given him a desire to get knowledge. He has a good head-piece of his own, and when Roger grows older, I hope they will be as like as two peas. 'Richard,' said I, the other day, when he was reading Watts's Logic, 'put the book down, lad, for you know quite enough about it;' but instead of shutting the book he smiled at me, and replied, 'In a book that I was reading yesterday, it said—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring,
Where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

I have no envy towards those who keep their carriages, for none of them can be happier than we are in our country strolls and fireside conversations. We try to play into one another's hands, and don't keep jarring and snarling as some do. Love and peace in a family are beyond price. As father often says,—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

When my lads come in from their work, they are as merry as crickets, and Madge and Mary brighten up at the sound of their voices. Every now and then Richard, who is fond of poetry, reads us a bit of his own, and whether it would please other people or not, it always pleases me and Madge. On Mary's last birth-day, he brought her a beauty of a moss-rose, with the following lines tied round the stalk. I felt sure that they were his own writing; and I wished I had a shilling for every one who couldn't write like them.

I'LL GIVE MY ROSE TO MARY:

Say, shall I give my rose to Ruth,
For she expects it clearly?
But, no! she never speaks the truth,
And loves herself too dearly.
And Caroline, in every part,
So like a little fairy,
Alas! has neither head nor heart—
I'll give my rose to Mary!

Fair Blanche, at best is but 'a Blue,'
And Joan is pert and pettish,
And Jane and Florence, Ann and Sue,
Are all of them coquettish.

Penelope is proud and hot,
And Kate is quite contrary,
And Grace is—but I care not what,
I'll give my rose to Mary!

Now and then old Tansley, who was once in the dragoons, calls upon us for an hour or so, and then we are sure to have a sort of friendly flare-up; for Tansley must fight his battles over again, and father, who is for having all swords beat into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks, must have a fling at him: Madge and Mary and I join in with

father, but Richard, who has a mighty notion of the 'honour of Old England,' often puts in a word for the old soldier.

My grandfather was Irish, so no wonder that most of us are rather quicker in temper than we ought to be; but if we have a break-out, it is only for a moment. Twenty times over, I feel sure that I have heard father say, "He that is slow to wrath, is of great understanding," And "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith."

RECIPES.

FRUIT BEVERAGES.

FRUIT drinks should be made with the juice of the fresh fruit when it can be obtained, in preference to syrup or jam. These drinks are readily prepared according to the following directions:—

Raspberry Water.—Pick a pint of fresh raspberries and rub them through a sieve, mix the juice with as much syrup or sugar as may be required, the juice of a lemon, and a quart of cold spring water. The quantity of either syrup or water may be varied at pleasure.

Strawberry Water is made in the same manner.

Gooseberry Water in the same manner.

Currant Water is made from either red or white currants, but owing to the acid nature of the fruit, the lemon is unnecessary,

Cherry Water is prepared in a similar manner, but the stones should be crushed, so as to obtain the flavour of the kernels.

Apricot and Peach Water are prepared in the same way, or they may be made from the jam, using a few bitter almonds to give the required flavour. N.B. Any of these drinks may be made by using jam, instead of fresh fruit, or from the syrups, which merely require the addition of lemon juice and cold water. Many persons prepare these drinks by boiling the juice obtained by pressing the fruit through a hair sieve, with a little water, straining it through a flannel bag, and adding as much syrup or sugar, lemon juice and water, which should be perfectly cold before use.

Spring Fruit Sherbet.—Boil six or eight sticks of clean rhubarb ten minutes in a quart of water, strain the liquor into a

jug on to the peel of a lemon cut thin, and sufficient quantity of sugar; let it stand till cold, and it is fit to drink.

Apple Drink.—Boil five or six ripe pippins, cut into six or eight pieces, in half a gallon of water until quite soft, strain through a sieve, and sweeten with honey or sugar.

Baked Apple Drink.—Bake half a dozen apples without peeling them, put them into a jug and pour half a gallon of boiling water over them whilst they are hot, cover the whole up until cold, when sweeten with honey or sugar.

Normandy Pippin Water.—Cut up five or six Normandy pippins into small pieces, boil them for half an hour in a quart of water, with a little lemon peel, or a clove if required; sweeten to the taste, strain, and drink when cold.

If Normandy Pippins are soaked in cold spring water, they impart to it a most agreeable sub-acid refreshing flavour. A larger number are, however, required than when they are boiled.—*The Book of One Hundred Beverages.*

Most excellent Recipe for Simnel Cakes.
—Six pounds of flour, four pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, one pound and a quarter of butter, one pound and a half of sugar, one ounce of ground cinnamon, one nutmeg, half-pound of candied lemon, four ounces of almonds, twelve eggs, three-quarter-ounce of salts of tartar, rubbed well in the sugar before you put it into the flour, half-pound of barm. A slow oven prepared as they will rise the best.

THE RATE OF MORTALITY AMONG PERSONS OF INTEMPERATE HABITS.

THE following forms part of a paper on the above subject, read by F. G. Neison, Esq., at a recent meeting of the Statistical Society. Mr. Neison commenced by explaining, that the primary reason for collecting the data brought forward was, to apply the results to life assurance operations, and he had consequently included only well marked cases of intemperance—not brought into his observations men occasional drinkers, or what is termed generous 'or free livers.' Throughout the whole of the tables, the mortality shewn was frightfully high. In the 6111·5 years of life, to which the observations extended, 357 deaths had taken place; but if these lives had been subject to the same rate of mortality as the general population of England and Wales, the number of deaths would have been 110 only, or less than one-third. At the term of life 21—30, the mortality was upwards of five times that of the general community, and in the succeeding twenty years, it was above four times greater—the difference gradually becoming less and less. An intemperate person of 20 years of age has an equal chance of living 15·6 years; one of 30 years of age, 13·8; and one of 40 years, 11·6 years,—while a person of the general population of the country would have an equal chance of living 44·2, 36·5, and 28·8 years respectively. Some curious results were shown in the influence of the different kinds of drinks on the duration of life,—beer-

drinkers averaging 21·7 years; spirit-drinkers, 16·7 years; and those who drink both spirits and beer indiscriminately, 16·1 years. These results, however, were not more curious than those connected with the different classes of persons. The average duration of life after the commencement of intemperate habits among mechanics, working and labouring men, was 18 years; traders, dealers, and merchants, 17; professional men and gentlemen, 15; and females, 14 years only. But perhaps the most important circumstance disclosed was the remarkable similarity between the proportion of crime in the sexes to the proportion of deaths from assigned causes of intemperance. It was shown that the tendency to crime in the male sex is nearly five times greater than that of the female, or more strictly, in the relation of 336 to 1581, while the ratio of death to the population, from assigned causes of intemperance, at the age of 20 and upwards, is in the relation of 8,011 to 36,769, a most remarkable agreement, the difference being under 2½ per cent. Mr. Neison concluded by giving an estimate of the number of drunkards in England and Wales. From this it appeared that the number of males was 53,583; and females 11,223, making a total of 64,806, which gives 1 drunkard to every 74 of the male population; 1 to every 434 of the female; and 1 in 135 of both sexes. *Athenæum.*

“BE YE SOBER.”

“Be ye sober!” They who struggle
For the better lot below,
Must not let the fell imp juggle
Soul and body into woe.

“Be ye sober!” if ye covet
Healthy days and peaceful nights;
Strong drink warpeth those who love it
Into sad and fearful sights.

“Be ye sober!” Cheeks grow haggard,
Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
Runs too fast, or crawleth laggard,
When there's poison in the flood.

Oh! stand back in godly terror,
When temptation's joys begin;
'Tis such wily maze of error,
Few get out who once get in.

Shun the “dram” that can but darken
When its vapour gleam has fled;
Reason says, and ye must hearken,

“Lessened drink brings doubled bread.”—*Eliza Cook.*

OUR WASHERWOMAN.

From Punch.

THE interests of society demand the insertion of the subjoined letter:—"Oh, —*Mr. Punch*,—Talk of undertakers' charges! Talk of butchers' and bakers' bills! Well, Christmas is the time for making a to-do about them, certainly. But of all the expense and ruination to families, there's nothing comes near the wickedness there is in washing. Here, I came up a month ago, next Wednesday, to keep house for Augustus, who I hope and trust will succeed in his profession, and in his poor uncle's time, when he lived in the cottage, having none of our own, we considered him as such, and used to wash him in the country. I know he'll never forget his poor aunt, and how nice his things used to be sent him, without speck or spot, as white and as sweet as lilies, without a rumple or a crease, and not a button off any of them. So, when I got here, I took and looked over his linen, when lo, and behold you, it was all shreds and fribbets, the pleats of the shirt-fronts slit all up, the gussets unripped, the backs all in holes, and the rest as rotten as a pear; and his sheets the same, and his night-gowns and night-caps, and his doileys, fit for nothing but to make tinder of, and that is no use now they have those dangerous congreves. His best silk handkerchiefs I bought myself, and gave five shillings a piece for, worn to rags, worse than old dusters; his drawers and under-waistcoats, fine merino, patched all over with calico, and his poor toes coming through his socks. 'Gracious goodness! Augustus,' I said, 'how you have been wearing out your things.' 'Well,' he says, 'Aunt, I don't know how it is.' 'Well,' said I, 'it's very strange.' But I soon found out the reason. Not more than twice had I sent

my own things to the wash, when home they came; my frills that I had only just made up myself; my capes and collars, brand new; my shimmyzettes, and everything in jags and tatters. Shameful! Shocking! Scandalous! My linendraper's bill had just come in, five pounds ten and sixpence halfpenny, if a farthing; and all my nice things spoiled. Abominable! You may suppose I gave our washerwoman a pretty talking to; but what do you think I found out; I said to her . . . [*We are under the necessity of slightly curtailing the conversation--Ed.*] . . . and she said . . . and then says Jane . . . and so . . . And I found out it was all because they use bleaching powder; Yes, *Mr. Punch*; that is what the nasty lazy old creatures do to save trouble. They might as well steep things in vitriol, or put them into the fire to be cleaned, as I have heard is done with clothes made out of ashbestis. This is how my beautiful aprons, every one, and all Augustus's table-cloths, and each bit of under-clothing we have either of us got, have all been ruined. Besides, the bleaching only whitens the dirt—doesn't get it out, so it is nasty as well as destructive. I have no patience with those good-for-nothing washerwomen that eat up our clothes, worse than moths, in this way; it is a sin. There is quite waste enough in every house without that. Do, pray, *Mr. Punch*, try your best to put down this wicked system of washing; and the save it will be, and the distress you will remove, and the dreadful scenes and passion and scolding that you will prevent, there is no saying. Do, sir, and I am sure I shall ever be, your thankful reader, SARAH TRIMMER."

THE ALARUM CLOCK.

THERE is a bedstead in the Crystal Palace which is so ingeniously constructed as to turn out on the floor at a certain hour the person who lies on it. This reminds us of the following French tale,*

by which some of our youthful English readers may perhaps profit.

"Agnes Melville when ten years old was fonder of her bed than children generally are, though she went to it at a very early hour and slept soundly. Every morning at eight o'clock her mother

* Of the Abbé de Seigné.

went into her room, hoping to see her up and dressed, but she always found her asleep. In vain did Mrs. Melville reprove her child for thus indulging a slothful habit, injurious to health and wasteful of time. Agnes every day promised that she would rise earlier the next day, but she did not do so, and was invariably the last to appear with the family when they assembled for prayer before the tea-urn made its appearance. Agnes had a brother who was never late, and prided himself on the approbation which his mother bestowed upon him, being held up as an example to his sister, who was, however, two years younger than he. But Henry had a besetting fault also; he rose rather early it is true, but his motive for doing so, was to allow himself time for dressing himself to his complete satisfaction; in fact, he was a little dandy. His mother perceived this weakness, and endeavoured to correct it. 'My dear boy,' she would say, 'I have held you up as an example to Agnes in respect of early rising, but I am sorry to say that though you leave your bed earlier, you do not profit by the morning hour either for study or exercise; you are contracting a habit almost as blameable as that of laziness. You spend too much time in dressing. Cleanliness of person is indeed a mark of a gentleman, and very necessary for health and comfort. I wish to see you at all times neat in your dress, but you make a business of what ought to be done, and with less preciseness. If I were to gratify your wishes you would wear a waistcoat of a different pattern every day in the week, and in the style of your dress become an object of ridicule. Think less of your appearance and more of the adornment of your mind. If the time which you fritter away every day before breakfast in dressing were spent in preparing a lesson for your tutor, you would have more recreation in the course of the day, besides acquiring a valuable habit.'

Mrs. Melville's mild remonstrances were not lost on Henry, who from that day commenced his studies at an earlier hour than he had done before. This pleased her greatly, and she hoped to correct the fault of her little daughter.

For this purpose she bespoke a wooden clock to which was attached an alarum bell which could be made to ring a peal of

itself at any hour to which it was set. When the clockmaker brought it, Agnes, who had seen one before, immediately guessed her mother's intention, and followed him into the bed-room, where he was desired to fix it.

Next morning at seven o'clock she was dressed. Her mother seeing her about the house smiled at the success of her plan. From that day she had no cause to reprove Agnes for laziness.

A year passed away, during which both the children profited by their mother's care and instructions. Agnes having learnt to make good use of her morning hours, saved her maid servant much trouble by taking on herself several little offices which she had before neglected. For instance, she neatly folded her own clothes and kept them in order; nothing about her was untidy; and if dust or rain did any injury to her frocks or bonnets, she would repair the injury without the aid of a dressmaker or milliner. She had also become an expert needlewoman. Her mother encouraged her to work for the poor, and thus excited in her mind a desire to be useful, while both she and Henry were led to read such books as gave them varied and solid information; for their mother took pains to impress on them a sense of the advantage of reading, not from mere curiosity, but from a desire of learning something worthy of being treasured in the mind.

One day a friend came to Mrs. Melville, complaining of the laziness of one of her children whom she could not get out of bed at a proper hour in the morning.

'I have heard, my dear madam,' said she, 'that you have an alarum clock; do you now use it, for if not, I will ask you to lend it to me? I have heard of its good effects here.' Smiling as she looked at Agnes.

'It is a long time since it has been used,' replied Mrs. Melville.

'Mama, you may say it has never been used,' said Agnes.

'Never!' exclaimed Mrs. Melville.

'No, mama; a year ago when Mr. Timely came to put it up, I followed him into my room, and begged of him not to wind it, promising to rise every morning at seven o'clock; I have kept my word, and when every one thought it was the alarum bell that awakened me, it was my

own anxiety to correct my fault and please my mama that really aroused me !”

Mrs. Melville tenderly embraced her little girl. She felt inexpressibly delighted at this proof of the good principle which had influenced her daughter to exercise that firmness of purpose and

self-denial, which had enabled her to overcome a bad habit which she had indulged for some years. It need hardly be added, that Mrs. Melville cheerfully parted with the alarum clock, as there was no sluggard in her house to require its awakening peal.

AN ARTIFICIAL TOOTH MANUFACTORY.

THE *Boston Christian Register* contains a long and very interesting description of a visit to Dr. Morton's Tooth Factory, at Needham, Massachusetts, from which we make the following extract :—

“ Pure crystallized quartz is calcined by a moderate heat. When taken from the fire it is thrown immediately into cold water, which breaks the rocks into numberless pieces. The larger pieces are then broken up into smaller ones, and the whole when reduced to a proper size, put into a mill which is itself made of quartz. The mill is turned by steam power. Here the pieces of calcined quartz are ground up into powder, very much after the fashion of grinding Indian corn into meal. Next a variety of spar, which is free from all impurities, is ground up in a like manner into a fine powder. Artificial teeth are composed of two parts, called the body and enamel. The body of the tooth is made first, the enamel is added last.”

The next step is to mix together nearly equal parts, by weight, of the powdered spar and quartz. This mixture is again ground to a greater fineness. Certain metallic oxides are now added to it, for the purpose of producing an appropriate colour, and water and clay to make it plastic and give it consistence. This mixture resembles soft paste. The paste when thus prepared is transferred to the hands of females, of whom we saw no less than fifteen engaged in filling moulds with it, or otherwise working upon it. After the paste has been moulded into proper shape, two small platina rivets are inserted near the base of each tooth, for

the purpose of fastening it (by the dentist) to a plate in the mouth. They are now transferred to a furnace, where they are ‘cured,’ as it is technically called ; that is half baked, or hardened. The teeth are now ready to receive the enamel, which is done by women ; it consists of spar and quartz, which has been ground, pulverized, and reduced to the shape of a soft paste or semi-liquid. In this state it is easily spread over the half-baked body of the tooth by means of a delicate brush. When this is accomplished but one more step is required. The teeth must be subjected to an intense heat, for the purpose of thoroughly baking them. They are put into ovens, lined with platina and heated by a furnace, in which the necessary heat is obtained. The baking process is superintended by a workman, who occasionally removes a tooth to ascertain whether those within have been sufficiently baked. This is indicated by the appearance of the tooth. When they are done, the teeth are placed in jars or boxes, ready for use. An experiment which was made, tested to our satisfaction, the hardness of these artificial teeth. One of them taken indiscriminately out from a jar full, was driven, without breaking, into a pine board until it was even with the surface of the wood. The visiter expressed his satisfaction at the neat, orderly, and intelligent appearance of the females employed in the manufactory. The room in which they labour at their task has a cheerful look, which is not often seen.”

SALE OF ARSENIC.

THE new act of parliament *Regulating the Sale of Arsenic* has come into operation. It enacts that on the sale of arsenic, the particulars of the sale are to be entered in a book by the seller, in the form set out in the schedule, containing the date of sale, the name and surname of the purchaser, his place of abode and occupation, the quantity sold, and the purpose for which it was required. No arsenic is to be sold to any person unknown, unless in the presence of a witness, and arsenic is not to be sold except to a person of full age. For offending against the act, a penalty of not more than £20 by justices is to be imposed. The act is not to prevent the sale of arsenic in medicine under a medical prescription. The term ‘arsenic’ is to include all arsenious compounds.

AN INCOGNITO

ALTHOUGH no mole, I burrow under ground,
And tho' no watchman—take a nightly round,
By day unseen—tho' neither bat nor owl;
I may be heard;—but neither screech nor howl.

Like many Germans that the trav'ler meets,
I smoke my pipe in bed—or public streets!
But though I smoke, I add no greater sin,
I drink no porter, brandy, rum nor gin!
My temper cool—a spirit almost tame,
Raise but your hand—I kindle into flame;
Not like the fire-fly, sparkling in the air,
More like the glow-worm with a constant glare.
My birth arose from deeds of darkest dye,
And still I struggle to be bright and high.
I dare not talk of family descent
I seek distinction by my own ascent.

I boast no wealth, not even talents rare,
Fostered by *Winsor's*, scientific care
He ultimately made me *sun* and *air*
My age? a certain age—a thing of course
Is *about forty*,—ask me not my source,
I scarcely know the kingdom I am in;
A fault I own—yet surely 'tis no sin,
Let all who own my potent essence rare,
Waste not its odour on the common air,
I breath not sweetness, yet I've greater pow'r
Than aromatic herb or fragrant flower.
I eat no terms—no parchment I enrol,
Yet draw from *Blackstone*, even quote from *Cole*

No lawyer I—In court I never spoke,
And yet I've made—a *Little-ton* of *Coke*.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMATICAL GARDEN.

(To the Editor of the *Family Economist*.)

SIR,—I have been walking, in imagination, in your enigmatical garden, and I have enjoyed the sight of an infinite variety of flowers, amongst which are many of my early field favourites, transplanted and flourishing by the side of foreign friends. I perceive in the culinary corner my valued friend *Thyme*, near this stands the *Sage* beside the *Mint*. If I mistake not, the crown which was the prize for him who saved the life of a fellow-citizen was made of *Parsley*. Not far from this *Balm* is to be found, and if you truly repent there is your emblem *Rue*. As an ornament to this quiet corner is *Mary-gold* and *Rose-Mary*. Early in the year I presume your '*Formal roses*' were *Prim-roses* blooming with simple *Cows'-lips*, *Hounds'-tongues*, *Speed-well*, *All-heal*, and *Blue-bells*.

In a large circular bed in the middle was a *Rosery*, surrounded by wide borders in which were *Larkspurs*, *Traveller's-Joy*, *Sweet-William*, *Monk's-hood*, *May*, *Balsam*, *Archangel*, *Solomon's-Seal*, *Rockets*, *Shepherd's-Purse*, *Balm-of-Gilead*, *Enchanter's-Night-shade*, *London-Pride*, *Barberry*, *Bittersweet*, *Centaury*, *Charity*, *Columbine*, *Ragged-Robin*, *Everlasting*, *Forget-me-not*, *Heath*, *Lords-and-Ladies*, *Love-in-Idleness*, *Mercury*, *Love-in-a-Mist*, *Meadow-Sweet*, *Periwinkle*, *Valerian*, *Venus's - Looking - glass*, *Stocks*, *Golden-Rod*, *Adonis*, *Lady's-Mantle*, *Narcissus*, *Box*, *Old-Man*, *Marvel-of-Peru*, *Star-of-Bethlehem*, *China-Asters*, *Crane's-bill*, *Love-*

lies-bleeding, *True-love*, *Bed-straw*, *All-good*, *Canary*, *Passion-Flower*, *Flowering-Ash*, *Ladies'-Slippers*, *Broom*, *Birch*, *Heart's-ease*, *Pansies*, *Soupirs*, *Grass - of - Parnassus*, *Prince's-Feathers*. The pretty scarlet *Anagallis*, which is called the '*Shepherd's weather-glass*,' although a weed, its brilliant little stars, are allowed to grow near the beautiful '*Morning-Glory*.' Not far from the *Six-o-Clock-Flower*, there stands the majestic *Sun-flower*, bowing as if in adoration to the luminary of the day. Twining over a green bower I saw the fragrant *Honey-suckle*, and behind it the white blossom of the *Mountain Ash*. All round the garden I perceived that '*Mural ornament*,' the bright yellow *Wall-flower*. Before I close the account of my discoveries, I must inform you that I perceived in a retired nook, beyond the reach of children, the *berry-tempting* plants of *Night-shade*, and the *Bella-Donna*.

If I have traversed your enigmatical garden fruitlessly, and if I am still unacquainted with any part of it, please let me know; but I assure you, I think the *Family Economist* has a collection which is only inferior to that of Chiswick or of Kew.

I remain, Sir, with much respect,

YOUR HORTICULTURAL FRIEND AND
FLOWER FANCIER.

[Our correspondent has not supplied a complete answer to the Enigma in our August number, but very nearly so.—ED.]

DOMESTIC UNION.

It is one of the greatest of domestic blessings to be a member of an united family, and nothing can be more mischievous than to let any root of bitterness spring up amongst those who ought to cultivate this union. With these views, I have always been anxious, in our own family, over which it has pleased God to place me—that we should put the most liberal construction upon each other's conduct—that we should not do or say anything to disturb our mutual affection and goodwill—and that, whenever anything that might interrupt our harmony should arise, we should endeavour as much as possible to re-unite, and to remove the cause of misunderstanding.—*Life of Edward Baines of Leeds.*

VARIETIES.

MR. S. M. PETO, M.P.—There was a divine who used to say, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, 'Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters;' and with a like motive it may not be useless to mention that Mr. Peto, now only forty-two years of age, left school at the age of fourteen, and being apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Henry Peto, the builder, worked three years at the bench, used the trowel for a year, and passed the remaining three years of his apprenticeship at the mason's banker. When he was a little more than twenty-one his uncle died, and left his business and his capital jointly to him and to Mr. Thomas Grissell, also a nephew. Their first work was Hungerford Market, their second the new Houses of Parliament—afterwards placed wholly in the hands of Mr. Grissell. They built the Reform Club House, the Oxford and Cambridge Club House, the Model Prison at Clerkenwell, and other large structures; the St. James's Theatre was completed by them in thirteen weeks. They also entered very largely into railway works, and to these, after the dissolution of the partnership, Mr. Peto confined his attention; we may mention more especially the Eastern Counties line, the line from Ashford to Folkestone, the Southampton and Dorchester, the Oxford and Birmingham, and, in conjunction with Messrs. Betts, the whole of the Great Northern line north of Peterborough. When we say that there were employed on his works at one time ten first-class locomotive engines, 2300 waggons, 916 horses, and 14,800 men, some idea may be gained of their great extent, and of the energy and power required to keep all well in hand. There are many excellent traits recorded of Mr. Peto, but for none does he deserve more honour than for his continued and enlightened efforts to raise the character of the large bodies of men engaged under him.—*The Builder*.

CALCINED GRANITE. — Mr. Archibald M'Donald, of Aberdeen, some time ago, discovered a process for reducing Aberdeen granite to a fine clay, which was moulded into form at the Seaton Pottery, and presented an article of the most beautiful and durable character. Since then Mr. M'Donald has had an experiment tried of working the calcined granite into water-pipes, and so successful has it proved, that a specimen of 18-inch bore has been forwarded to the Society of Arts in London, by request.—*Witness*.

SUPERIOR GRAFTING WAX.—The following mixture, namely, one pint of linseed oil, six pounds of rosin, one pound of bees'-wax, makes a better and a cheaper wax than any I have used. This wax will give entire satisfaction to those who use it.—*Horticulturist*.

A GENTLEMAN advertises, in a New York paper, for board in a quiet genteel family, where there are two or three beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and where his society 'will be deemed a sufficiency for board, lodging, washing, and other et ceteras.'

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES:—THE RICH AND THE POOR IN THE OLDEN TIME.—There was a great disparity between the cost of mummification in the two extremes of society. The dried corpse of the humble quarryman was merely saturated with natron, baked in an oven, swathed sometimes in woollen rags, and covered with palm branches and papyrus matting; while on the body of the wealthy prelate were lavished the most expensive spices and perfumes; after which it was wrapped in many hundred yards of the finest tissue, and placed in three coffins, all sculptured, painted, gilded, and enamelled, with a superfluity of extravagance.—*Gliddon's Lectures*.—*Ethnological Journal*.

DON'T COMPLAIN.—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who with levelled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain the gun did not go off, and he fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, 'How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property.'

The Corner.

STAND upon the edge of this world, ready to take wing, having your feet on earth, your eyes and heart in heaven.—*Wesley*.

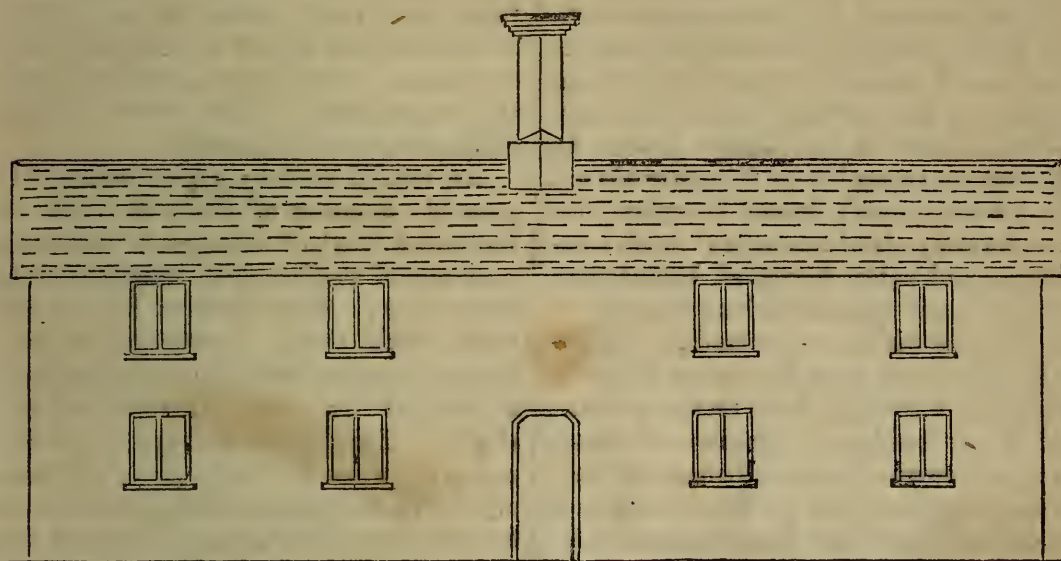
THOSE who would go to heaven when they die, must begin their heaven while they live.—*Henry*.

RICHES are but like the leaves of a tree, beautiful for a season; but when winter storms arise, they fall off and are blown away.—*Bishop Reynolds*.

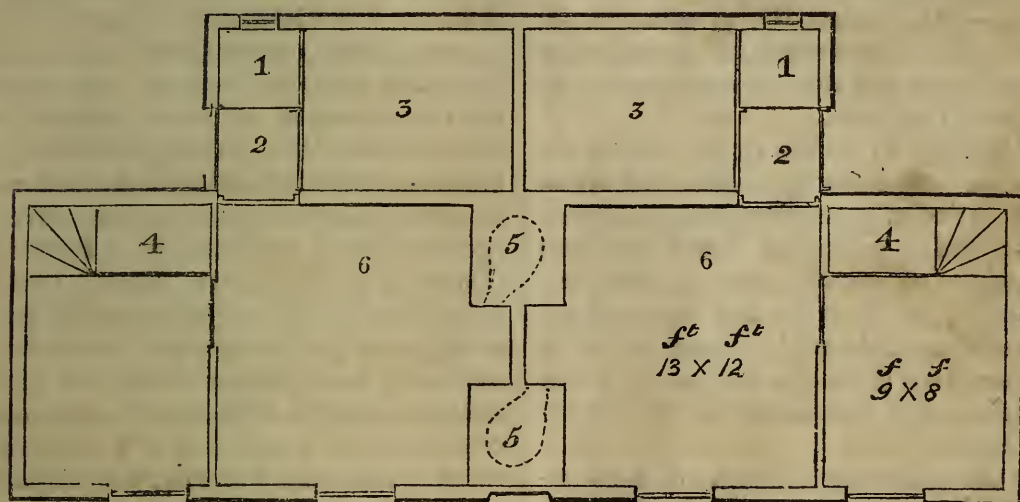
HABITUAL KINDNESS.—Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—*Sir H. Davy*.

THE MORALITIES OF COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

ELEVATION AND GROUND PLAN OF TWO COTTAGES, BEING AN IMPROVED DESIGN
OF TWO COTTAGES BUILT AT TRISSHAM, BERKS, 1850. £130. TO £150.



Blank



5 5 10 20 30

Scale of Feet.

REFERENCES.

1. Closets.
 2. Porch entrances to the Living Rooms from the side of the Porch ; there is also a door leading to each Wood house facing the entrance.
 - Note.—There is only one entrance or doorway to each Cottage.
 3. Wood houses.
 4. Staircases, with a Closet under each staircase.
 5. The Ovens, having the mouth or entrance in each fireplace.
 6. Living Rooms.
- What appears to be a door in the Elevation is only a blank recess for ornament.
There are three Sleeping Rooms over each Cottage.

THE MORALITIES OF COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

RAPID and diffused improvements in arts and sciences, and the consequent extension of the comforts, conveniences, and refinements of social life are distinguishing features of the present day. The agricultural classes of the higher grades do not form an exception to this general fact. The yeomanry and tenant occupiers also of moderately-sized farms have more commodious and better furnished houses than farmers of the same rank had formerly—and this too within our memory. Where parlour floors of bare tiles were common, carpets on a boarded floor are now seen; neat if not handsome curtains are considered necessities; plates, dishes, and tankards of pewter, horn drinking-cups, and wooden trenchers have been superseded by coloured china-ware, glass decanters and tumblers, &c.—not indeed that these *gentleer* articles are dearer than those were which have gone out of use so entirely that they could not now be purchased in any shop, unless one perhaps of old curiosities—but because the progress in all manufactures has caused the introduction of handsomer and more convenient articles at a very low price.

Wherever, as in the vicinity of manufacturing and thriving commercial towns more particularly, country mansions, ornamental villas, and neat farm-houses are in progress of erection, there is great improvement in the style and commodiousness of the buildings, but there is not at the same time commensurate energy in the providing of fit habitations for the labouring classes.

In the construction of many of the farm-houses for their tenants by landed proprietors, there is also a visible alteration for the better; the size of each room is made sufficiently large and lofty, and the domestic accommodation, including that of the in-dwelling farm-servants, is in many instances fully consulted. But the cottages of farm-labourers are too frequently in miserable condition, though it be true that there are no longer in England many hovels of clay and wattling without a chimney or a glazed window, as in days of yore, and with only a ladder or a notched post as the mode of ascending to a sleeping-loft, it is equally certain that

large families are huddled together, in 'stud and mud' rooms, to an appalling extent, without regard to decency, health, or comfort. This appears to be especially the case in some of the northern counties of England and in Scotland.

An official sanitary report states, "the general character of the best of the old-fashioned kind of cottages in the border counties of the North of England is bad at the best. They have to bring everything with them—partitions, window-frames, fixtures of all kinds, grates, and a substitute for ceiling—for they are mere sheds. They have no byres for their cows, nor sties for their pigs; no pumps or wells; nothing to promote cleanliness or comfort. The average size of these sheds is about 24 by 16 feet. They are dark and unwholesome. The windows do not open, and many of them are not larger than 20 inches by 14, and into this place are crowded eight, ten, or even twelve persons." Mr. Smith, a distinguished Edinburgh architect and designer of model cottages, has expressed his regret at the imperfect manner in which cottages are built and finished by both landlords and farmers, and the great insufficiency of house accommodation for the married rural labourers of Scotland, as regards convenience, decency, and comfort. From Mr. Chadwick's reports we collect, that in some districts a very large proportion of cottages in the country are so miserably small and inconvenient, that it is impossible to preserve in them the common decencies of life; how can it be otherwise when a man and his wife, four children, some 13 and 14 years of age, sleep in one room, and sometimes in one bed—some at the foot, others at the top, or some sleeping in the family room, where cooking, washing, and eating are performed! "How," (in the emphatic words of Dr. Gilly, of Durham,) "they lie down to rest, how they sleep, how they can preserve common decency, how unutterable horrors are avoided, is beyond all conception." I could shew several houses in an agricultural village of Berkshire, in which there is but one sleeping room, and in some of which from six to ten persons rest at night in the same small apartment. The

Archdeacon of Canterbury has done some service, it may be hoped, to the cause of humanity, by publishing in *The Times* (last April) a letter containing the following particulars:—"In a parish of 1200 souls in Kent, several families of six and eight individuals have seldom two sleeping-rooms; they are crammed into one room with two—seldom three beds;—young women and youths of 15, 16, and 18 years sleeping, if not in the same bed, in the same room together. Education is in a great measure useless, (observes the writer,) if decency and modesty do not prevail, when the children return home to their parents' hovels." It is added, that this is no uncommon case in the same county.

Nothing can be plainer than that it will be impossible to carry into effect the lessons concerning order, cleanliness, personal respect, and delicacy of feeling, sought to be taught to children at school, if the domestic habits be such as to counteract the moral impression of such lessons. In large cities, unfortunately, there is great difficulty in providing room for the continually increasing numbers of labouring poor, who are led from various causes to congregate therein. Even the untiring philanthropy of such influential personages as the Earl of Shaftesbury, hitherto Lord Ashley, whose honoured name will descend to posterity as the 'poor man's friend,' finds it most difficult to meet the crying evils which result from the crowding of men, women, and children together in sleeping-rooms. But in the small villages of rural parishes, in farm-houses and their dependent cottages, there can be no such extreme difficulty in providing ample house room for labourers' families.

A landed proprietor, or yeoman on his own property would find it his interest, even in a pecuniary sense, to build commodious habitations for the labourers. They have the means in their own hands of obtaining the weekly rents, and even a builder erecting houses on his private speculation, would probably in most instances realize a remunerating profit from the investment of capital in the building of cottages—with just reference to the cottager's means of payment. Labourers in my locality, who generally receive but 7s. a week, except in the hay and harvest seasons, from tenant farmers, pay from 1s. to

2s. per week for the rent of a cottage with a very few poles of garden. Now, supposing the investment of £130. or £150. in building a double cottage on the annexed plan obligingly sketched for me by Mr. Hunt, the rent at 1s. 6d. a week from each family, would amount to £7.16s. a year, which to a landlord would be a sufficient rate of remuneration for the benefit conferred on his estate.

In many places such a double cottage could be built, for £130., even with hollow bricks, (which deaden sound and repel moisture), similar to the unglazed bricks in Prince Albert's model cottages; they are purchaseable in some districts at 21s. per thousand; no plastering would be necessary; an inside coat of lime-white applied once a year would, however, be desirable, even if white smooth bricks like those made in Essex were used, in order to purify the apartments. Tiles do not attract and retain heat in the same way as slates, they would therefore (though unsightly) be the better material for covering the roof; yet local circumstances may render it more economical in numerous instances to employ slates.

In general, well-burnt bricks are the cheapest, the driest, and most durable material for cottage-walls in England; they are put together with more quickness and regularity than stone. Stone walls require to be much thicker than brick, and often demand a much more abundant supply of lime mortar, they are objectionable also, unless stone of good quality can be got in the neighbourhood. In some clay districts, as in parts of Devonshire and of Ireland, mud walls resting on stone foundations form the shells and partitions of warm, dry and *durable* cottages, if this primitive material be properly worked and finished off with an outside coat of rough-cast dashing, and protected by a projecting eave from dripping rain. Such walls are built by ordinary labourers accustomed to the work, and with the clay on the spot, and a dry season to allow it to set properly, they are inexpensive and unobjectionable where bricks or stones are costly. Whatever the materials of the walls may be, there should be no mistaken economy, no stingy scanting of the space to be enclosed, when the lives of human creatures are in question. The evils resulting to *health* from living in low,

contracted, ill-ventilated, and ill-lighted rooms, if duly considered would arouse to action every man who has the means of promoting the cottage accommodation of the poor. Even the aspect of the dwelling is a matter of much moment, and no one who is himself sensitively alive to the enjoyment of having the sun gleaming on his breakfast table, or shining fully on his room during the day, will expose the labourer's cottage to a cold, sunless and therefore damp and unhealthy aspect. If the artificial drying which the room can at times economically impart to the labourer's wet clothes, be provided for, (as in the sketch) the vivifying influence of the sun to cheer and warm the whole domestic circle when it *does* shine out, is no less to be obtained by a judicious arrangement of the portion of the house in which the windows are to be inserted. One of my friends, who lives in a cottage facing the north, is in a state of the most nervous discomfort during nine or ten months of the year. When his neighbour on the opposite side is cheered by the beams of the sun, and requires no fire to warm him, my poor friend is cowering over his fire, and miserably out of humour whenever he comes in, after enjoying sunshine in his garden behind the house or elsewhere; and what is perhaps more to the purpose of the *economist*, he assures me that he consumes a ton more of coals in the year, from his northern exposure, than if his habitation looked to the south, or still better if inclined a little to the east. This is no trifling matter in the case of the poor cottager, with perhaps infirm persons in his family, acutely susceptible of atmospheric influences.

A perfectly dry foundation, either naturally or by complete draining, and good ventilation by an opening near the top of the ceiling in the upper floor, are among the essentials. "We have a remarkable instance," Dr. Arnott reports on the subject of ventilation, "which serves to show the degree of knowledge that exists among the public at present on this subject. In the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, a new house was built to receive the monkeys; and no expense was spared, which, in the opinion of those entrusted with the management, could ensure to the natives of a warm climate, all attainable comfort and safety, (such as warming the room with low grates,

and ventilating by openings in the skirting,) * * * When all this was done, about sixty healthy monkeys, many of which had borne several winters in England, were put into the room. A month after, more than fifty were dead, and the few remaining ones were dying. This room open only below, was truly an extinguisher to the living monkeys as an inverted coffee-cup, held over and around the flame of a candle, is an extinguisher to the candle. Not only the warmth from the fires, and the warm air allowed to enter by the openings in the floor; but the hot breath, and all the impure exhalations from the bodies of the monkeys, ascended first to the upper part of the room to be completely incorporated with the atmosphere there, and by no possibility could escape, except as a part of that impure atmosphere, gradually passing away by the chimneys and the openings in the skirting, therefore, from the time the monkeys went into the room until they died, they could not have had a breath of fresh air. It was necessary only to open, in the winter, part of the ventilating apertures near the ceiling which had been prepared for the summer, and the room became at once salubrious." The same scientific gentleman adds, "that a canary bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead in which people have slept, will generally, owing to the impurity of the air be found dead in the morning; and such close rooms, in the habitations of the poor, are sometimes as ill-ventilated as the curtained bedstead." Of how much more value than a bird, or even a monkey, is a man! and is it not true economy for a cottager, if he have the means at all, to pay a little more rent for a dry snug, roomy and well-ventilated house, than to occupy one which is defective in these points, even if he hold it rent free? Let him calculate the loss and misery sustained by such diseases as are apt to occur in damp, sunless, ill-aired houses, and he will pray for a healthful habitation. Suppose a man, or any one of a working family to be afflicted with pleurisy, fever or liver affection from inhabiting a cold, damp house, with a north exposure, his earnings must be stopped for the time, and though the parish doctor and the overseer of the poor may physic him without any cost, and give bread to his family, his strength is more or less impaired by a half-

starving diet, and when hay and harvest work succeed, he cannot work as he would have done if his health had been uninterrupted. He cannot do a full day's work when it is most needed, and when his services would be most beneficial to himself. He is out of condition, both for his own gains and the benefit of his employer. Thus both may be losers by the want of a proper house for the labourer.

Without attempting to describe in elaborate detail, a picture which would necessarily be indelicate and loathsome, it is enough to say, that there is hardly a magistrate who would not acknowledge that out of the innumerable cases of illegitimate children among the labouring classes, —even in retired rural districts, where comparative purity and innocence might be expected, many arise from the grossness and indecency which become familiar to the people in consequence of the want of the decorous separation of the sexes at night.

In my present neighbourhood, the farmers to their credit, are, generally speaking, careful to have the sleeping-rooms for the domestic farm-servants entirely apart, and even entered by different passages from the kitchen. In other parts

of England, I understand that it is not uncommon for the servant men to pass through the sleeping-rooms of the servant women, or the contrary, in a common farmer's domestic establishment. Such practices are demoralizing in their effects to a fearful degree. A judicious economy of space, and arrangement of rooms in farm-buildings would obviate this evil.

A second sleeping-room in a labourer's cottage, consisting of only one room over the kitchen is easily contrived in the Scotch and French fashion, by boarding off a recess in the kitchen for one or more beds, like berths in the cabin of a ship. Where the living-room is large enough to admit of this contrivance, it is surely better to have recourse to it than to pen all the members of the family by night in one apartment.

In the words of Sir George Nicholls—
“It is not a highly-ornamented cottage which the labourer needs; what he really requires is, a habitation sufficiently roomy and substantial for the comfortable accommodation of his family, and furnished with appliances for his and their daily wants; and this assuredly ought to be provided for him, or he ought to possess the means of obtaining it.”

THE BRIAN FAMILY;

OR, A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING-MAN.

PART THE SECOND.

WHAT an odd thing it is that I, who am nothing but a journeyman carpenter, should take a fancy to write an account of what is passing around me. Suppose it should ever be printed in a book, what would Madge say? John Bunyan was a tinker once, yet he wrote a book that will be read, perhaps, as long as the world stands; why then should I not write a book? But, as father says, pride is always whispering some foolish thing or other in a man's ears that goes to his heart.

If I had not a good place of work, I should hardly be able to afford myself an hour, now and then, as I now do, to write a few lines. Madge says I am a talker, but she beats me hollow. I sometimes tell her, when I hear her talking in right earnest, that I'll match her against the

market: still, at other times, Madge has usually a quiet way with her.

The other night old Tansley was telling us, as usual, of one of his adventures, when he was in the dragoons, for, according to his own account, he was always an excellent swordsman. Three Frenchmen cut at him at once, but he parried all their strokes, and dashed among them, making a thrust that laid one low, when the others rode away like cowards as they were. Richard, just to please him, read the following remark from a book that he had been looking over:—

“In old times, when warriors clad themselves in chain mail, buff jackets, and plates of steel, a man was not obliged to be so careful as now in parrying a cut or thrust. Sometimes he would allow his enemy's stroke to take effect, because he

knew it would light on a part of his armour that would turn the weapon's edge, and that he could give a counter cut which would strike down his foe. An old soldier feels no terror at the brandishing of a naked sword ; he knows that every cut has its parry, and his blade is to him both sword and shield. He is aware that his enemy has to take care of himself, and that he cannot hurt another without exposing himself to danger. The man that thrusts at another's heart, leaves for the moment his own heart defenceless."

Both old Tansley and Richard were of opinion that there was no text in the Bible that absolutely forbade our going to war. 'Whether there is or not,' said I, 'I don't know, but I do know that there is a text that tells us to "Love one another," and how we can love one another and cut one another to pieces I must leave you both to decide. There will be an end to wars sometime,' said I, 'and the sooner the better. We have had peace now for a long time, and I hope we shall set an example in keeping the sword scabbarded. If the French should crow a little, we must bear with them.'

'Bear with them,' said Richard, colouring up, 'Do you think, father, that if the French were to invade us, I would let them come into our house, rob, and pillage, and break the furniture, and ill-use mother and Mary ! No ! They should crush my life out first !'

'Wheugh !' said I, 'what a flare-up you are making, Mr. Turkey-cock, with your red face and your angry heart. There's nobody going to rob the house, or to harm the hair of your mother's head, or Mary's either ; if there were, I should not be sitting more quietly, I fancy, than yourself. All that I say is, we should show our willingness to be at peace. Had we spent one half as much money in promoting peace, as we have in carrying on war, it would have been all the better for us.'

'You would have us put down our armies, father, I suppose,' said Richard, 'instead of being prepared for war, and then wouldn't other nations invade us and conquer our country ? To-be-sure they would.'

'Most likely,' said I, 'and richly we

should deserve it, if we acted so foolishly. But suppose, instead of preparing for war, we tried to persuade other countries to put down their armies at the same time that we put down ours, then there would be very little fear of our being conquered. I'll tell you a tale, Richard, of the two gamekeepers, that I once heard.'

'Do,' says my Madge, who well knew that I was going to make up a tale for the occasion, 'let us have the tale, Maurice.'

'Once on a time,' said I, 'two gamekeepers, Hurly and Burly, stout fellows, who lived at no great distance from one another, had a quarrel, and went to fisticuffs. If they were bitter before the fight, they hated one another still more afterwards. Hurly being determined to get the better of his rival, set up a knobbed stick ; and when Burly saw it, he sallied forth with a knobbed stick too. After belabouring one another every time they met with their knobbed sticks, Hurly added a mastiff dog to his establishment, which compelled Burly to do the same. In a little time things came to such a pitch that Hurly never went abroad without his knobbed stick and three mastiffs as his body guard ; and Burly, as a matter of necessity, had a standing army of the same kind ; thus they went on worrying each other's dogs, and breaking each other's heads, till an older and wiser man tried to persuade Hurly to put down his dogs and his bludgeon. "What !" said he, "am I to render myself defenceless, and let Burly crow over me with his dogs and his cudgel ?" "No," said the old man, "I would not have you act so simple a part, but remember it was you who compelled him to set up his dogs and his bludgeon. Will you put down yours, if he will put down his ?" Hurly, who was heartily sick of fighting and of the expense of his dogs, said, "Yes." And then the old man set off to Burly, who was quite as willing to do without his body guard as his rival : the consequence was, that the dogs were dismissed, the knobbed sticks put down, and Hurly and Burly, instead of remaining at war, shook hands heartily with one another, and lived in peace.'

'Well done, Maurice,' said my father, 'whenever you want to persuade any one of the folly of preserving peace, by making

preparation for war, you can hardly do better than tell them the tale of Hurly and Burly, the two gamekeepers.

Though the mistake I had made in being bound for Thomas Turner sadly troubled me and Madge, we kept it to ourselves, as long as we could ; but when it came to the point, and the money was really wanted, I opened my heart to my father. Now, thinks I, father will give me a pretty dressing ; but I was mistaken.

He told me that there was nothing wrong in being surety for another, but, on the contrary, it was kind-hearted and right, only that it should be done with discretion. We should know him well for whom we are surety ; and, again, we should never undertake to do what we have not the means of performing without bringing ourselves and those about us into trouble. God's word says, "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it ;" and it says, too, that if we have done wrong in being surety for a friend, we must humble ourselves and make our friend sure. 'If Thomas Turner, then, does not pay the money, you must, but how I cannot tell.'

After leaving me a little while, he came again to me and said, 'I have turned it over in all manner of ways, and have come to this conclusion—that you can't do better than borrow the money from your master.'

'But don't you see,' says I, 'that I shall be putting myself under his thumb? and though he is not a bad master in the main, he is a hard man, and one who, if he gives me the gravy, will be sure to baste me afterwards with the spoon.'

'Not at all unlikely,' said my father, 'for where there is one who will do you a kindness without upbraiding you, there are ten who will throw it in your teeth, over and over again. I believe that for almost every shilling that has ever been borrowed in the world, two have been paid for it in one way or other.'

'Well, then, that's enough. If my master looks shy at me, or twits about me to my fellow-workmen, or gives himself airs, I know I can't bear it.'

'We can bear little enough of ourselves,' said my father, 'but when God helps us, we can bear anything. If you can get the money in any easier way, Maurice, well and good ; but if you can't,

better put up with your master's twitting and upbraiding, than be pulled to pieces, and see your wife and children going moping about a house with no furniture in it. God's people will always have something to bear. When even wicked Manasseh, bound in fetters as he was, and carried to Babylon, humbled himself before the God of his fathers, He was entreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him back again to the kingdom. Hezekiah was nigh unto death, but when he humbled himself, turning his face to the wall, and praying and weeping sore, God heard and answered his prayer and healed him. God putteth down the proud, Maurice, but he lifteth up the humble. Those are beautiful lines of the poet Montgomery—

"A bruised reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore :
'Tis done ! Arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more."

The longer I talked with father, the less able was I to stand up against him. It cost me a great deal, before my proud heart was humbled, but humbled it was at last, and I made up my mind to apply to my master. Thinks I to myself, 'It was my hand that flung the stone in the air, and it sha'n't fall, if I can help it, on Madge, and Mary, and the lads.'

From the moment my mind was made up, I felt as if a heavy load had been taken off my shoulders ; and if I could have gone straight to my master I would, but he was away from home, and not expected to return till the morrow, so I went to Madge. 'Madge,' says I, 'father has opened my eyes, so that I see things in a different light. I'll borrow the money from master at once, and settle Thomas Turner's affair. If I hadn't been a fool, I should have done this before now.'

'But listen to me first,' said Madge, in a gentle tone, 'I thought myself that your master would lend you the money ; but then I knew what, with your high spirit, it would cost you to ask him, so I have formed another plan. You know that I have two or three gold coins, given

me by my mother, besides the silver ladle ; and I have a silk gown that I never wore but once. Mary has a lot of trinkets—'

'Madge !' said I—

'Gently, Maurice !' said Madge, soothingly, 'Mary will be thankful to let you have them ; and do you think that Richard wouldn't give you his watch ? Why, he would take off the coat from his back, if his father wanted it.'

'Do you mean to drive me mad,' said I, clenching my fist, and striking the

table. 'I will have no coat, nor watch, nor trinkets, nor coins—'

"Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn."

If Maurice Brian has got himself into a scrape, Maurice Brian shall get himself out of it again.'

Madge did her best to coax me into her plan, but I set my face as a flint against it. Thinks I to myself, 'After all, that man can't be poor who has a wife that will freely part with her silk gown for her husband's benefit.'

GLEANING CORN.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

"THE orphan and widow are members of the same common family, and have a right to be supported out of the incomes of it as the poor Jews had to gather the gleanings of the rich man's harvest."

The justice of the principle contained in this statement has been long since fully acknowledged, and in a much more extended sense by the poor-laws of England.

The Jewish law made a merciful provision for the needy in harvest time. "When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest." (Lev. xix. 9.) Not only was the owner of the crop forbidden to gather the ears which fell accidentally from the reapers' hands, or from the wagons that carried the crop, but he was commanded to leave some portion of the corn unreaped for the special benefit of the poor and stranger. Among us christians, though there is a legal provision for the poor and needy, the fields are open to the gleaner ; but not indeed with the full liberality of the Jewish law, because the cases are dissimilar.

The contemplation of some groups of gleaners in the middle of last August has led me to think of the subject of gleaning, both as it relates to past and present times.

I had risen early to look on the pleasing labour of some children who had been dismissed for the harvest period from their village schools. It was about six o'clock, when I found them anxiously awaiting the entire removal to the stack-yard of a large array of golden sheaves, which were

ranged at equal distances and in equal numbers, somewhat in the manner of the piled arms of a regiment of soldiers when resting on the field from the active movements of a review day. There had not been time for carrying the whole crop on the previous evening, and the farmer would not permit the gleaners to commence their eager operations until the last stook should have been cleared away. And why was Mr. Arable thus strict in his prohibition ? Why were not the impatient gleaners allowed to collect the stray ears and straws until the sheaves had been totally removed ? Because experience had shewn him that dishonest gleaners have abused their privilege by plucking straws from the sheaves, or stealing, it might be, an entire sheaf, when they had been allowed to approach them ; and thus the dishonesty of some caused the inconvenience and disappointment of many. By their pressing too closely to the wagons also, accidents might arise to children. And possibly, without such a regulation as that which farmers generally adopt in this respect, there would be undue favouritism to gleaners, and temptations to reapers to gather the corn less carefully than the economy of husbandry requires. Ruth indeed asked of Boaz permission "to glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves," and therefore we may conclude that the custom among the Jewish husbandmen was to permit the gleaner to move among the sheaves ; and certainly Ruth had a profitable day's gleaning, for she collected an ephah (a bushel) of barley

for her pains ; and allowing much for the liberality of Boaz, who wished to reward her for the pious and affectionate care she had taken of her mother-in-law, a bushel was a great deal to obtain by one day's gleaning.

It was scarcely six o'clock when I entered the wheat-field of Mr. Arable. The sun was in the full splendour of a clear azure sky ; a set of youngsters of both sexes were seated on the ground ; many in the full flow of animal spirits—some boys tumbling over head and heels, one resting on his head with his feet upwards—some romping, others lying listlessly on the ground, gloating perhaps in imagination on the hot cake into which the gleanings were soon to be converted—a few little creatures looked as if they wished to be asleep—one child was munching a crust, another examining his allowance for dinner, which was carried in a little cotton bag that dangled from a button of his jacket—and apparently about to eat it in order to have it out of his way, or because he had nothing else to do.

Thus did two hours pass away ; then some old women, and young mothers of families, who could not spare many hours from domestic occupation, came into the field ; they well knew that no time had been yet lost by them, and that "slow and sure," and "fair and easy, go far in a day."

The last wagon-load passed away. John Fallowlea, the bailiff, waved his hand—as much as to say "up guards and at them"—the boys shouted, and the gleaning began.

As may be supposed, from the different ages and characters of the persons engaged in it, there was much diversity in the manner in which the gleaning was performed. Some individuals pressed forward to be in advance of their fellow-labourers, others grasped at every straw that bore a good ear with a quick eye and ready hand, despising the smaller ears which less ambitious children contentedly picked up. Some scarcely gave themselves time for arranging in the left hand the unequal straws which the right hand gathered, while others lost time in settling and counting what they had. The little children picked but a straw here and there, and perhaps that a headless one, while they gazed around them, almost as stupidly as

young turkey poults, turned into stubbles for the first time. Other children reminded me of ducks waddling fast, and jostling each other according to their own fashion, after a plough, to gobble up the worms in the furrow. The elderly women moving steadily, and—with the gravity of geese, obtained a full goose's share : none of the boys, I remarked, resembled the farm-yard cock in politeness to the females around him—scraping up for them, and pointing with his toes to the grains which he was too generous to touch. Gleaning is generally limited to wheat stubbles, and no farmer, unless he be an uncharitable and detestable man, ever refuses to the poor the small share of wheat—the most important grain—which their industry may obtain by gleaning, (or leasing as it is provincially termed,) from the field before the plough enters it. Any man who would send his plough-team into the field, for the purpose of depriving the poor of their just and scriptural privilege, would incur the execrations of his neighbours, and certainly deserve to have God's bounties withdrawn from him. As to barley and oats, the frequent practice on the part of the farmer, is to give his pigs the run of the stubbles as soon as the corn has been carried. A judicious farmer will allow no longer time, if the stubble land is to be ploughed for another crop—for gleaning, or clearing of waste grains in any way, than will be necessary for this purpose.

In Ireland, geese and turkeys roam over the stubbles as soon as the corn is harvested, and geese are among the most inexpensive luxuries of the country ; yet the advantage obtained by allowing swine and poultry to consume the grains that have escaped the hands of the gleaner, is often counterbalanced by the loss sustained to the soil from not ploughing in the stubbles soon, in order that they may rot in it, instead of perishing uselessly on its surface.

The actual gain to the gleaner of wheat is not easily computed. Supposing the season of gleaning to be with interruptions,—a fortnight, it can hardly be possible that in populous districts, labouring families will on an average gather more than a bushel of wheat each. A single, active, and industrious person might indeed glean as much or more to his own share, under very favouring circumstances. But chil-

dren, however, eagerly they may work at the commencement of the harvest, when the pursuit in question is pleasurable and exciting, will soon become tired of it, and dislike very early rising and late industry. It often happens that when a troop of gleaners have cleared out a field, they do not know to a certainty where they may follow their vocation on the ensuing day. Delays occur from the state of the weather, the unfitness of grain for carrying, or the whims and crotchets of farmers as to giving or withholding leave to enter the fields. As a proof of the uncertainty of real profit from gleaning, I may state, that stout boys who have been receiving but the miserable pittance of eighteen-pence a week for *seven* days' occupation, from a very early to

a late hour, in preventing birds from ravaging ripening corn, peas, &c., have not abandoned that employment for the precarious profit arising from gleaning.

Still, a bushel of wheat is an object of much consideration, where spare hands can be afforded for gathering it; and if there were no greater advantage derivable from gleaning, than that of teaching children to be industrious in providing food for a family, their time would be passed to a good and economical purpose. The cakes or loaves procured by their own exertions, have a particular relish to the youthful gatherers of the raw material, and the straw is of value as a means of providing manure for the cottage garden.

THE JOHNNIES.

A NARRATIVE.

WHEN I was in Spain with the French, one of my comrades, in the same company with myself, was Jacob Pinkert, of Nussdorf, a right excellent man. He was a shoemaker by trade, and on his travels, when he was obliged to go home, as he was among the number of those from whom the new levies were to be made. Since he had there neither money nor land, neither house nor farm, neither father nor mother, in short, nothing which could be either lost or injured by his remaining away, he need not have gone. But the worthy man thought that in that case some one else would be obliged to go in his stead who perhaps could not so well be spared, he therefore went, drew his lot, and was obliged to become a soldier. We two were faithful comrades in the field; we had one heart and one mind. He came off better than I, and buried his leg in Spanish ground. He returned home in 1815, and wrote many letters to me, all of which terminated by "come back soon." He had settled in Nussdorf, married, and appeared to be tolerably well off. At last, a fortnight ago, I thought that I would go, and you all know that I am not fond of going about. However, I packed up my clothes, and set off. The last few weeks, although in October, had been as hot as August. I was therefore quite exhausted when I reached Nussdorf, and

so worn out by thirst, that I thought that I had whistled my last note. My eye lighted upon the first house, and saw a long stretching-out iron, from which hung a golden star. I entered, and there sat two men; one was the host, the other was a shoemaker, as one could easily discover, by the pitch that stuck about him. I made my respects, sat down, and asked for half a tumbler of forty-six.

The host brought it, presented it, and said, 'You're welcome.'

The cobbler was a person whom, to judge by his red nose, one would not take for a water-drinker. He was as inquisitive as an old woman, or any one else who has nothing to do.

'Where do you come from, country-man?' asked he.

'A good way off,' said I.

'Are you going farther to-day?' asked he.

'Perhaps,' answered I.

So it went on. I cannot endure questions. Thereupon the landlord joined in about the weather, the harvest, &c.; the other then put in a word, until we got into a pretty agreeable conversation.

Stop, thought I, I must inquire about my comrade. I therefore said, 'About six-and-thirty or more years ago, I served under the French with a Nussdorf man. I think his name was Pinkert. Does he still live here?'

'Yes,' said the landlord, 'he still lives here, and is a man very well off, but seems glued to his house for the whole year round; he never goes out except to church on Sundays, and he is a niggard into the bargain, who never spends a penny with an honest alehouse keeper. If he goes out on Sundays with his wife Lisbeth, and his daughter, and his boy, the only inn he goes to is "The Sun," or "The Green Wood." Do you understand?'

The cobbler laughed contemptuously.

'I must, however, say,' pursued the landlord, 'that he is a very sensible man, is a member of the Town Council, is getting up in the world, and, as I hear, bought yesterday the house which he has hitherto rented, and paid down a hundred guilders of the price, and yet he was as poor as a church mouse when he began, and his wife had something less than nothing.'

'I would have bought the house,' said the cobbler, whom the landlord called master Hopp, 'even if I must have borrowed the money; but old Junggesell, to whom it belonged, and who has got another that he lives in himself, said nothing to any one about it; and I believe that Pinkert would not have let it go if he had paid double what he has for it. He knows why,' added he, with a mysterious air.

'Now,' said the landlord, laughing, 'there's something behind this; tell us what it is.'

'Something there is,' said Hopp, with a countenance that expressed that he alone was in the secret.

'Come out with it, master Hopp,' exclaimed the landlord, 'you know everything that has happened in the town for the last hundred years.'

This pleased the cobbler, who I thought a very repulsive person. He cleared his throat with another draught, then said, 'I will tell you in confidence, my good landlord of the Star; there is a little Johnnie in the house.'

'What is there,' asked the landlord, half angrily. 'A little Johnnie. I think there's something loose under your cobbler's cap. What kind of thing is it?'

'One would think you were either just born, or an infidel,' exclaimed Hopp. 'You either don't know what it is, in which case I will tell you; or you don't

believe in it, and then I may as well hold my tongue.'

'Upon my word, I don't know what it is,' said the landlord.

'Well, then, listen,' said the cobbler, 'little Johnnies or Jackies are good house fairies—pretty little fellows, who, when they are in a house, and one keeps friends with them, bring blessings on one, and do all one's work without any body's seeing them.'

'These are child's stories, master Hopp, which an old man like you ought to be ashamed of,' said mine host of the Star.

'Do you see,' said he, turning to me, 'he is also one of the unbelievers, of whom the world now-a-days is as full as a garden that is manured with sweepings, is of weeds. But I will tell you a story which will show which is the wiser of the two.'

'Let it be so,' said the landlord.

'My grandfather, by the mother's side, was a joiner in Dessau; he was a good man, and an industrious one also. He bought himself a house, in which was a little Johnnie, but he did not know this when he bought it. If he had begun a piece of work in the evening, and came early in the morning into the workshop, there it was all done and ready, and polished so that one could see one's-self in it as in a looking-glass. At first this puzzled him, but he remembered to have heard of the little Johnnies, and knew then how it all happened. As this was of great advantage to him, and he knew that one must not speak of the little Johnnies in one's own house, and also take care not to see them, he kept the matter quite to himself, and did not even tell it to his wife. He knew that women cannot keep from chattering, and that their curiosity knows neither law nor bounds. Every evening he locked up his workshop, and, if he could possibly help it, would not let his wife come in at all. Women's scent is very fine. Grandfather thought that his wife knew nothing about it, but she took advantage of meal times. She had already some suspicion, but had not the courage to ask any questions. Curiosity, however, to see a little Johnnie burned in her heart.

'It happened once that the noble owner of an estate at some distance sent for my grandfather to his castle, because he wanted to have a model made, and grandfather went there. As the distance was con-

siderable, he was obliged to remain there all night. His thoughts were so much occupied by the good piece of business that was offered him, that he left the key of the workshop in his every-day jacket, and set off. In the evening, my grandmother thought, 'If I don't see the little Johnnie at work now, I shall not get another opportunity.' After she had had her supper, she blew out the light, and hid herself under the work-bench, on which a heap of boards were lying, so that no one could see she was there. She had scarcely got into her hiding-place than it became as clear as day in the workshop, and yet far and wide there was no light. Suddenly there came out from behind the stove a little fellow, as big only as a doll, very neat and pretty to look at. It began to hammer and plane, the work went from his hand as quick as lightning, and yet there was no noise nor sound. Before she could have expected it would have been a quarter done, a little bar was ready and polished. But now grandmother felt inclined to sneeze. The little Johnnie did not know that she was there. She made all possible grimaces, held her hand to her nose, but in vain. She suddenly sneezed loudly. Little Johnnie was frightened. It was suddenly pitch dark in the work-room, and — the little Johnnie was gone for ever. There's also a little Johnnie in Pinkert's house. How else could he make so many shoes? I'm a shoemaker also, and sit hard at it; but no one can work as much and as well as Pinkert, unless he has a little Johnnie to help him. That's the reason that he never keeps a workman, though he has work enough for one. He's afraid of folks talking, which might drive away the little Johnnie from him, as it did from grandfather.'

The landlord now stood up and said, 'Master Hopp, if you will let yourself be serenaded home, I will pay for the music.' Upon this he went out, and as I had had enough, I followed him, paid for my half tumbler, and went away.

When I was in the street, I asked the way to Pinkert's house, and was directed to a pretty looking house. I went in, and found every thing beautifully clean and neat. I opened the room door, and there was presented to me a very pleasing picture.

Opposite to me stood a table, at which sat the wife, Lisbeth, her hands folded in her lap, and her countenance beaming with as happy an expression as one could wish to see. Before her sat my old friend Pinkert. He had a glass of wine in his hand, and was just exclaiming, 'Long live Lisbeth!' A pretty daughter leaned over her mother's shoulder, and was pointing to the first blank leaf of a little Bible, in which the dear mother's birth-day was inscribed. A boy who beamed with health and mischief peeped out near the father, and was rejoicing, partly on account of the joy of his parents, and partly on account of the coffee and the holiday cakes which his sister had made in honour of their mother's birth-day; and at the kitchen door appeared the merry face of the maid, bringing in the milk for the coffee.

I should have liked to remain there, and quietly enjoy the sight of my old comrade's domestic happiness; but he perceived me, and recognised me at the first glance.

'Jacob,' exclaimed he, 'Well, old friend, are you come at last?' He almost demolished me for joy. 'That you should just happen to come on the fifty-fifth birth-day of my Lisbeth, which is a holiday and day of rejoicing for the whole house, makes your coming still more pleasant.'

His wife, Lisbeth, his daughter, Gretchen, the boy, even the maid, came and heartily stretched out their hands, and said how happy they were, since they had all known me long since from the father's narrations, to see me at last before their eyes.

'You must know, Jacob,' said Pinkert, 'that early this morning Gretchen said to me, "To-day is mother's birth-day. I saw that in the Bible."'

'Say nothing about it,' said I, 'make some holiday cakes, get ready some good coffee, bring out a bottle of wine. She was to know nothing about it. When we all together wished her many happy returns, she would not believe it. Then Gretchen got out the Bible, and showed her where it was written. Just then you came in. This makes it doubly a day of rejoicing, and not a stitch of work shall be done to-day, so we can have a good chat. Now sit down, old comrade.'

These are persons after God's own heart. This was the happiest day I have spent,

after those of Philip's wedding, and the christening of his two children. All the old Spanish and French stories, all the misery we had endured and battled through together, all the pleasure which had come to our share, were brought back again to our memory.

We sat together till late in the evening, and then went to bed with cheerful, happy hearts.

The next morning, when the clock struck four, I perceived signs of activity below. Then, thought I, redeem the hours while you are with your friend ; who knows whether you may meet again on earth, so get up.

When I came down, Lisbeth was spinning thread for sewing shoes ; Gretchen was binding shoes ; the boy, little Andrew, was drawing cobbler's thread ; and the maid tended the cattle in the stable.

When the boy had done his task of thread, he took his books, and learned his lessons for school ; the others continued their work without interruption. Pinkert's work flew from his hand, and yet the stitches were as firm as nails. He chatted with me at the same time. After breakfast, Gretchen went into the field with the maid, the mother prepared the dinner, the boy was at school, and Pinkert worked with all his might. Thus all went on till dinner, and then again till it was time for recreation. We then went into the pretty garden behind the house, where the last works of autumn were going on. After supper, work was renewed till ten o'clock. Then Pinkert offered up the evening prayer, as before breakfast he had done the morning prayer, and we went to bed.

Thus everything in the house had its own order, which was observed with the greatest punctuality.

I asked Pinkert why he did not keep a shopman. He answered, ' Good ones are scarce, and I should not like an indifferent one. The present is a bad time for workmen ; they want much wages and little work, and their work is bad. Good workmen seldom find their way to villages. I had one three years, who was a very worthy fellow. He is now at home, and—I may tell you—he is soon to come back, and marry Gretchen. He is a worthy, honest Wurtemburger. Until he comes, I would rather not have one.'

When Sunday came, we all went to church. After church, the Bible was read. After dinner, again to church ; and then we took a walk, and Pinkert showed me his field. I perceived that he was a very prosperous man. Everything in his house was as quiet as if nobody lived in it. One never heard a hard word, or scolding, or quarrelling. The parents were punctually and unhesitatingly obeyed. On Saturday night Andrew took the work home and brought back good, hard money. In Pinkert's ledger were also standing some good credit accounts. ' These are rich people,' said he, ' who pay punctually on St. Martin's-day. This money covers my expenses for leather, which I buy every year at the fair. When my son-in-law comes, business will go on still better.'

When I had spent a happy week, I departed. At the door of his house stood the landlord of the Star. ' Take a drink, to help you on the way,' said he ; and as I had time enough, I went in. We had scarcely sat down, when in came Master Hopp.

' So you have been on a visit to Pinkert,' said the landlord ; ' you can tell us about the little Johnnie.' Saying this, he winked at Master Hopp.

' He has the full advantage of it,' said I.

' What !' cried the landlord, springing up ; ' do you believe it also.'

' There,' said Hopp, laughing triumphantly. ' No, no ; things don't go on like that with fair play. I've always said so.'

' It is just so, landlord,' thereupon said I. ' But the little Johnnie's name is Diligence, Piety, Order, Frugality.' Hopp looked as white as chalk.

I then related circumstantially what I had seen and experienced in Pinkert's house. I added, ' This little Johnnie does not run away when it hears a sneeze, but says, politely, ' Bless you.' It does not run away, either, on being seen, otherwise I should have scared it ; but I have seen it very active at fingers' ends. I believe, Master Hopp, that it was not it that left your grandfather in Dessau, when he began to go down in the world, but that he had become too independent of his business. He therefore grew idle. There was no economy

in his house. He and his wife ate and drank every day, as if it were a feast-day. Truly, when things go on like that, the real little Johnnie whom I have told you of is off in a twinkling, and with him God's blessing.'

'I think, also, that little Johnnies will not stop with tipplers. They dwell not in the house, but the heart. Everybody can get one who tries; and everybody can keep one who fears God and keeps his commandments, who prays and works, is orderly and frugal. You, Master Hopp, who have many children, I would advise to endeavour to seek one where it may be found; and I do not think that you will seek in vain; but you find nothing that you do not find at the board of the landlord of the Star.'

The host said, 'Bravo! I will let this pass; such a little Johnnie there is.'

Hopp slunk out of the door.

'Hark ye, countryman,' pursued the landlord, 'you have certainly driven a

good customer from my door, with your wonderful little Johnnie; but, nevertheless, I am glad that, in respect of this blockhead, you have hit the right nail on the head. I hope that it may do him good, and that he may find the true Johnnie. But, come, take a glass of something. You shall have it of the very best.'

I thanked him, and went on my way.

Readers, young and old, try to obtain the presence of such an inmate in your house. If it does not, like the little Johnnie in the house of Hopp's grandfather in Dessau, do your work at night, it will help by day right diligently and well. It is a spirit—that spirit of piety, temperance, order, and frugality which God gives to all who ask it. It is not a fairy; but it makes every one to prosper who fosters and maintains in his house such a LITTLE JOHNNIE.

Try it.

YEAST AND PUTRID FEVER.

To the Editor of the *Family Economist*.

Exmouth, 23rd June, 1851.

SIR,—In No. 41 for May, 1851, of your valuable publication, I was much pleased to observe an account of my father's discovery of yeast as a remedy in putrid complaints, extracted from the memoir of his life, written by my eldest sister, Mrs. S——.

It is, I believe, well known, that in consequence of Dr. Cartwright's providential discovery, yeast is often used in dressing putrid wounds in hospitals; but there is reason to regret that it is not better known as an *internal* remedy, and administered in its own original form, which, if I may be allowed to say so, is that in which it will be found most beneficial. I speak from personal experience, having some years ago suffered extremely from a severe ulcerated sore throat consequent on scarlet fever, for which the medical gentlemen who were consulted prescribed many

unsuccessful remedies. At last, a somewhat reluctant and sceptical permission was given to try a table-spoonful of yeast, the soothing effect of which was immediate, and a second spoonful administered shortly after completed the cure.

About the same time, a poor woman, whose grandchildren were dangerously ill of malignant small-pox and putrid sore throat, was earnestly advised to try the effect of yeast. Three of the children had died previously, but hardly had the survivors swallowed this remedy, than they began to mend, and their ultimate recovery was so rapid, that the poor woman declared that 'it was little less than miraculous.' That your benevolent desire of spreading the knowledge of this simple and yet powerful remedy may be fulfilled, is the earnest wish of, Sir, your obedient servant,

FRANCES DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT.

RECIPES FOR MAKING INK.

Ink, Black.—*Prep.* 1. Bruised Aleppo nut-galls 12 lbs.; water 6 galls.; boil in a copper vessel for 1 hour, adding water

to make up for the portion lost by evaporation; strain and again boil the galls with water 4 gallons, for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, strain off

the liquor, and boil a third time with water $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, and strain; mix the several liquors, and while still hot add green copperas, coarsely powdered, 4 lbs.; gum arabic bruised small $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; agitate until dissolved, and after defecation strain through a hair sieve, and keep in a bunged-up cask for use. *Product.* 12 gallons very fine and durable.

2. Campeachy logwood chips 3 lbs.; bruised galls 9 lbs.; boil in water as above, and to the mixed liquors add gum arabic and green copperas, of each 4 lbs.; to produce $16\frac{1}{2}$ galls. of ink. *Quality.* Very good.

3. (Lewis.) Bruised galls, 3 lbs.; gum and sulphate of iron, of each 1 lb.; vinegar 1 gall.; water 2 galls.; macerate with frequent agitation for 14 days. To produce 3 galls. Fine quality.

4. (M. Ribaucourt.) Bruised galls 1 lb.; logwood, in thin chips, and sulphate of iron, of each $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; gum 6 oz.; sulphate of copper and sugar candy, of each 1 oz. Boil the galls and logwood in $2\frac{1}{2}$ galls. of water for 1 hour, or until reduced to one-half, strain, add the other ingredients, and stir until dissolved, then decant and preserve in stone or glass bottles, well corked. Full coloured.

5. (M. Desormeaux, jun.) Logwood chips 4 oz.; water 6 quarts; boil 1 hour and strain 5 quarts; add bruised galls. 1 lb.; sulphate of iron calcined to whiteness 4 oz.; brown sugar 3 oz.; gum 6 oz.; acetate of copper $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.; agitate twice a-day for a fortnight, then decant the clear, bottle and cork-up for use.

6. Bruised galls 2 lbs.; logwood, green copperas, and gum, of each 1 lb.; water 6 gallons; boil the whole of the ingredients in the water for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and strain 5 galls. Good, but not fine.

7. Bruised galls 1 lb.; logwood 2 lbs.; common gum $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; green copperas $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; water 5 gallons; boil. Common, but fit for ordinary purposes.

8. (*Patent.*) Logwood shavings and powdered galls, of each 2 lbs.; green vitriol 1 lb.; gum $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; pomegranate bark $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; water 1 gallon; infuse 14 days, with frequent agitation.

9. (*Asiatic.*) The same as the last. Both write pale, but turn very black by keeping, and flow well from the pen.

10. (*Used in the Prerogative Office.*) Bruised galls 1 lb.; gum arabic 6 oz.;

alum 2 oz.; green vitriol 7 oz.; kino 3 oz.; logwood raspings or sawdust 4 oz.; water 1 gallon; macerate as last. *Said* to write well on parchment.

11. (*Japan.*) This is a black and glossy kind of ink, which may be prepared from either of the above recipes by calcining the copperas until white or yellow, or by sprinkling it (in powder) with a little nitric acid before adding it to the decoction (preferably the former), by which the ink is rendered of a full black as soon as made. The glossiness is given by using more gum. Flows less easily from the pen, and is less durable than ink that writes paler and afterwards turns black.

12. (*Exchequer.*) Bruised galls 40 lbs.; gum 10 lbs.; green sulphate of iron 9 lbs.; soft water 45 gallons; macerate for 3 weeks, employing frequent agitation. "This ink will endure for centuries."

Remarks. The ink prepared by the first formula is the most durable, and will bear dilution with *nearly* its own weight of water, and still be equal to the ordinary ink of the shops. I have writing by me that was executed with this kind of ink upwards of fifty years ago, which still possesses a good colour. The respective qualities of the others are noticed at the foot of each.

According to the most accurate experiments on the preparation of black ink, it appears that the quantity of sulphate of iron should not exceed $\frac{1}{3}$ part of that of the galls, by which an excess of colouring matter, which is necessary for the durability of the black, is preserved in the liquid. Gum, by shielding the writing from the action of the air, tends to preserve the colour, but if much is employed, the ink flows languidly from *quill* pens, and scarcely at all from *steel* pens. The latter require a very limpid ink. The addition of sugar increases the flowing property of ink, but makes it dry more slowly, and frequently passes into vinegar, when it acts injuriously on the pen. Vinegar for a like reason is not calculated for the menstruum.

The addition of a few bruised cloves, or a little oil of cloves; or still better, a few drops of creosote, will effectually prevent any tendency to *mouldiness* in ink. The best *blue* galls should alone be employed in making ink.

Sumach, logwood, and oak bark, are

frequently substituted for galls in the preparation of *common* ink. When such is the case, only about $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{7}$ of their weight of copperas should be employed.

The most permanent (tanno-gallate) inks are those which contain the proper quantity of oxide of iron, at the minimum of oxidisation, in a state of solution or minute suspension, by which means, not only does a larger quantity of the fluid flow from the pen on to a given space, but it also sinks into the substance of the paper, by which the stain is rendered more permanent, and less easily removed by attrition. Such inks are uniformly pale, until exposed to the air for some days, when they acquire their full colour. When the iron is at the maximum of

oxidisation, as is the case when calcined copperas is employed, the ink writes of a full black at first, but from its colouring matter being merely a suspended precipitate, it rests upon the surface of the paper without sinking into it, and may consequently be more easily erased than the former. Its black colour is also more liable to fade.

The very general use of steel pens has caused a corresponding demand for easy flowing inks, many of which have been of late years introduced under the title of "*writing fluids*" or *steel-pen ink*." These are mostly prepared from galls in the preceding manner, but a less quantity of gum is employed.—*Cooley's Cyclopædia of Practical Receipts*.

A HOUSEWIFE'S EVENING HYMN.

A DAY well spent as God approves
Is more than wealth, is more than gold.
Some care indeed my spirit moves,
Yet are my sufferings briefly told.

I've been sustained in heart and powers,
The Lord at my right hand has stood,
In toil I've gladly passed my hours,
A mother's busy life pursued.

Now sleep her balmy sceptre sways,
And sinks the weary world anew;
And every grateful spirit prays,
For pardon, and for blessing too.

My inmates are already sleeping,
How free from care in night's embrace!
And I alone a watch am keeping,
Awake while all is hushed in peace.

I, too, oh Lord! shall soon be resting;
Thou even wak'st while all things sleep.
I have, and do, and think, still trusting,
That Thou a watch wilt near me keep.

Defend me, Lord, from pain and sorrow,
This night, and with sweet stillness bless;
And grant me, on the coming morrow,
Thy Spirit's inward joyfulness.

Thee, Lord, for all Thy goodness loving,
May I in faithfulness abide,
Thy grace and mercy ne'er removing,
Securely I in Thee confide.

And now my wearied head reposes,
Safe in Thy love and in Thy sight,
Sweet prayer my joys and duties closes,
In peace with all I rest to-night.

—Translated from the German of Maus.

HALLIWELL.

AT the base of a low hill, near the 'holy well' of ancient times—now corrupted into Halliwell—in an offshoot from the valley of the Bollen in Lancashire, stands one of the largest of those vast buildings in which the industry of the north is conducted, the property of Mr. Bazley, one of her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition. On the opposite slopes rise a series of terraces, consisting of model cottages for the work-people. These houses delightfully located—their windows overlooking a scene of much beauty and variety—are built of stone, have small gardens attached in which the tenants grow flowers and vegetables, and in other respects are models

of their class. A little apart, and on a higher knoll stands an edifice which looks quite stately for a small out-of-the-way village. It comprises a boys' school, a girls' school, a library, a news-room, and a lecture-hall, the latter capable of holding from two to three thousand persons, and appropriately furnished with globes, maps, an air-pump, and other necessary means of instruction for the work-people. This noble edifice cost the benevolent proprietor upwards of five thousand pounds. About a year ago, we had the opportunity of inspecting this village settlement; and our attention is again drawn to it by the report of a public examination of the

scholars, concluding with a village fête conducted after the new fashion which schools of this kind soon introduce into even the remote and secluded valleys of the north. Instead of the cock-fight and the tipsy revelry which were formerly considered a part of the institutions of 'merrie England,' we find a thousand factory-workers sitting down to tea with their employers and other local magistrates in the great lecture-hall. Plain but excellent speeches were made; and the village band, organized entirely by the artisans themselves, played a prominent part in the evening's entertainment within and without the building, waking up the echoes for miles along the romantic windings of the valley. This interesting village owes its entire existence to cotton. Men yet living remember when it was a wilderness,—the moorland unreclaimed, not a single house within sight from its highest knoll,—the windings of the hill-

rivulet now dividing the mills from the village hardly known,—and the spot only visited now and then by truant school-boys in search of the traditional glories of the 'holy well.' Thanks to the cotton movement, and to the wisdom and philanthropy with which, in this instance, it has been directed, Halliwell is now one of the many new settlements which England may show to the world in proof that her industrial genius, though too often negligent of moral ends, is not altogether a selfish and material power. No narrow and sectarian spirit rules at Halliwell. Though erected in the first instance for the factory-workers, the schools are open to all who choose to avail themselves of their advantages. They are conducted on the system of the borough-school; and we have ourselves the means of testifying in some degree to their efficiency and success.—*Athencæum*.

FAVOURITE WINDOW PLANTS.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

NONE but the very hardy plants should now be allowed to run the hazard of frosty nights or chilling dews, the effects of which instantly appear in the discoloration and withering of the leaves; but the external air should be freely admitted to them when housed, as long as the state of the air permits.

To persons who have more window plants than they can accommodate within their window-frames, and have no spare room to serve as a winter greenhouse, nor more standing space out of doors for their supernumerary plants, than some nook in a yard or patch of garden may afford, will find the following inexpensive method (suggested by a writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle**) perfectly effectual:—"Old empty casks and boxes are not to be despised as greenhouses, if properly managed; and it is not less astonishing than true, that thousands of the flowering plants which every year adorn the stalls in Covent Garden, are so housed in winter. Let these boxes or casks be placed on their sides, first removing part of the soil

from underneath them: then place them close together, and heap soil all over and around the sides and back; if turf can be procured, this will be more readily applied. Whatever material is employed, let it be so managed as to carry off the rains. In stowing the plants away in their winter quarters, take care that all are in a perfectly dry state. Some coal-ashes or dry sand will next be required, in which the pots are to be carefully plunged to their rims. When this is completed, the mouths of these receptacles must be kept open as long as possible. When there is no danger of frost, a mat thrown over the mouths of the boxes at night will be all that is required, in ordinary weather. When severe frosts set in, of long duration, greater care and a thicker covering will be necessary. It is seldom that we have frosts of longer duration than a fortnight; therefore, these boxes may remain shut up without injury for that period. On no occasion expose the plants to sunlight, if they are frozen; on the contrary, let them gradually thaw in the dark, and only expose them by degrees. By these precautions being strictly attended to, pelargo-

* October 20th, 1849.

niums and all the principal flower-garden plants may be preserved through the winter months with success ; of course, not with the same luxuriant foliage as in a greenhouse, but in a good state for planting in the open ground next summer."

The window plants which have not yet been repotted, should, if they require it, be now shifted to larger pots, and with fresh mould in order that they may have a full supply of food when their growth becomes renewed or quickened in the spring. In circumstances where frost might penetrate through the sides of the pots to the roots and fibres of the plants, a sufficient protection may be interposed between the matted fibres which attach themselves to the sides of the pots and the external air, by removing a plant from the old pot to one large enough to admit of a coat of fresh mould between its walls and the roots of the plant. The repotting in this manner, also provides a supply of nourishment for the plant as soon as it is disposed to consume it.

This is still a fit season for repotting plants that require it, and for potting cuttings that have rooted. The snow-drop, spring crocus, double primrose, polyanthus and hepatica, are among the common bulbous and fibrous-rooted kinds which should now be in pots for spring flowering. The early dwarf tulip, the hyacinth and the polyanthus narcissus, may now be either potted in deep pots of sandy loam, or placed in dark-coloured water-glasses for an early spring bloom. They will require, however, the warmth of a fire-place, and instead of being ranged at a window, excepting during sunshine, will be better placed on a chimney mantel-piece. The fuchsia, hydrangea, campanula, chinese chrysanthemum, chinese fairy rose, double wall-flower, and holiotrope, which are decidedly good window plants, will demand attention as to potting or repotting, if it has not been previously done, according to the wants and the habits of these plants respectively. Those which, like the geranium and the fuchsia continue to blow through a great part of the year, should have the pots examined both in spring and autumn. The shrub-

bery sorts should be kept low and bushy, and they should be shifted, if necessary, into larger pots and fresh mould. Fuchsias are of numerous varieties and sizes ; from nine inches to nine feet in height : it need hardly be remarked, that those of the very gigantic kind are unsuited to a cottage window. We would, however, except the fuchsia corymbiflora, (which, although large, cannot be considered over tall if it do not exceed four feet,) for a well-sized window. We have been recently admiring a fuchsia raised by a scientific amateur friend, which is pre-eminent in beauty among a large array of many sorts of this splendid importation from the Mexican territory, and which does not much exceed the height above mentioned :

"The *crimson* pendant which adorns her so,
And until autumn on the bough did grow."

Of flowers and berries, in different stages of growth, were fourteen inches long. This noble plant is kept with its numerous tribes in a well-lighted room during the winter, but a green-house is not considered necessary for them. Whatever may be supposed, as to the inconvenience of admitting this large kind of fuschia to a station in the window, none can be urged against the admission of some of the dwarfish sorts of a plant which is beautiful even in its leaves, though unembellished with flowers. The same gentleman, who has the tall corymbiflora, (which would have been some feet higher if the stem had not been accidentally topped) has two beauteous seedlings which he has raised from the variety named *Norfolk hero*, one of which is especially graceful, having, like the fuschia *Chandlerii*, thick clustering branches pendent, in the manner of the weeping willow.

In our next article, we shall particularise the sorts of composts for the window plants under consideration, and the degrees in which watering should be afforded to plants in a state of repose, or diminished activity of life. For the present, it is sufficient to add, that calceolarias, chrysanthemums, and all the flowering plants, should be watered now, for if allowed to become dry, the leaves will become yellow and wither away.

SUCCESS.—There are geniuses in trade, as well as in war, or the state, or letters ; and the reason why this or that man is fortunate, is not always to be told. It lies in the man ; that is all any man can tell you about it.—*Emerson*.

THE MAGGOT IN ONIONS.

THE ravages of this pest of the onion tribe have become very serious. Last year I totally lost a crop by them, and this year I have seen many crops seriously injured, and in some instances quite destroyed; and as I have tried an experiment or two, and have succeeded in obtaining a promising crop, I beg leave through your pages, to detail the means I have used.

A plot of ground intended for onions, was well manured with rotten stable dung, and thrown up in ridges, to be mellowed by the winter frosts. At the proper season for sowing the seed, I had the ridges levelled and the plot divided into three parts; one part was covered with wood-ashes, another with soot, and the third was left as it was. The seed was then sown in drills, it came up very well, and for a time all appeared to thrive alike. That part sown with soot, however, soon took the lead; the wood-ashes were next; but the part that was dunged only, began to show symptoms of maggots, and is

now a failure. There were a few maggots amongst the wood-ashes, but not one among the soot. Now as soot can be more easily obtained than wood-ashes, and as I have proved its efficacy, I trust that many of your readers, who may have suffered from this insect, will be induced to give the soot a trial.—*T. Appleby in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

APPLE JELLY.

October is the month when apples are most plentiful, and we shall not therefore be doing wrong by reminding our readers, that at p. 9 of our third volume, they will find a recipe for making Apple Jelly. This delicious preparation forms a very agreeable addition to the enjoyments of the tea-table,—is useful in cases of cold, sore throat, &c., and for most of the purposes for which other jellies are used. It will keep good for two or three years.

BEES.

(To the Editor of the *Family Economist*.)

SIR,—Who that has visited the *Grand Exhibition* in London, has not been struck with the attraction of the numerous kinds of *Bee-hives*, English and Foreign, spread about that wondrous building? Can there be a greater proof of the deep interest taken in the care and preservation of those valuable insects—Bees? It is gratifying in the extreme to find, that everywhere, in travelling through the country, there is a marked increase in the number of hives kept, not by one class only, but by all who have the means of indulging in a cheap luxury,—for such it is in every sense of the word. To those, however, who are really familiar with the subject, it is often lamentable to observe the mismanagement that prevails among too many professed Bee-keepers, who are content to go on in the old beaten track pursued by their grandmothers; murdering their victims by wholesale, instead of preserving their lives as the source of future wealth. At this season of the year, it is peculiarly incumbent on

the friends of humanity to aid as far as is possible in putting an end to the barbarous plan of suffocating bees to obtain their honey. Not the slightest occasion exists for continuing this practice, which is condemned by all our best apiarian authorities. Space will not now permit of going into the details of autumnal management, which may be rendered extremely simple. My own practice has for some years been that laid down so clearly by Mr. Taylor in the '*Bee-keepers' Manual*,'* and which any bookseller is able to supply in the country. The cost of the book to any one possessed only of a couple of stocks of Bees would be immediately saved by carrying out the advice given by the author for bee management in every part of the revolving year. Trusting that my voice may not be raised in vain,

I am, Sir,

AN OLD APIARIAN.

25th August, 1851.

Published by Groombridge & Sons, London.

LODGING-HOUSES.

AMONG the results of the recent parliamentary session is an act for the better regulation of common lodging-houses—an act long wanted. The preamble declares that it would tend greatly to the comfort and welfare of many of her Majesty's poorer subjects, if provision were made for the well-ordering of common lodging-houses. Within the metropolitan police district, the commissioners are to execute the act, and local authorities in other places. Notice is to be given within three months to all common lodging-house keepers to register the places, and a register is to be kept of the number of lodgers authorized to be received therein. After one month of such notice, lodgers are not to be received in any common lodging-house until the same shall have been inspected and approved for that purpose by some officer appointed on be-

half by the local authority, and been registered. Keepers of common lodging-houses are to give notice of fever, and at all times to be open to inspection, and when required to have their houses thoroughly cleansed. Penalties are to be recovered for offending against the act. The new law has operation throughout all parts of England and Wales, with the exception of the city of London and liberties. This limitation, as in the case of so many other acts, tends to foster the evil in parts of London, and in Glasgow, and Edinburgh, where supervision is not less imperatively required than it is in the worst quarters of Westminster or of Liverpool. But the act will no doubt have a beneficial effect on the health of the metropolis and of other large towns in England and Wales.

VARIETIES.

LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN
SLEEPING IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love!
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living and to breathe their
breath!

Almost I wish, that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where father, mother, children, husband,
wife,

Together pant in everlasting life.—HOOD.

EASY WAY OF GAINING OR LOSING FIVE YEARS OF LIFE.—Early rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference after all. But an hour gained or wasted every day makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation. First, we will say that the average of mankind spend 16 hours of every 24 awake and employed, and eight in bed. Now, each year having 365 days, if a diligent person abstract from sleep one hour daily, he lengthens his year 365 hours, or 23 days of 16 hours each, the length of a *waking* day, which is what we call a day in these calculations. We will take a period of 40 years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping eight hours a day, has his full average of 365 days in the year, and may therefore be said to enjoy complete his 40 years. Let him take nine hours' sleep, and his year has but 342 days, so that he lives only $37\frac{1}{2}$ years; with 10 hours in bed, he has 319 days, and his life is 35 years; in like manner, if the sleep is limited to seven hours, our year has 338 days, and instead of 40, we live $42\frac{1}{2}$ years; and if six hours is our allowance of slumber, we have 411 days in the year, and live 45 years. By this we see that in 40 years, two hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of *five years*. How much might be done in this space! What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of five years. And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflected at all, that we have wilfully given up this portion of our existence merely that we might lie a little longer in bed in the morning! —*Chambers' Journal*.

CHANNING AT SCHOOL.—There was a beaming beauty about the boy Channing, his eyes brilliant, his cheeks glowing, his light brown

hair falling in curls upon his shoulders. In the dame's school, where he received the first elements of his education, he was distinguished for his goodness. 'I wish in my heart,' said his mistress to an unruly companion, 'you were like William Channing.' 'Oh,' exclaimed the poor child, 'I can't be like him; it is not half so hard for him to be good as it is for me.'

HATCHING FISH.—Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well-known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matter that contains spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell which has been fresh emptied, through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days, the Chinese break the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan, in some measure, counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Martin's China*.

THE REWARD OF DILIGENCE.—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business" says Solomon, "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this aphorism in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds, 'This is true: I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honour of dining with one.' All in consequence of his having been "diligent in business" from his earliest years.

QUACKERY.—A correspondent of the *Lancet* says—The Papal sale of indulgences was a trifle in point of iniquity—an innocent cheat in comparison with the vended privileges of death-dealing quackery; for we may presume that the purchasers of indulgences were more or less guilty parties, whereas the credulous victims of quackery are those afflicted in mind and body.

A LADY PHYSICIAN.—The young lady who studied medicine at Geneva College, Pennsylvania, is now assistant physician at Philadelphia Almshouse.

The Corner.

CARE.—We are bid "to commit our way unto the Lord." It is our work to cast care, and it is God's work to take care. Immoderate care is a spiritual canker that doth waste and dispirit; we may sooner by our care add a furlong to our grief than a cubit to our comfort.—*Rev. T. Watson*.

Fig. 1.

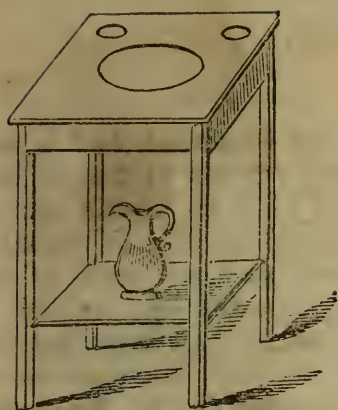


Fig. 2.

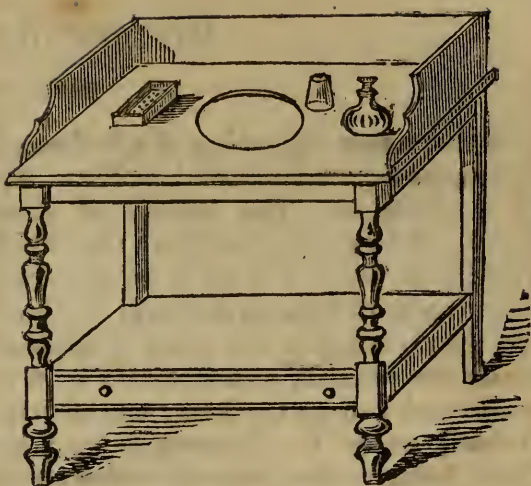


Fig. 3.

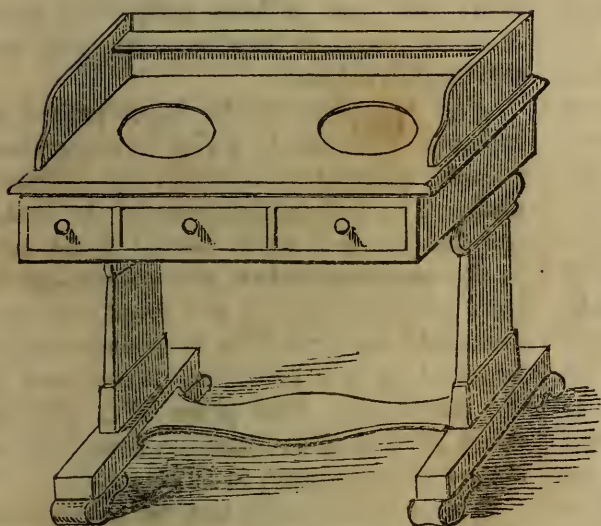


Fig. 4.

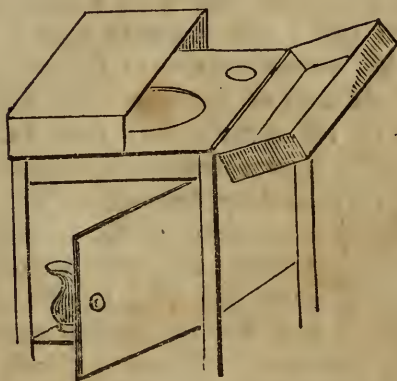


Fig. 5.

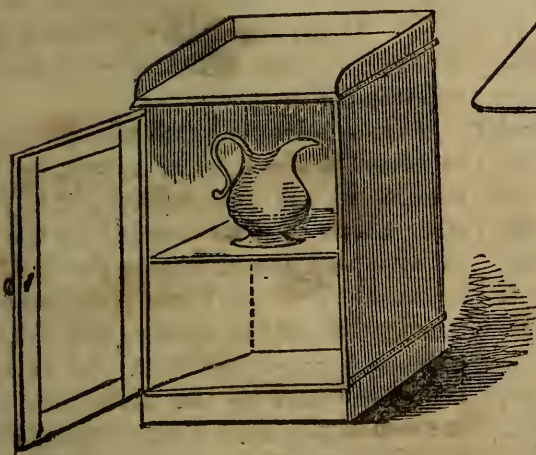
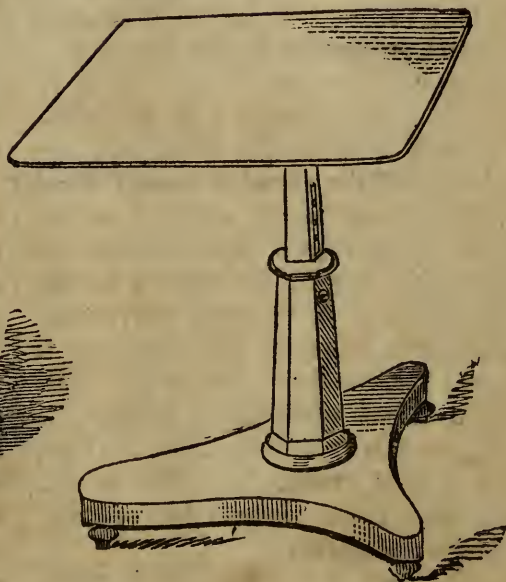


Fig. 6.



HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.

FOR the proper furnishing of a bed-room, it is necessary to be careful in the choice of washstands. The variety of these articles of furniture is so great, that whatever be the style of room to be fitted up, there can be little or no difficulty in selecting the right kind. For small or common rooms the smallest and simplest kind of washstand will be the best: one of these is shown at *fig. 1*. It occupies but little space, being in fact, scarcely wider across than the basin itself, about 15 inches square, and if required, it may be still further reduced by being made triangular, so that it will fit snugly into a corner. By placing the shelf on which the pitcher stands lower, room would be gained for an additional one with a drawer between the two; the top may also be inclosed with washboards, as at *fig. 2*. A common washstand of this sort costs from 3s. 6d. to 6s.; if of mahogany from 7s. to 12s.

Fig. 2. represents a washstand superior in style and appearance to *fig. 1*, and it affords more room for the soap and brush-trays, decanter, &c., which are generally placed upon it. The length should be from 2 to 3 feet, according to the size of the bed-room. Three feet will be found the most convenient length if there be space enough in the apartment, or if there be room enough for a double washstand, that is, one with two holes in the top, then 4 feet or 4 feet 6 will not be too long. On a small stand, the washboards should be from 3 to 4 inches deep, and increased in proportion to the size, 6 or 7 inches for a 3-foot stand, and 10 or 12 inches for a double stand: in the latter case, a shelf four inches wide, and the whole length of the stand is usually fixed to the back washboard, about 4 inches below its upper edge. The diameter of the basin-hole should be from 9 inches to 10½ inches, as it is most convenient for lifting the basin in and out that it should not fit close down to the top. The price of a 2-foot washstand, painted, is from 6s. to 10s.: 3-feet, 10s. to 18s., and if a double stand, from 25s. to £2. In some cases these charges include the requisite earthenware.

Fig. 3, shows a pedestal washstand, the appearance of which, when well

finished, is very handsome, and is preferred by many persons to that of legs. This *fig.* will help to explain part of what has been said above with respect to *fig. 2*. The best kind are made of mahogany, with a marble top, and sell at from £1. 10s. to £5. 5s.: but if painted, the cost will be about the same as the charges stated under *fig. 2*. The colour of the paint or japan depends much on taste: the most frequent is drab and green, or drab and blue, with imitation marble top. In addition to the paint, some people cover the top with a piece of light marbled floor-cloth, which looks well, and lasts a long time with care. Mottled gray, or bamboo, are good and serviceable colours.

Fig. 4, represents the upper part of an inclosed washstand, which in some cases is more suitable than one of the ordinary make. The hollow lids conceal the basin, and the jug and other vessels being kept in the cupboard below, the whole may be shut up out of sight; the stand may consequently be placed in a sitting-room if required, or in a bed-room much used in the day time. The price of a painted stand of this description, is from 15s. to £2., if of mahogany, as much again.

Washstands should not be made more than 28 inches high, or they will be inconvenient to those who stoop to wash their face over the basin. This is a matter which should be carefully considered in buying a washstand, as many persons are not aware of the inconvenience until too late. Those stands which have no hole for the basin, are on this account decidedly objectionable.

Fig. 5, shews a night table, very useful to stand at the side of a bed, to hold a candle, a wine glass, a book, or any thing else which may be needed in the night, or by a sick person during the day. They are made of various forms and dimensions; usually 12 inches square, and 30 inches high, and are of course to be painted to match the rest of the furniture. They are sometimes made a single closet on legs, similiarly to *fig. 4*; or inclosed all the way down, and octagon or circular instead of square; the expensive forms are, however, mostly made in mahogany, and cost

from 30s. to £3., with a marble top. If painted, the price is from 10s. to 15s.

Fig. 6, is a bed table ; chiefly intended for the use of invalids. It will be seen that the lower block or stand is made with one angle much longer than the others, so that this being pushed under the bed, helps to steady the top that hangs over also far beyond the centre in the same direction. The top is fixed to a square stem, which slides up and down in the pillar, and may be kept at any re-

quired height by means of a rack and screw. It can thus be made to reach across a short distance on either side of a bed, to the great comfort and convenience of the patient for whose use it is intended. It not unfrequently happens that a person is too weak to rise, and yet able to employ or amuse himself in some way as he lies in bed ; to such an one the bed-table will be of great service. If made of mahogany, the price is from £3. to £5. ; if of commoner wood, one-half less.

MORALITIES FOR HOME.—No. II.

WILL-MAKING.

MICHAEL SMITH had been, in his life, and throughout his life, a prosperous man. He began the world with comparatively nothing besides a good constitution, a good character, and downright industry and perseverance. By means of these, at fifty years of age, he had been able to retire from business on an income of something under two hundred pounds a year, derived mostly from the rents of houses, some of which he had himself built, and others which, from time to time, he had bought—dead bargains.

In one of these houses, Mr. Smith himself lived,—a neat, comfortable, and rather tasty eight-roomed house, surrounded by a good garden, in a small village not far from the town in which was the greater part of his property.

Mr. Smith had married rather late in life, and his wife, some years younger than himself, was the only immediate sharer in his growing prosperity. They had no children ; their eight-roomed cottage was, therefore, amply large enough for the small establishment.

Very fond was Michael of his wife. Indeed, no wonder ; for she was lively, intelligent, and good-humoured. Moreover, Michael had no one else on whom to lavish fondness. His nearest relations were two cousins, whom he had so seldom seen (they lived in a distant county), that he scarcely knew them by sight when, on one occasion, they reminded him of their existence by unexpectedly breaking in upon his loneliness, and inviting themselves to a week's holiday in the pretty country village to which their kinsman

had retired. This was soon after Michael had relinquished business. This enforced exercise of hospitality by no means endeared the two cousins to our friend, who believed—whatever might be the grounds of this belief—that they only came for what they could get, which was not much, except a kind of John Bull welcome—plenty of good beef and porter, with other varieties of generous cheer, during the time the visit lasted. This freely enough given, and the visit fairly over, Michael conceived that all was done that relationship required ; and he thought but little more of these cousins, who were, as he understood, not in circumstances to need his help or sympathy, had he been disposed to offer either the one or the other.

And so time gently passed away, until Mr. Michael Smith was bordering upon his sixtieth year. That is to say, it passed easily enough with the good-tempered pair. *He* found, or made, sufficient employment for himself in overlooking his property, gathering in his rents, occasionally finding new tenants when old ones left, and keeping his books as methodically as a merchant's clerk ; and *she*, in keeping her house in order, diurnal cookery, and periodical house and furniture purifications. For recreation, Michael kept a pony-chaise, in which, two or three times a week, the contented pair might be seen jogging to and from the neighbouring town or elsewhere.

Living thus quietly and unostentatiously, Michael could scarcely avoid saving some portion of his income. He

had a horror of banks, and did not care to risk money on mortgages ; as fast, therefore, as he saved, he spent. That is, he added house to house, and thus also added to the value of his numerous rentals, or real estate, but very little to what the law designates as personal property—money or goods.

Mr. Smith had a neighbour with whom he occasionally smoked a pipe, and talked over the affairs of the nation. Sometimes, too, their conversation turned upon matters more personal, for, like most men who have prospered in the world and increased in riches, Mr. Smith was rather fond of recounting the various steps by which he had risen to comparative opulence. By this means neighbour Jackson—‘a good fellow, but rather crotchety,’ as Michael sometimes averred,—came to the knowledge of a weak point in the character of his friend.

One evening they met at Mr. Jackson’s house, and ‘now,’ thought Jackson, ‘I’ll tackle him.’

‘Friend Smith,’ said he, taking up a little book which he had intentionally placed on the table,—‘here’s something that concerns you, I believe.’

‘Me? What is it, neighbour?’

‘The title of the book is “Testamentary Counsels:” it is about *will-making*.’

‘Oh!’ said Michael, shifting himself rather pettishly in his chair, ‘why does that concern me?’

‘Well, you know best, friend: I have thought it might. Let me read you a little bit of it; shall I?’ and Mr. Jackson laid down his pipe.

‘If you like,’ replied Mr. Smith, with a nod.

Mr. Jackson opened the book and read:—“The uncertainty of life is admitted by all. It is, however, a painful fact, that although we know not what a day may bring forth, there are thousands living in our country, having families dependent on them, and property subject to their disposal, who have never executed their wills.”—Mr. Jackson here lifted his eyes from the page, and looked his friend full in the face.

‘Is that all?’ asked Smith.

“The duty,” continued Jackson, reading on, “is often neglected from want of consideration; sometimes from the prevalence of superstitious fears, but

most frequently from a spirit of unpardonable procrastination.”

‘Um!’ said Mr. Smith, impatiently; ‘nothing else?’

‘I need not read any more,’ said Mr. Jackson; ‘you can take the book home with you, if you like. You see what it is about.’

‘Yes, yes; I see. No, I won’t trouble you, thank you all the same. And so Lord John has——’

But Mr. Jackson did not choose just then to be put off with Lord John. He had made up his mind to ‘tackle’ his friend Smith.

‘I tell you what it is, Smith; you know as much about business as here and there one; but on this point, look you, you are in fault.’

‘What point, Mr. Jackson?’

‘Why, you have not made a will yet, have you? There.’

‘Well, I have not. You know that. I told you a while ago that I would take your advice about it, when the time comes. And so I will. But there is time enough yet.’

‘I don’t know that. We do not know, as the book says, what a day may bring forth. At any rate there would be no harm, would there, if you were to do it at once?’

‘O yes, there would. When I do make my will, I mean to do it for good and all. I don’t want to be always altering—altering.’

‘But why should you be always altering? You mean to leave all your property, or most of it, to your wife, don’t you?’

‘Bless her dear heart, yes, to be sure,’ said Mr. Smith: ‘who should I leave it to? There’s nobody else I care a dump about, so far as that goes. But I should have to put all my property down. And then, you know, there are those houses at Bell’s Cross, and the cottages at Hook’s Corner, and the Three Magpies, in D—. I mean to sell them as soon as I can. They are a great plague to me. As soon as I have done that, and got all square, I’ll make my will, I’ll promise you.’

‘My good fellow,’ replied Mr. Jackson, ‘you have been talking, I don’t know how many years, about parting with those houses, and it may be years more before

you succeed ; meanwhile you are getting older and older every day.'

'O, fiddlesticks, old ! What are you talking about ?' Mr. Smith, like a good many more, did not like to be reminded that age was creeping upon him apace. 'Old ! not so old as you.'

'No, not by five years,' replied Mr. Jackson. 'I shan't see sixty-six again.'

'There, I told you so. I am only in my sixty.'

'A vast number die at that age,' said Mr. Jackson, quietly.

'O yes, I know that ; but I am a young man yet, bless you, compared with many a man of forty-five. Why, I have never had a day's illness in my life, since I can remember.'

This was a common boast of Mr. Michael Smith, from which his friend knew it would be hopeless to attempt to drive him. So he abandoned this ground, and went upon another tack.

'After all, friend Smith, it would not be much trouble to make your will ; and then, at any time, you could add a codicil, you know.'

'Yes, O yes ; work for the lawyers, eh ?'

'Better give the lawyers five pounds now, friend Smith, than fifty, or five hundred by and by ; besides risking the loss of all for Mrs. Smith. By the way, and as to trouble, just ten minutes, and half a sheet of paper, this evening for instance, might do the work for you. I don't much approve, certainly, of doing this sort of thing without professional advice ; but in your case there would be no harm just to write down your wishes, in case, you know—that is, suppose you are determined not to make a regular will, before you have sold your houses, and so forth.'

'No, no,' replied Smith ; 'the man that is his own lawyer has a fool for his client ; you know that, friend Jackson, eh ?'

'Exactly so ; that's my maxim : and so, the other day, I got a solicitor to draw up a form for me, which I copied and signed in the regular way, before two witnesses. Here it is, and I fancy it would answer for you, as well as for me—at least for a bit of a stop-gap, until you find time to make a *regular* will, as you would call it. At any rate, this bit of paper will hold good in law after I am

dead, supposing I leave nothing behind me of a later date.'

Thus saying, Mr. Jackson unlocked a desk, and took from it the following document. It was, as he said, written on half a sheet of common foolscap, signed and witnessed, thus—

"This is the last will of me, Andrew Marvell Jackson, of —, in the county of —, maltster and mealman.

"I give and bequeath all my property unto my wife Mary absolutely. And I appoint my said wife sole executrix of this my will. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, this first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and —"

ANDREW MARVELL JACKSON.

"Signed by the said Andrew Marvell Jackson, in the presence of us present at the same time, and subscribing our names as witnesses in his and each other's presence, and at his request.

"Edward Brooks, of — in the county of —, farmer and grazier.

"Sarah Court, servant of the above Edward Brooks."

'There, friend Smith,' said Mr. Jackson, after the document had passed under his inspection ; 'it would not take long, nor be much trouble, you see, to write and sign such a paper as that, just by way of a stop-gap, as I said ; and, depend on it, it would be as strong as iron in case anything should happen to you. What do you say, eh ? Come, let me get you a bit of paper and a pen, and then I'll call in my wife to see you sign.'

'Bless me, no, no, friend Jackson,' exclaimed Mr. Michael Smith, looking very nervous and startled. 'Why, man alive, I am not going off the hooks yet. Dear me, what a hurry you are in. No, no ; I'll think about it, there : I—I don't like that form ; 'tis too short, and—and : but you can give me a copy of it, if you like, and I'll consider about it. But it is all nonsense, though—being in such a hurry ; I can write such a thing as that any day : besides, I must sell those houses, and get all into less compass, and then I'll set about the will.'

Mr. Jackson saw that nothing more was to be done that evening, but he was yet

loth to give up, now that he had begun to 'tackle' his neighbour. However, he copied the form in silence, and handed it across the table.

'After all, friend Smith,' said he; things do happen that we little think of. It would be a sad thing for Mrs. Smith if you should die at last without having done it. Poor woman, she would be almost destitute: only think.'

'O no; she would come in for a share,' replied Michael, sullenly almost. He was tired of the subject.

'A very poor share, friend, I can tell you.'

'O no; the law gives her the widow's portion.'

'And how much would that be, think you?' asked the undaunted maltster and mealman.

'Well, I don't know, exactly; but something like a third, or a half,' said Smith.

'A third or a half of what? Come, come, neighbour, you know as well as I do, I guess. But let us hear what the book says;' and he opened the book again, to Mr. Smith's visible annoyance—'here it is:—

"If an intestate dies, leaving a wife and no children, or issue of children,"—(that's your case, friend Smith, as well as mine) "his real estate will devolve—*none to the wife*: all to the heir-at-law hereafter appearing. His personal estate will devolve—half to the wife, half to next of kin hereafter appearing."

'There, I said half to the wife,' said Smith.

'Half personal; no real. Come, come, friend, 'tis of no use to blind yourself so. You know you have no personal estate worth speaking of; nothing in the funds—nothing in banks—nothing in goods but a few hundred pounds worth of furniture, may be. If you should die without a will, Smith, your wife would be reduced to poverty; and I don't think that would be just right—it would be a most *immoral* action, my friend, as I take it. Eh?'

'Oho! I tell you I don't mean to die yet, not till I have made my will, at any rate. So be easy, neighbour. I may as well take this bit of paper with me, though, and look it over.'

It was a hopeless case for that night,

certainly, and Mr. Jackson gave up in despair of accomplishing his purpose. Nevertheless, he hoped his friend would think of it; for, said he to his wife, afterwards, 'I am sure that a man who has got anything to leave behind him, if 'tis only ten pounds, does not do his duty to those he loves if he does not make a right-down plain, fair, and honest will.'

For some weeks after this conversation, Mr. Smith "fought very shy," as the phrase goes, of his friend. The fact is, he was one of those men who have a dread of anything that reminds them of death. He did not like to recognise and grapple with the idea that "This is not our rest." And when the conviction was forced upon him, it made him nervous and uncomfortable. He was angry, therefore, with Mr. Jackson, and he was angry with himself, for he knew that, by his foolish neglect, he was doing a grievous wrong to his wife—that if, at last, he should die intestate, his elder cousin, for whom he 'did not care a dump,' would inherit the property to which none had so righteous a claim as the faithful partner who had, by her prudence, assisted in its accumulation, and, by her affection, added to its enjoyment.

But he would not make his will.

Two years passed away, and the houses at Bell's Cross, the cottages at Hook's Corner, and the "Three Magpies" at D—were sold, other and more desirable freeholds being bought with the money which they produced. But still there was always something to be done which made it inconvenient, as he averred, for Mr. Smith to execute his "last will and testament."

At length the time came, most suddenly and unexpectedly too, when the strong man who boasted in his strength must die. He was walking along the high road on a hot summer's day, when he fell prostrate in a fit. It was apoplexy. He was carried home and laid insensible on his bed. In a few hours all was over.

A few minutes only of returning consciousness were given him, and then he contrived to make known his wish to see his neighbour Jackson. Mr. Jackson came, and understood at once the almost agonizing earnestness with which his dying friend pointed to a desk, and made feeble signs of writing. In a few

seconds a pen was in Mr. Jackson's hand, and a sheet of paper before him, and he began to write—

'This is the last will of me, Michael Smith ———'

A groan interrupted him: he looked up. The last struggle had come, and the last hope was over. Michael Smith, after all, died intestate. * * * * *

'You don't surely mean to take advantage of your cousin Smith's sudden end, and cast his poor widow helpless and moneyless on the world, do you?' was the strong remonstrance of Mr. Jackson with the heir-at-law, a few days after the funeral. 'You have not the heart to do it, sure? You cannot think of doing it, can you, when I tell you, on my most solemn word, that my old friend told me,

over and over again, that he meant to leave all to her? You will make some provision for her, I should think, out of this unexpected windfall?'

'O,' said the cousin, with dogged determination, 'she shall have what the law allows, of course; and as to anything else, if cousin Smith had meant it to be different, *he would have made a will.*'

Argument was useless, and so were entreaties: and the poor widow:—ah! she did not long survive the double stroke. But while she lived she was indebted to the generous kindness of her friend Jackson, for the home which the criminal neglect of a fond husband had denied.

Reader; the man who has *anything* to leave, and who does not make a will, disregards one of the MORALITIES OF HOME.

A FEW WORDS ON TASTE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

HOUSE-PAINTING, PAPERING, AND FURNITURE.

IN a former article on this subject we showed what was generally to be understood by taste, its existence as a feeling and the manner of its development; we have now to show in what way it may be made to lend a charm to domestic life, and add to the pleasures and enjoyments of home.

It too often happens that taste is entirely neglected in the ordinary business of life, and in its recreations. As was remarked in the *Times* a few weeks since, "In no country in the world is so little art employed, so little invention exerted, such obstinate attachment to worn out routine as among our show-people. All is coarse, supremely silly, or simply disgusting. There is no genuine mirth, no healthy expansion of spirits. Riot and low debauchery are the substitutes." In looking for the cause of this condition of things, we find it to consist in a lack of the inventive faculty, and from the unwillingness that most people have to abandon what they have been accustomed to, however faulty it may be, and to practise new or improved measures.

Leaving this, which belongs to the general question, we shall take a few particulars of house-fitting and furnishing, and consider the means of regulating them by taste.

As regards the painting of a house: if this be done according to certain rules or laws, the effect and appearance of the whole, when finished, will be greatly superior to that of chance-work. It is the old story of the right and the wrong: the right is always the best; the wrong always the worst. Mr. Hay, a practical house-painter, who has paid much attention to the subject, observes:—"Apartments lighted from the south and west, particularly in a summer residence, should be cool in their colouring; but the apartments of a town house ought all to approach towards a warm tone; as also such apartments as are lighted from the north and east of a country residence.

"When the tone of an apartment is, therefore, fixed by the choice of the furniture, it is the business of the house-painter to introduce such tints upon the ceiling, walls, and wood-work, as will unite the whole in perfect harmony. In a drawing-room, vivacity, gaiety, and light cheerfulness should characterise the colouring. This is produced by the introduction of light tints of brilliant colours, with a considerable degree of contrast and gilding; but the brightest colours and strongest contrasts should be upon the furniture, the effect of which will derive additional value and brilliancy from the walls being kept

in due subordination, although, at the same time, partaking of the general liveliness.

"The characteristic colouring of a dining-room should be warm, rich, and substantial; and where contrasts are introduced, they should not be vivid.

"Parlours ought to be painted in a medium style, between that of a drawing-room and dining-room.

"In bed-rooms, a light, cleanly, and cheerful style of colouring is the most appropriate. A greater degree of contrast may be here admitted between the room and its furniture than in any other apartment, as the bed and window curtains form a sufficient mass to balance a tint of equal intensity upon the walls. There may also, for the same reason, be admitted gayer and brighter colours upon the carpet.

"Stair-cases, lobbies, and vestibules, should all be rather of a cool tone, and the style of the colour should be simple and free of contrast. The effect to be produced is that of architectural grandeur, which owes its beauty more to the effect of light and shadow than to any arrangement of colours. Staircases and lobbies being cool in tone, and simple in the style of their colouring, will much improve the effect of the apartments which enter from them."

In some respects the remarks made on paint as a covering for walls will apply to paper; the same general law as to colour may be attended to, but with great variation of effect, owing to the great varieties of pattern in paper-hangings. According to the taste or judgment with which the pattern is chosen, so will the appearance of the room, when papered, be agreeable or displeasing. Large patterns should, of course, be only used in large rooms. Dark-tinted papers are most suitable for light rooms, and light papers for dark rooms; many a dingy or gloomy apartment may be made to wear a cheerful aspect by attention to this particular. Stripes, whether on a lady's dress, or on the walls of a room, always give the effect of height; consequently a low room is improved by being hung with a striped paper. The effect is produced by a wavy stripe as well as a straight one, and as curved lines are the most graceful, they should generally be preferred. Any pattern with lines crossed so as to form squares, is unsuitable for a low room, but with the lines made slop-

ing or diagonal, there is not the same objection. A diamond trellis pattern, with a slender plant creeping over it, looks well in a small summer parlour. For a common sitting-room, a small geometrical pattern, is very suitable; being well covered, it does not show accidental stains or bruises, and in the constant repetition of the design there is no one object to attract the eye more than another, but all appears as a harmonious whole. These are sometimes called Elizabethan patterns; they are much used for staircases, halls, and passages; but they are not to be chosen at random. According to the height and dimensions of the passage or staircase such should be the pattern. A large pattern on a narrow staircase, and in a passage not more than eight feet in height, has a very heavy and disagreeable effect. A light gray or yellow marble, divided into blocks by thin lines, and varnished, will be found suitable for most passages, if care be taken to adapt the size of the blocks to the place where they are to appear. A size that would look well in a hall twenty feet wide would be altogether too large in one of only four or six feet. Many persons must have noticed, in their visits of business or pleasure, that some houses present a cheerful aspect as soon as the door is opened, while others look so dull that they make one low-spirited on entering them. The difference is caused by the good or bad taste with which they have been papered or painted.

A safe rule with regard to paperhangings, is to choose nothing that looks extravagant or unnatural; no staring pattern or colour, which would only be fit to make caps for May-day sweeps. Regard should be had to the uses of an apartment: a drawing-room should be light and cheerful, a parlour should look warm and comfortable without being gloomy; bed-room papers should be cool and quiet, and generally of a small pattern, and of such colours as harmonise with bed-furniture, and other fittings. It is worth while to consider the sort of pictures to be hung on a wall: gilt frames show best on a dark ground, and dark frames on a light ground; taking care however to avoid violent contrasts. Borders are seldom used now; they make a room look low, without being ornamental.

The walls being properly papered, the

next thing is to consider the pattern of the carpet. In this also the rule must be followed, of selecting small patterns for small rooms. There is economy in this, as well as taste, because small-patterned carpets are generally found the most durable. As a rule, a formal geometrical pattern is best for a carpet, it should be something which does not appear unnatural to tread upon. It is a mistake to put flowers, trees, or figures of birds or animals into a carpet, for we do not walk on such things: far other are their purposes and uses. Sometimes a carpet is made to represent a picture or landscape, which is also a mistake, for it offends our notions of propriety, to see such objects spread on a floor. In the formal pattern, all these defects are avoided, it is not unusual to walk upon ornamental pavements or floors, and we are not displeased at seeing varieties of similar ornaments reproduced in a carpet. Those persons who have seen the House of Lords will remember that the pattern of the carpet is nothing more than a small amber-coloured star, on a deep blue ground, which, simple as it appears, harmonises admirably with the superb decorations of the spacious edifice.

Another reason why a small pattern should be chosen is, that it suits best with the furniture of a room. The furniture must of course cover some portions of the carpet, so that if the pattern be large, there is so much confusion between what is seen and what is hidden, that a very disagreeable effect is produced. With a small pattern, on the contrary, the concealing of a portion by the furniture, does not spoil the effect of that which remains uncovered. In general suitability the Turkey carpet is the best; it is adapted for almost any style of furniture, and no one ever gets tired of it, owing to the perfect naturalness and harmony of the pattern. Let it be remembered, that neither on the wall nor on the floor should there be any one strong predominating colour which injures the effect of everything else in the room. As a rule, the colour of the carpet should be darker than that of the walls: very light patterns are most suitable for bed-rooms.

As regards window-curtains, yellow and fawn-colour harmonize well with a red, green, or blue carpet, and with modifications of those colours in the paper,

Red curtains suit a green, brown or gray carpet, and blue curtains assort with a carpet in which buff and yellow tints predominate. Chintz patterns are so numerous, that they may be chosen to suit any style of paper or carpet, and white muslin curtains, as is often said, harmonise with every thing except dirt and disorder.

Pictures, if well chosen add much to the good appearance of a room, and impart to it an air of completeness, and a home-look, which many people know how to appreciate. To produce this effect, the subjects of the pictures must be such as we can truly sympathise with, something to awaken our admiration, reverence, or love. All the feelings of our nature may be illustrated by pictures. There are some which we seem to make bosom companions of, others have a moral effect, and at times prevent our going astray by their silent monitions. It is therefore worth while to take pains and choose good subjects, whether in engravings or paintings, and to frame and hang them suitably when chosen. Gilt frames are most suitable for rather dark paintings and on a deep coloured wall; while prints look well in a frame of composition, oak, rose-wood or bird's-eye maple, finished with a gilt moulding. Care should be taken to hang them in a proper light, so as best to bring out all the effects of the pictures, and to place them so that the light shall fall from the same side as represented by the painter. In picture galleries and great houses, brass rods are fixed all round the rooms close to the ceiling, from which the pictures are hung, but in small rooms it is often best not to show the lines or wires by which the pictures hang. This is done by nailing a strong cord across the back, about two inches below the top, and then to suspend it from two nails standing out but a little way from the wall. When there are several pictures in a room, the ordinary rule is, to have either the upper or lower edge of the frames in a line, on whichever side they may be hung.

It is scarcely possible to lay down a rule with respect to the ordinary furniture of a room, yet there is a general law of propriety which ought as much as possible to be observed. Regard must be had to what is called "the fitness of things," and thereby the avoiding of violent contrasts.

For instance, sometimes a showy centre table is seen in the middle of a room, where the carpet and every other article is shabby and out of repair; or a flashy looking-glass stands above the chimney-piece, as though to reflect the incongruous taste of its owner. Shabby things always look the shabbier when thus contrasted with what is bright and new. We do not mean to say that new articles should never be purchased; we remark only, that in buying furniture, regard should be had to the condition of the room in which it is to be placed. For this reason, second-hand furniture is sometimes preferable to new.

"So many men, so many minds," is an old saying; and scarcely two people agree in choosing their assortment of furniture. What is convenient for one is inconvenient for another, and that which is considered ornamental by one family, would be thought ugly by their neighbours. There are, however, certain articles suited to most rooms—an ordinary parlour, for example. The number of chairs depends on the size of the room; eight are usually chosen, two of them being elbows. A square two-flap pembroke table, or a circular one, with tripod stand, occupies the centre of the apartment. At one side stands a sofa, a sideboard, a chiffonier, or perhaps a bookcase. Sometimes the chiffonier, with a few shelves fixed to the wall above it, is made to do duty as a bookcase, and it answers the purpose very well. If there be no sofa, there will be probably an easy chair, in a snug corner, not far from the fire-place; in another corner stands a small work-table, or a light occasional table is placed near the window, to hold a flower-basket, or some other ornamental article. These constitute the articles most needed in a room; there are several smaller things which may be added according to circumstances.

It is one thing to have furniture in a room, and another to know how to arrange it. To do this to the best advantage, requires the exercise of a little thought and judgment. Some people live with their

furniture in the most inconvenient positions, because it never occurred to them to shift it from place to place, until they had really found which was the most suitable. Those who are willing to make the attempt, will often find that a room is improved in appearance and convenience by a little change in the place of the furniture.

It is too much the practice to cover the mantelpiece with a number and variety of knick-knacks and monstrosities by way of ornament; but this is in very bad taste. Three, or at most four articles, are all that should be seen in that conspicuous situation. Vases of white porcelain, called "Parian," or of old china, or a small statue, or a shell or two, are the most suitable. The forms of some of the white vases now sold at a low price, are so elegant, that it is a real pleasure to look at them.

The remarks we have made, apply alike to all classes of society; to the lowly as well as the lofty. The hard-working cottager may learn how to improve and refine his humble home, as well as those in more wealthy circumstances. A love of the orderly and beautiful is not confined to any one class; it may be acquired by all. An American author says, "A labourer, having secured a neat home, and a wholesome table, should ask nothing more for the senses; but should consecrate his leisure, and what may be spared of his earnings, to the culture of himself and his family, to the best books, to the best teaching, to pleasant and profitable intercourse, to sympathy, and the offices of humanity, and to the enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art." He is not to strive to be a mere imitator of rich people, but to set himself with a true and diligent spirit to make the best of such opportunities as fall in his way. In the house, in the garden, in daily duty or deportment, there is always something which may be amended; and nowhere can endeavours after improvement be so worthily bestowed, or so richly rewarded as at home.

APHORISMS—KNOWLEDGE.—Some of the most stirring men in the world, persons in the thick of business of all kinds, and indeed with the business of the world itself on their hands, have combined with their other energies the greatest love of books, and found no recreation at once so wholesome and so useful.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens numerous sources of intellectual enjoyment.—*Robert Hall.*

THE BRIAN FAMILY;

OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING-MAN.

PART THE THIRD.

It's easy for a man to do a bold thing when he has resolved to do it, if he sets about it directly; but when he puts on his nightcap and sleeps before he does it, then it's quite a different case. If I could have gone directly to my master to borrow the money I wanted after talking to father and Madge, the affair would have been a feather to me, but the next morning it lay on my heart as heavy as lead.

I once heard of a man who was so hot about fighting a duel, that he could hardly wait till morning, though an early hour had been fixed on. When the time came, however, whether it was that the morning was raw and cold, or that he had not had his breakfast, or from some other cause, his teeth chattered and his knees knocked together so unaccountably, that instead of going to the duel he went to a doctor and got a certificate of ill health. I found myself in much the same situation, and if a certificate would have kept me from going to my master I should have liked one very well. What lions we are when danger is a long way off, and what lambs we are when it is near.

I rather think Madge was aware of my faintheartedness, for she began at me again about her silk gown and the gold coins, and the silver ladle given her by her mother, but I stopped her mouth at once, by jumping up and putting on my hat. Before I had reached the door, however, there was a rap, and when it was opened a note was put into my hand from the party to whom I had made myself surety for Thomas Turner, telling me that the affair was uprightly and honourably settled. Yes, Thomas Turner, after all our fears, had turned up a trump and paid the money. The tears rushed into my eyes with joy and thankfulness, and all that father had said to me came back again to my mind, as well as the verse he had repeated from Montgomery,—

“Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore:
’Tis done! Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.”

Half wild, I gave Madge a kiss, and held up the note. ‘Never,’ said I, ‘will I again say die when I am in trouble; the money is all paid! the money is all paid, every penny of it.’ Madge was almost as delighted as I was, and blamed herself with taxing me, as she had done, for acting a foolish part. When father came to know how matters stood, he spoke very kindly to me, and said that perhaps Thomas Turner would live to do me a good turn yet. ‘Those are gracious words,’ said he, ‘in the Psalms of David, “Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High; and call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”’

In the course of the day I fell in with Reuben Spencer, who in conversation goes beyond any man I ever met with. Ned Lie-a-pace was nothing to him, though I used to think that if ever man had “the gift of the gab,” he had. Ned Lie-a-pace was a cheap John, who used some years ago to visit these parts. The name was given to him on account of the abominable untruths that he was always telling. It was Ned’s practice now and then to sell a good article to establish a reputation; but his prizes were few, and his blanks very many. One day as I passed through the Market-place, where he had set up his cart, he began to sell by auction. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘here’s a packet that I don’t mean to waste much time over, they are English razors made in France, with German edges to them, and you must make ’em cut if you can. I begged the hafts, stole the blades, and got them put together by a young fellow, who was fool enough to give me two pounds to teach him my trade; so you see that they cost me two pounds less than nothing. It doesn’t matter to me if I give ’em away. Who says half-a-crown for this English, French, German razor? Well, then, two shillings—eighteen pence—a shilling—ninepence—sixpence!’ Here a countryman bid sixpence, and the razor was knocked down to him, and handed over; but directly

after Lie-a-pace cried out, 'Here, give me that razor back again, I have made a mistake. The truth is that I slept last night at the King's Head, and there was a Sheffield cutler there, who was showing me his samples, and somehow they have got mixed with mine. If I sell his razors he will be playing "old rose and burn the bellows" with me. You shall have a much better razor than the one you have got.' But no, the country bumpkin wouldn't give up his bargain. The crowd, too, insisted on the rest of the packet being sold; and thus Ned Lie-a-pace got rid of all his razors at sixpence a-piece, though they were not worth six farthings.

'What do you say to that?' said I to old Freeth, who was standing by me.

'What do I say?' says he, 'why, I say that when I set up a toll-gate, if the fools will pay me a penny a-piece, I will willingly let the wise people go through for nothing.'

But old Lie-a-pace was, as I said, nothing to Reuben Spencer; for what the cheap John said was froth and folly, but what fell from Reuben's lips was full of good sense and good feeling. As we went along he talked to me about India, till I could have fancied myself in a jungle, with a royal striped Bengal tiger crouching down, and about to leap upon me from the thick brushwood; or standing by the side of a stagnant swamp, where wide-mouthed alligators with their scaly backs and slimy tails lay basking in the sun as thick as three in a bed. Presently he changed his subject, and set off for the frozen regions, when he made me feel as if I was shivering among the snow and icebergs, with a white bear growling behind me, almost close enough to lay hold of my coat tails with his claws.

Before Reuben left me he put a paper with some verses on it into my hand, bidding me give it to my Richard, well knowing what a knack he has at rhyming; when we were altogether at night, and Madge and Mary were busy with their needles, Richard read the verses. I thought they were first-rate, and so did Richard; whether Madge and Mary thought so too, I won't say; but sure enough they had both of them something very like a tear in their eyes when

Richard had done reading. The verses were these:—

JENNY'S LAMENT.

THERE'S NAE ROOM FOR TWA.

It was in simmer time o' year,
An' simmer leaves were sheen;
When I and Kitty walked abraid,
An' Jamie walked atween.
We reached the brig o'er yon wee linn,
Our burnie's brig sae sma';
'Jenny,' said Jem, 'maun walk behin',
There's nae room for twa.'
'There's nae room for twa,' said he,
'There's nae room for twa.'
O, Jamie's words went to my heart,
'There's nae room for twa.'

A weel a day! my heart leaped high
When walkin by his side;
Sic thoughts, alas! are idle now,
For Kitty is his bride.
He cou'd na, an' he wad hae baith,
For that's forbid by law;
In wedded life, an' wedded love
There's nae room for twa.
There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
There's nae room for twa;
Sae I hae gang'd my gait alane,
There's nae room for twa.

The creepin years hae slowly pass'd,
An' I hae struggled strang,
Wi' a broken hope, an' broken heart,
But it's nae now for lang.
My thread o' life is a' but span,
An' I maun gang awa,
An' moulder in the clay cau'd ground
Where's nae room for twa.
There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
There's nae room for twa;
The narrow bed, where a' maun lie,
Has nae room for twa.

Dear Kitty! on thy bonnie brow
The simmer sun shall shine;
While wintry clouds, and winter's gloom
Are gatherin dark o'er mine.
I'll gie to God my lingering hours,
An' Jamie drive awa;
For in this weary, wasted heart
There's nae room for twa.
There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
There's nae room for twa;
The heart that's given to God an' heaven
Has nae room for twa.

We all of us agreed that the lines were written by Reuben Spencer himself, for he had travelled in Scotland, and was quite at home with the poetry of Robert Burns. Richard praised the verses up to

the skies, but Madge, though the tear was in her eye, was as dumb as a bell without a clapper; the reason was this, Madge had a crow to pluck with Reuben Spencer, because he laughs at the tale of a tub, as he calls it, of children being born with marks upon them, such as port-wine, raspberries, currant-jam, and so forth. Now this is attacking Madge in her strong-hold, and denying an article of her faith; for she is an orthodox believer in such things, and can't make it out at all how anybody who has any sense can doubt them. The truth is that Madge, though a good woman, was brought up in a bad school, for she was taught in her youth to believe in dreams, omens, death-watches, fortune-telling, and witchcraft. I am not quite certain whether she wouldn't, if I would let her, have a horseshoe nailed over the door now. Let Madge see a solitary crow, and bad luck is not far off. Let her hear a noise that she cannot account for, and she looks out for a death, never resting till she finds one, whether it took place before or after; a hundred yards or a hundred miles off, no matter, that was the very death the token came to tell her of.

Reuben Spencer had often talked of giving us a sort of family lecture on Superstition, but how he could upset Madge's favourite doctrine of children being marked I couldn't make out, though I thought he could if any one could. This I will say for him, that he is not one to argue unfairly, or willingly to put

a blush on the face of man, woman, or child. Never yet did I hear an immodest or an improper word come out of his lips.

I used to wonder why Reuben Spencer, who is a few years older than I am, had never been married, and the more so, as there is something particularly tender and kind in his manner towards women; but it came to my knowledge at last that one beautiful in mind and body whom he was about to wed, died suddenly: he is not likely to marry now. Report says that he was once greatly wronged by some rich relations, and perhaps that is one reason why he likes us who are not rich. I verily think that he would be much more likely to cut with me if I drove a coach-and-four than he is now, while I work with a paper-cap on my head as a journeyman carpenter.

Sometimes Madge, whose father's youngest brother went abroad, jokes about her "rich uncle coming from India with a ship-load of money," and then I pretend to have a rich uncle abroad too, and say, "Who can tell, Madge, but both our uncles may come home together." When father overhears us at this kind of conversation, he is tolerably certain to put a proper ending to it, by calling out, "Be content with such things as ye have." "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith." "Better is a handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit."

RECIPES, AND ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

To take Grease out of Boards, Marble, &c.—1st. Make a paste with fuller's earth and hot water, cover the spots therewith; let it dry on, and the next day scour it off with soft or yellow soap.

2nd. Make a paste with soft-soap, fuller's-earth, and a little pearl-ash, and use it as above.

3rd. Make a paste of fresh-slaked lime, water, and pearl-ash, and use it as above.

Remarks. Observe not to touch the last mixture with the finger, as it is very caustic unless it be largely diluted with water.

To clean Marble.—Marble is best cleaned with a little clean soap and water, to which some ox-gall may be added. Acids should be avoided. Oil and grease may be generally removed by following the directions in the foregoing recipe.

Coughs.—A few teaspoonfuls of warm treacle taken occasionally, and particularly at bed-time, and when the cough is troublesome, will be found beneficial, especially for infants and children.

Cold Cream.—1st. Oil of almonds, 1 lb.; white wax, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; melt together in a water bath; strain, if necessary, and add by degrees rose-water, (made warm) $\frac{3}{4}$ pint; stir assiduously until cold.

2nd. Olive-oil and rose-water, of each 1 pint; spermaceti and white wax, of each 4 oz. As last.

3rd. White lard, 1 lb.; spermaceti, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; orange-flower water, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint. As last.

Remarks. The above may be further scented by the addition of any fragrant essence or oil, if desired. It is used as a mild unguent to soften the skin, prevent chaps, &c.

Hair Dye.—Take litharge, 275 grains; quicklime, 1875 grains; hair powder (starch) 930 grains; all in fine powder; mix. For use this powder is made into a paste with warm water or milk, and immediately applied to the hair by means of the fingers, observing to rub it well into the roots. The whole must be then covered with a moist leaf of cotton wadding, several times doubled, and allowed to remain so for three hours, or preferably all night. The powder may then be removed by rubbing it off with the fingers, and afterwards washing it with warm soap and water. A little pomatum or hair-oil will restore the usual gloss to the hair. This is one of the most innocent preparations of the kind. Like all other hair-dyes, it must be re-applied as soon as the hair, by growing, begins to expose an undyed surface underneath. A piece of oil-skin, or even a cabbage leaf, may be used instead of cotton wadding.—*Coolley.*

Blue Ink.—Indigo dissolved in oil of vitriol, and added to water, until a proper shade of colour is produced, as much potash or soda being also added as the liquid will bear without dropping its colour.

2nd. Powdered Prussian blue, 1 oz.; concentrated muriatic acid, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 oz. Mix in a matrass or glass bottle, and after 24 or 30 hours, dilute the mass with a sufficient quantity of water.

3rd. Pure Prussian blue, 6 parts; oxalic acid, 1 part; triturate with a little water to a perfectly smooth paste, then dilute with a proper quantity of soft water. Both this and the last produce a superb liquid blue, admirably calculated for writing with, when the process is properly managed, and the Prussian blue pure; but it will not succeed with every sample of that pigment.

A little gum may be added, if required, to prevent the fluid spreading on the paper.

French Polish.—1st. A solution of shell-lac in wood naphtha.

2nd. Pale shell-lac, 3 lbs.; mastic, 6 oz.; alcohol of 90°, 3 quarts.

3rd. Shell-lac, 2 lbs.; mastic and sandarac, (both in powder) of each 1 oz.; copal varnish, 12 oz.; alcohol, 1 gallon.

Remarks. All the above are made in the cold, by frequently stirring or shaking the ingredients together in a well-closed bottle or other vessel. French polish is used without filtering.

To French Polish.—The varnish being prepared, (shell-lac) the article to be polished being finished off as smoothly as possible with glass paper, and your rubber being made as directed below, proceed to the operation as follows:—The varnish, in a narrow-necked bottle, is to be applied to the middle of the flat face of the rubber, by laying the rubber on the mouth of the bottle, and shaking up the varnish, once, as by this means the rubber will imbibe the proper quantity to varnish a considerable extent of surface. The rubber is then to be inclosed in a soft linen cloth, doubled, the rest of the cloth being gathered up at the back of the rubber to form a handle. Moisten the face of the linen with a little raw linseed oil applied with the finger to the middle of it. Place your work opposite the light,

pass your rubber *quickly* and *lightly* over its surface, until the varnish becomes dry, or nearly so; again charge your rubber as before with varnish (omitting the oil) and repeat the rubbing until three coats are laid on, when a little more oil may be applied to the rubber, and two coats more given to it. Proceed in this way until the varnish has acquired some thickness; then wet the *inside* of the linen cloth, before applying the varnish, with alcohol or wood naphtha, and rub quickly, lightly, and uniformly the whole surface. Lastly, wet the linen cloth with a little oil and alcohol, without varnish, and rub as before till dry.

To make the Rubber, roll up a strip of thick woollen cloth which has been torn off, so as to form a soft elastic edge. It should form a coil, from one to three inches in diameter, according to the size of the work.—*Coolley.*

BLACK REVIVER, for faded Mourning Dresses Black Coats, &c.—1. Boil in 2 pints of water down to 1, 2 oz. of Aleppo galls, in powder, 2 oz. of logwood, 1 oz. of gum-arabic, then add 1 oz. of sulphate of iron. This may be evaporated to a powder.]

2. Galls, 8 oz.; logwood, green vitriol, iron filings, sumach, of each 1 oz.; vinegar, 2 pints.

FURNITURE POLISHERS. 1. *Balls.*—To 1 pint of linseed oil, by a gentle heat melt together 2 oz. of yellow rosin, 18 oz. of beeswax, and 2 oz. of borage root or alkanet root.

2. *Cream.*—1. In a little water dissolve 1 oz. of pearl-ash, and by heat dissolve $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of white wax, then add 1 quart of water, a little at a time. 2. Boil together in 5 pints of soft water 2 oz. of soap, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beeswax, and 1 oz. pearl ash.

Either of these may be diluted with water, and thus used in a liquid state, the water evaporating leaves the wax as a polish.

To preserve Flowers.—Flowers for drying should be gathered as soon as unfolded, and dried as speedily as possible at a gentle heat, the calices, &c. being previously taken off; when the flowers are small the calyx may be left on, or even the whole flowering spike dried without mutilation. *Labiata* flowers are usually dried in the latter state. *Blue flowers*, as those of violets, bugloss, &c. should be dipped for a moment into boiling water before drying them, to prevent their becoming yellow or discoloured. The colour of the petals of red roses is best preserved, after which the yellow withers may be removed by sifting. The odour of roses and pinks is improved by this treatment. *Compound flowers*, with pappus seeds, ought to be gathered before they are entirely opened, and should be dried very high, to prevent the moisture developing the pappi, which by keeping would unfit them for medical use. The best method of drying flowers is to spread them thinly on paper trays, and place them in a stove room, or a current of dry air, (preferably the latter) or in the sun. For odourless flowers the temperature may be between 75° and 120° Fah, observing, however, not to employ sufficient heat to destroy their colour. For fragrant and aromatic flowers the heat should not exceed 75°. The flowering tops of plants, as those of lavender, wormwood, melilot, &c., are usually tied in small parcels or bundles, loosely wrapped in paper, and then hung up, that they may not get discoloured or broken. The succulent petals of some plants, whose odour is very fugacious, as some of the liliaceous kinds, cannot be well

dried, as their fragrance is lost, and at the same time they rot and become discoloured.

To preserve Eggs.—Eggs may be preserved for any length of time by excluding them from the air. One of the cleanest and easiest methods of doing this is to pack them in clean dry salt, in barrels or tubs, and to place them in a cool and dry situation. I have eaten eggs thus preserved that were a twelvemonth old, and that had been some months aboard ship, in a tropical climate, and yet retained all the peculiar sweetness of new laid eggs.

Some persons place eggs which they wish to preserve in a netting, or on a sieve or colander, and immerse them for an *instant* in a cauldron of boiling water before packing them away. The practice of packing eggs in damp straw, or anything else that can convey a flavour should be avoided. The shells of eggs are porous, and readily admit the passage of gaseous substances and fetid odours.—*Cooley.*

Portable Balls for taking Grease Spots out of Clothes.—Dry fuller's earth so as to crumble into powder, and moisten it well with lemon-juice; add a small quantity of pure pulverised pearl-ash, and work the whole up into a thick paste. Roll it into small balls, let them completely dry in the heat of the sun, and they will then be fit for use. The manner of using them is by moistening with water the spots on the cloth, rubbing the ball over, and leaving it to dry in the sun; on washing the spots with common water, and very often with brushing alone, the spots instantly disappear.

To clean Pewter and Tin.—Dish covers and pewter requisites should be wiped dry immediately after being used, and kept free from steam or damp, which would prevent much of the trouble in cleaning them. Where the polish is gone off, let the articles be first rubbed on the outside with a little sweet oil laid on a piece of soft linen cloth; then clear it off with pure whiting on linen cloths, which will restore the polish.

Scouring Drops.—Take 1 oz. rectified oil of turpentine, and add to it as much oil of lemon-peel as will neutralise or overpower the smell. These drops do not affect the colour of any article; they should be rubbed on any stain with a piece of silk wetted with them.

To take Mildew out of Linen.—Rub it well with soap, then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also in the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet it a little, and it will come out after twice doing.

To remove Iron Moulds.—I. Rub the spot with a little powdered oxalic acid, or salts of lemon and warm water. Let it remain a few minutes, and well rinse in clean water. II. Wash the spots with a strong solution of cream of tartar and water. Repeat, if necessary, and dry in the sun.

To remove Ink Stains.—Ink or stains may readily be removed from white articles, also from oil-cloth, table-covers, and some other articles, by means of a little salt of lemons, diluted muriatic acid or tartaric acid, and hot water; or by means of a little solution of chlorine or chloride of lime. The spots should afterwards be *thoroughly* rinsed or washed with warm water before touching them with soap.

To prepare Skins, &c.—The ordinary mode practised by tanners and furriers in the prepara-

tion of skins, with the wool or hair left on the outside, is, to soak them for a short time in water to cleanse and soften them, and afterwards to thin them inside by scraping, if they require it. They are then placed for three or four days in a bath, made by mixing 2 lbs. of bran in 1 gallon of water—the whole quantity being, of course, regulated by the number of skins to be soaked. Next a paste, made with 1 lb. of alum, and 3 oz. of common salt, moistened with water, and worked together, is spread on the inside of the skin, and left for about 18 hours, when they are hung up to dry, with the fleece or hair outermost, and, if possible, in the sun. After this, the inside is smoothed with pumice-stone, and sometimes a warm iron is passed over it, and then, with a switching and brushing of the outside, the operation is complete.

Varnishing Paper-Hangings.—Almost any sort of light-bodied varnish may be used for walls, but what is called "pale carriage varnish" is perhaps the best. When the walls are dry and clean, first apply a coating of glue-size, laid on nearly cold with a soft brush, taking care not to disturb the colour.

Offensive Feet.—The object of perspiration is to remove carbonic acid and other noxious matters from the blood; these, in ordinary cases, escape through our clothing. But as shoes and boots are but very slightly porous, the free discharge of the offensive perspiratory matter is prevented, and consequently it has an unpleasant smell. There is no remedy for this but cleanliness. Wash the feet night and morning with lukewarm water and soap; put on clean stockings every day, if possible; keep two or three pairs of shoes in wear instead of one only, and change every other day—attend to these instructions, and the annoyance complained of will be much lessened, if not removed. We have often been consulted about bad-smelling feet, and in nearly all cases have found the evil to arise from an uncleanly habit.

Weak Eyes, (Alfred C.)—We cannot undertake to give medical or surgical advice. No one can be competent to do so but a medical practitioner, who can see a patient and judge for himself. Your difficulty of seeing in twilight, or in the streets after the lamps are lit, is not at all a rare affection; we know many persons who are inconvenienced by it, but whose vision is otherwise good. Your decay of sight is, however, another matter, for which you had better consult Mr. Bowman, 5, Clifford Street, Bond Street, London.

Strengthening the Voice (A Reader.)—A weak voice is often the effect of general weak health, and in proportion as the body can be strengthened, so will the voice become stronger. If you want medical advice, consult Mr. Bishop, 35, Bernard Street, Russell Square, London; but if you wish to try to improve your voice only, attend to these rules:—1st. Be very temperate in eating and drinking. 2nd. Avoid causes of excitement, mental or bodily. 3rd. Read or recite daily about 500 lines, in the highest speaking tone which you can comfortably maintain. And, 4thly, Have nothing whatever to do with advertised nostrums for strengthening the voice. To use a vulgar, but expressive term, they are all *gammon*.

Neat's-foot Oil is made from the feet of cattle, also from tripe, by boiling. After boiling it should remain for several months to become clear. This oil will not harden by age, it is used to soften leather and for machinery.

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN IN FARM LABOURS.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

MY recent remarks on labourers' cottages have an evident connexion with the employments and pursuits of the female peasantry, on whose characters and habits the social condition in humble rural life so mainly depends. If their occupations tend to degrade the female sex morally or physically—if woman be placed in a position in which her feelings of self-respect and propriety of demeanour are stifled, if she be treated like a beast of burden, and employed in labours in which personal cleanliness and neatness cannot be preserved, or if she be systematically associated with men in the performance of them and familiarised to their often coarse and indelicate language, her mind must necessarily become tainted, however good may have been her previous education. And if to the neglect of her domestic duties as a wife or mother, and her care to keep her cottage in order and decency, she be worked in the farm-yard and fields, there is no *true* economy in such occupations, nor a due regard to national respectability.

In France, I regret to say, women sometimes assist in yoking, unharnessing, and grooming (very indifferently as may be supposed) the horses which draw the coaches in the provincial parts of the kingdom, and female peasants flounder knee-deep in half-liquid manure, filling and emptying dung-carts, or going to and from the stables and cow-houses. There "the fair sex" also may be seen imbruing their hands in the blood of sheep and swine, and assisting their husbands in all the horrid operations of the shambles. Indeed, in France there are employments assigned to women which are utterly inconsistent with feminine habits, and with the generally civilized character of one of the most polished nations of the world.

The terrible wars waged so remorselessly by Napoleon, which turned into one channel of bad employment almost the whole adult male population of France, compelled women to engage in the most laborious employments of field industry; and I cannot but think that the habits then engendered have proved injurious not only to the appearance, but to the social condition of the French female peasant. Insufficient protection to the

head and face from the sun, constant exposure to the weather, and downright hard work, make at the age of five-and-twenty, sad ravages upon the countenance and figure of the female peasantry of France; while constant drudgery in the most servile and coarse employments, blunt the intuitive sense of delicacy, and wear away those attributes by which women are distinguished as "the gentler sex."

For a dense population like that of France and of England, where more than one-half consists of females, and where there is everywhere a pressure upon the means of subsistence, there is no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that women should work; but it is not easy to define the nature of employments which should be compatible with both industry and delicacy. They should unquestionably be light—such as do not tax the strength severely, and never of a disgusting or demoralising kind.

I have referred to the over-working of the female population of France;—the blush of shame has hardly yet been removed from honest English faces at the very degrading occupations to which a portion of our own females was condemned in mines and collieries. Who can forget the details of bodily and mental degradation exposed by the benevolent exertions of the Earl of Shaftesbury? And even in the light of day, on the earth's surface, our countrywomen are in some places made farm-drudges, and removed from that which is their proper sphere—"to adorn the cottage homes."

It is unbecoming the national character to permit women to load carts of manure, and perform heavy and dirty work of a similar character, as they may be seen to do in certain parts of Great Britain—which it would be invidious to particularise—even on farms of great size, and managed in a superior manner. Ought not farmers rather to discourage the wives and daughters of their labourers from exercising their industry in this manner? Upon this point, I believe that few will differ from me.

How far the heavy, and in English dairy districts, masculine labours of the dairy, from the milking of the cow to the

consolidation of the milk into butter or cheese, should be left to the hands of women, is a matter upon which a difference of opinion will probably be held. In dairy management throughout Ireland, the milking of cows is, I think, universally left to females; and the very notion of a man using his strong fingers "to tug an empty teat," appears to an Irish mind effeminate and even ludicrous. I am disposed to think that in Dr. Johnson's days men did not often intrude into the mysteries of milking cows: he defines a "milkman" to be "a man who sells milk," and a milkmaid to be "a woman employed in the dairy." Yet to confine the milking of cows to women is hardly practicable, nor, perhaps, desirable. Where large dairies are kept, the strength of a man is required in those cases in which from twenty to thirty cows are kept, and perhaps but one female servant; and if the cows be milked in the field, the hardihood of a man's constitution is required to brave the vicissitudes of weather which would be too trying for the comparative delicacy of the female frame. For my own part, however, I prefer the "milkmaid," and would only employ men to attend to the cows, fasten them in their stalls, and prepare them for the operations of the female hand. Who that is familiar with the sweet voice of woman singing to the cow whose distended udder she relieves, would desire to see her tender office discharged by a man. The scouring and airing of milk-pans and milk vessels, and the keeping of everything belonging to the dairy in fresh and cleanly order, will, I suppose, be conceded to women in general. But the labour of churning I willingly leave to men.

The rearing of calves is also fit employment for women; but the feeding of swine, at least when numerous and grown up, is dirty, laborious, and unfeminine work. It would, however, be over-fastidious, to suppose that a cottager's wife or daughter, or that a female farm-servant would degrade herself by attending a small family circle of pigs, but the cleaning out of the pig-sty, and supplying fresh litter, should not be woman's work in any case. In some parts of England female farm-servants are degraded and brutalized in many respects by being made drudges in matters of this description.

Haymaking is usually light work, and quite feminine. The imagination of such employment for either sex is poetical. Shakespeare was familiar with it—

"I will play on the tabor to sixteen worthies
And let them *dance the hay*."

Dibbling beans, as in Berkshire, affords suitable employment to women, and as they perform this by piece-work, and in family-gangs (being paid according to the quantity of seed dropped) they can avoid the danger of moral evil which often arises from indiscriminate association in farm-work with persons of disreputable character.

Setting potatoes, and gathering the tubers after the fork or plough in autumn, and weeding generally, are unobjectionable sources of employment for females.

Reaping or fagging corn, and hoeing turnips, are beyond the average strength of women; and any work—such as the picking of stones from grass-fields, which requires the constant bending of the back, is distressing to women, and should be left to children.

Nothing is more painful to witness than a mother who has an infant at the breast, and is yet obliged to toil in the field for her daily bread; she is in such case obliged to leave the infant at home, in charge of some girl hardly able to take care of herself, who brings the babe at long intervals to the parent for the unwholesome nourishment which her fevered bosom yields. The wants of the poor often compel women to perform industrial labours which, if there were less poverty among the peasantry, ought to be executed by men only.

Home, and all the household duties of "the cottage homes of England,"—the care of children, the keeping of the cottage and its furniture scrupulously clean, the mending and making of clothes, the knitting of yarn stockings, and the rearing of poultry when practicable from local circumstances, are really sufficient occupations—if fully executed—by cottagers' wives and daughters in most cases.

It is much to be regretted that poultry keeping by cottagers is so frequently prohibited by British farmers. There are, however, numerous instances of women being employed by the farmer to rear poultry in his own yard and for his own purposes. I know one who allows

a shilling a couple to the poultry-maid for all the fowls reared by her for him ; and he supplies the hens and their food, &c. to any extent she pleases. He also allows the woman twopence a score for the eggs she collects for him : that clever woman reared fifty-six chickens this year from two hens, each of which had three broods !

If it be somewhat difficult in some instances to draw the line of distinction which separates the proper occupations of the sexes, there is undoubtedly no diffi-

culty in pointing out poultry-keeping as quite suitable with the habits and character of woman. No one will say that men in preference to women should attend upon laying hens and newly-hatched chicks, operate upon turkeys afflicted with pip, search for the eggs of the truant duck, or draw the curtain over the nest of the hatching goose. In these and all feminine departments of labour let the female sex in humble rural life have the absolute and undisputed claim to employment.

THE WORKING-MAN A GENTLEMAN.

ONE of the objects which popular education is adapted and required to gain, is the realisation of *greater refinement in the domestic and social intercourse* of the working-classes. There is a fictitious and true refinement. The former springs from the desire to imitate the manners of those above us, with the view of increasing our own conventional value. Such refinement is cramped and artificial ; it springs from despicable motives, and seldom fails to make the person who affects it ridiculous. But there is a true refinement, which springs from cultivated tastes, from a mind well stored with knowledge, from a gentle and generous soul : it is not an accident or mere appendage, a thing made for the occasion, but a genuine effusion of the heart—a part of the living man. Many in condemning the former have overlooked the latter. The freedom and bluntness of our Saxon manners are apt to degenerate into vulgarity and rudeness. Working-men too often eschew courtesy as a weakness, deliver themselves in the coarsest style, and seem to think any approach to blandness of expression a mark of effeminacy. How often, in domestic conversation, is every sentence pointed with a rude imperative. How

often is the language of the shop a string of filthy metaphors, which modesty cannot understand without a blush. How often is a surly question met with a surlier reply, and followed with execrations and blows. Such characteristics call loudly for reform. The working-man should be, in the truest sense of the word, a “gentleman.” This distinction, the highest in a secular point of view to which any man can aspire, is within the reach of all. It is independent of wealth or social position ; it needs not for its support a spacious mansion, a noble equipage, a retinue of servants, or a host of workmen ; it requires only unaffected kindness, and a cultivated mind. Nor is this an empty distinction, a merely gilded bauble : it is a positive blessing ; it confers substantial benefits upon its possessor ; it heightens the charm of domestic life, gives the polish and glow of beauty to the meanest matters, and strengthens the kindly sympathies from which it flows.

From the *Glory and Shame of Britain*, a Prize Essay, published by the Religious Tract Society. We do not know how to speak in terms of sufficient commendation of this admirable work. ED.

FAVOURITE WINDOW PLANTS.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

LEAVES are falling, and the Creator is thus supplying ready materials for the composts which are required for the choice plants arrayed in more than Solomon’s glory. Leaves, therefore, should be collected and heaped together, so as to promote their fermentation and decay, until they become a mass of leaf-mould, which, with the rotted turf of old pasture-land,

and one or two more ingredients for particular tribes, are the only ones needed. In the language of a high authority on this subject, “loam, peat and sand seem to be the three simples of nature most requisite for the purpose, to which we occasionally add, as mollifiers, vegetable or leaf mould, and well-rotted dung, from the judicious mixture and preparation of

which, composts may be made to suit plants introduced from any quarter of the globe."

Referring, however, to the catalogue or window-flowers in the appendix to our Elementary Catechism of Gardening, we shall briefly state the proportions of the above ingredients as recommended by experienced practitioners well informed as to the physical properties and requirements of the different families of plants under our consideration, and for which composts are prescribed in the tabular formula of that appendix.

For the early tulip, hyacinth, ranunculus, polyanthus, and anemone, take—3 barrows of turf from old pasture land, 1 ditto cow-manure, well rotted, 1 ditto rotted leaves, and 1 ditto white sand. These substances are, of course, to be well mixed, by repeated turnings every six weeks or two months, for a year at least.

For the auricula (there are innumerable quack recipes) the portion of sand should be about one-sixth of the whole compound, the other substances may be in equal proportions.

For the carnation tribe, take—3 barrows of leaf-mould, 1 ditto rotten horse dung, 1 ditto sand, 1 ditto lime, well slaked, and 7 lbs. of salt. If the quantity of leaf-mould be increased, that of dung should be diminished. This caution is given in the *British Gardener*—never put carnations in the soil wherein hyacinths have been planted; they, from certain experience, being a sure poison to the carnation, and *vice versâ*. Besides whatever stimulating or strengthening properties salt may possess, its effect in killing worms and grubs, which prey so eagerly on the carnation, renders it a desirable ingredient in the compost. The hydrangea requires peat for its support in a large proportion. The gardener's peat earth is obtained from heaths and commons, and frequently combined with silvery sand. This is the best sort of soil for the hydrangea; leaf-mould should be blended thoroughly with this earth. It is a curious fact that, with a compost of loam, with peat earth and a little sand, the hydrangea will produce red flowers, whereas the flowers will be blue if the soil be pure yellow loam. To have the hydrangea in bloom at Midsummer, it should be repotted into the appropriate

soil when the leaf-buds swell in spring, their roots being freed completely from the old mould: they require abundant moisture when coming into bloom.

In consulting the appendix above referred to, it will be seen that some of the plants therein named require soils distinguished as "sandy loam," "rich loam," "moderately rich loam," "good loam," and "rich sandy loam." The only thing necessary to explain in any measure is the quality and appearance of loam. This is the dark-coloured mould composed of earthy substances, (among which lime is more or less an ingredient,) and the remains of plants and animal matter, which have either rotted on the surface through the gradual operations of nature, or blended with the natural soil, as in a garden, by the course and effects of culture by a "rich," or "sandy" loam, then, is evidently meant a loam rich in manuring substances, or one with a great quantity of sand in it, and therefore less rich in decomposed vegetable or animal matter, and so on. Any female who knows how to make a pudding or a cake, understands what is meant by a rich, moderately rich, or poor sort of either. In the preserving season she distinguishes between rich preserves and poor ones by the different proportions of fruits and sugar, and the different qualities of her fruits too, and she has her pots of preserves of more or less excellence. So is it in some degree in the composition of soils and composts with the florist; we may suppose that flour is the grand element of the cake or pudding; according as butter, cream, sugar, &c. are combined with it or withheld from it, the cake or pudding is rich or poor, nourishing or otherwise. Fruit is the grand material of the preserves, but sugar and the various other condiments (with which we ourselves do not profess to have knowledge) are the additions which render the fruit rich and palatable, indifferent or bad. By adding sand, or lime, and clay, and introducing the proper composts into a mass of *loam* (which should be the foundation of all soils for our potted plants,) in those proportions which common observation and experience, or inquiry from gardeners dictate, the suitable soil and nourishment can easily be provided for any of the plants on our list.

VARIETIES.

A CHEAP PLACE TO LIVE IN.—People who love to live well and cheap at the same time should go to Antioch. Mr. Neale (a recent traveller in the East) tried to be extravagant there, but found it impossible (house rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included) to spend more than £40. a year. Oh, that Antioch were London! Fancy 7½ lbs. of good mutton for 1s., fat fowls for 2d. a piece, 70 lbs. of fish for 1s., and all possible fruits and vegetables for one's household for 2d. a week. If we remember rightly, the garden of Eden was somewhere near this place.—*Literary Gazette*.

LOQUACITY.—Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice; his reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you find them, they are not worth the search.—*Shakespeare*.

A WISE DISTINCTION.—When the Earl of B— was brought before Lord Loughborough, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him, 'How many legs has a sheep?' 'Does your lordship mean,' answered B—, 'a live sheep or a dead one?' 'Is it not the same thing?' said the Chancellor. 'No, my lord,' said Lord B—, 'there is much difference; a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders.'

READING AND THINKING.—Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge. It is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke*.

MARRIAGE GOOD FOR HEALTH.—Dr. Casper of Berlin, has calculated that the mortality among bachelors from the age of 30 to 45 years, is 27 per cent.; whilst among married men of the same age it is only 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40 years, there are 78 married men who attain the same age. The advantage in favour of married life is still more striking in persons of advanced age. At 60 years there remains but 22 bachelors for 48 married men; at 70 years 11 bachelors for 27 married; and at 80 years, 3 bachelors against 9 married men.

BUSINESS NECESSARY.—The experience of life demonstrates that a regular sympathetic business is essential to the health, happiness, contentment, and usefulness of man. With-

out it, he is uneasy, unsettled, miserable, and wretched. His desires have no fixed aim, his ambition no high and noble ends. He is the sport of visionary dreams and idle fancies—a looker-on where all are busy, a drone in the hive of Industry; a moper in the field of enterprise and labour. If such were the lot of the feeble and helpless only, it were less to be deplored; but it is oftener the doom and curse of those who have the power to do without the will to act, and who need that quality which makes so many others, but the want of which unmakes them—the quality of vigour and resolution. Business is the grand regulator of life.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

DANGERS OF MENTAL IDLENESS.—That inactivity of the brain impairs its healthy energy, and, as a necessary consequence, diminishes mental power, is amply proved by daily and hourly experience. Nor will this truth surprise any reflecting person who keeps in mind that, by disuse, muscles become emaciated and weakened, blood-vessels and nerves obliterated, and the bone itself softened and altered in structure; and who considers that, as a part of the same animal system, the brain is nourished by the same blood, and subjected to the same vital laws as the muscles, bones, and nerves. For direct proof, however, I need only refer the reader to the well-known influence of solitary confinement upon the bodily and mental condition of even the most energetic and robust. Solitary confinement impairs and destroys mental vigour solely by the forced inaction into which it throws the brain, and unless relieved by occupation and the occasional visits of the attendants, it becomes the most destructive punishment which can be inflicted on any human being. By its unmitigated infliction the strong-minded man lapses in a brief time into the feebleness of childhood, and the sternest resolution yields like the willow to the gentlest breeze.—*Dr. Combe*.

The Corner.

MRS. FRY'S RULES.—1. Never lose any time: I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation sometime every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration; and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.

CHRISTMAS.

As the days grow short with the departure of autumn, and the nights grow long with the coming on of winter, then in every household throughout this pleasant realm of England there arises a gladsome remembrance that Christmas is coming. To the young it is generally a season of un-mixed pleasure, while to the aged it not unfrequently brings softly saddened memories of the past ; yet on the whole there is a spirit of hope inspired by Christmas which leaves a wholesome impression through many a following month.

There are many people able to join in the cry, Christmas comes but once a year, who are unable to say why it comes :—to find out why, we must go back some hundreds of years, to the days before the light of Christianity shone upon the earth. Christmas-day was observed by our Danish forefathers from the earliest times of their settlement in Britain : they brought the custom with them from their native country. Their year began on that day, and on the evening before, to shew that the sun, having completed his six-monthly course, was about to come back and bring more light and warmth, they went through certain ceremonies and rejoicings to testify their joy. One of their names for the sun was *Yule*—hence the great feast which was always held at this time was called the *Yule-feast*—a name still preserved in the northern parts of England. Not only did they feast and make merry, but they made great fires of wood in their huge chimneys, and the blazing of the *Yule-clog* or log is supposed to have been intended to signify the light and heat of the sun ; and besides this, they decorated their kitchens and halls where the feastings were carried on with green boughs and branches in honour of some of their deities. Among the Druids evergreens were put up in their houses to afford shelter to the spirits of the forest who stood in need of a home in the inclement weather.

After the introduction of Christianity many of the old customs were continued, as it was found difficult to wean people's minds from them ; the early Christians were therefore permitted to keep up some of the pagan ceremonies, but not with an idolatrous spirit. In course of time it was agreed to celebrate the birth of Christ on the 25th of December, instead of April or May, as was once the practice, and ever since it has been kept by all Christian nations as a great religious holiday. Then devoutly-minded people held friendly communion one with another, and found "comfort and joy" therein. They ate and drank together, and sang songs and carols of Scripture history loosely strung together ; old and young chanted in harmony, and the bishops even joined in singing with their flocks, but mostly about the blessed Nativity :

" This day to you is born a child,
Of Mary meek, and virgin mild."

At times, however, they were not permitted to hold their meetings unmolested ; on one occasion the Emperor Diocletian caused a number of Christians who were engaged in their Christmas services to be burned to death in the building in which they had assembled.

In the Catholic church the mass said on this day was called *Christ's mass*, in which we have the origin of our present name—Christmas. As the old ballad says :—

" Then comes the day wherein the Lorde
Did bring his birth to passe ;
Whereas at midnight up they rise,
And every man to Masse.

" And carrols sing in prayse of Christ,
And, for to help them heare,
The organs aunswere every verse
With sweete and solemne cheare."

Gradually more and more of feasting and merrymaking was mixed up with the religious observance of the holiday, and many curious customs were introduced, which still exist after the lapse of hundreds of years. Nearly every one must remember seeing the walls and pillars of the churches and other public buildings decorated with evergreens at the approach of Christmas.

“ Now with bright holly all the temples strew,
With laurel green and sacred misletoe.”

There was a meaning in the different branches, the laurel was for *peace* as well as for *victory*, the holly for *foresight*, while ivy, and misletoe had also their significance. In former days, as old writers tell us, “every man’s house, as also their parish churches, were decked with Holme (holly), Ivy, Bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garished.” As the carol says :—

“ With holly and ivy
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day.

“ With bays and rosemary,
And laurel complete,
And every one now
Is a king in conceit.”

Among the pastimes which then were shared by rich and poor all over the land were “gaming, music, jugglers, jack-puddings, scrambling for nuts and apples, dancing, the hobby-horse, hunting owls and squirrels, the foot-plough, hot-cockles—a stick moving on a pivot with an apple at one end and a candle at the other, so that he who missed his bite burned his nose—besides blindman’s-buff, forfeits, interludes, and mock plays.” In the king’s palace, and in nearly every great house was a personage called the “Lord of misrule,” or the “Master of merry disports,” whose business it was to see that the fun was kept up with spirit. Feastings and sports were held also at the principal law courts, and gentlemen practised such indecencies and debaucheries as would now disgrace the coarsest revellers at a fair. Enormous quantities of provisions were consumed ; breakfast and supper consisted mostly of a boar’s head, holding an orange in its mouth, and stuck with rosemary, and huge bowls of plum-porridge, and mince pies. The pies at that time were made long and narrow, to represent the manger in which the Saviour was born ; and to eat them was looked on as a proof that the eater was a good Christian !

“Disguisings, masks, and mummeries,” were also held, accompanied by all sorts of fun and frolic ; men and women dressed in each other’s clothes, and gave themselves up to the wildest merriment.

In addition to all the sports, there were many singular customs and sports associated with Christmas. Crowds of people used to assemble on that day in the burial ground at Glastonbury to see the thorn blow, which was said to have sprung from a staff planted by Joseph of Arimathea. It was long a popular belief that this famous thorn would produce flowers in full bloom every Christmas-day, and when the spectators were disappointed of seeing the miracle, they laid it to the alteration of the style, and watched again on Old Christmas-day. There was, however, no miracle in the case, as the thorn was one of that kind which frequently blows in mild winters. In Kent, parties of young men carried about a horse’s skull fastened at the top of a pole, and contrived so that the jaws would clap with a loud noise on pulling a string. This was said to commemorate the landing of the early Saxon invaders. In

a valley near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, the sound of bells underground was said to be heard on Christmas, and people came from the surrounding villages on the morning of the holiday, to listen to the subterranean bells, by laying their ears close to the earth. According to tradition, a village and church had once been swallowed there by an earthquake, and once a year a peal was rung. In the Isle of Man, people sat up all night, and the next morning they hunted and killed a wren, and carrying the little bird to church, buried it with mock solemnities. In the Highlands of Scotland, certain curious out-of-door games were always played on Christmas-day, and peculiar sorts of cakes, and thick broth were eaten. In some places, a carp was the chief dish at supper, and a boar's head served on a silver platter for dinner ; and often the festivities were kept up from Christmas to Twelfth Night. Whole volumes might be filled with accounts of all that took place at Christmas in the olden time.

The custom of giving Christmas-boxes arose from the practice of saying masses by the Romish priests : if a ship was about to sail on a voyage, masses were to be said for the safe return of those on board ; if people went on a journey the same course would be followed, as well as for many other social duties. Money was raised to pay for these masses, by placing boxes in the streets, in houses, or on board ships, into which all who felt disposed might drop their contributions. Servants and other poor people who were unable to pay for the prayers which the priest put up for them or their friends, were allowed to have a box in some conspicuous situation to receive such gratuities as were offered, and so the giving of what are called Christmas-boxes came into fashion. The hanging up of a box is still the practice in some places : hair-dressers at times permit the apprentices to raise a little pocket-money in this way from the fees of the customers. Where money is given with a really wise and benevolent intent by those who remember that

“ In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.”

then the giving is commendable ; but when, as is too much the case, the coming of Christmas is made an excuse for an unworthy kind of begging, then the giving of Christmas-boxes is a practice which cannot too soon be discontinued.

Nearly 200 years ago, Poor Robin said concerning Christmas “good cheer doth so abound, as if all the world were made of minced pies, plum-pudding, and furmety.” And another old writer remarks : “There was once hospitality in the land : an English gentleman, at the opening of the great day, had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by day-break ; the strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese.” It is still the practice to begin Christmas-day in many old houses in the country, by all the servants, grooms, and stable-boys, partaking of toast and ale ; but too much of eating and drinking is not the surest sign of hospitality. A generous heart and open hand will always find means to make Christmas merry without excess.

To us in the present day, Christmas is no longer the boisterous holiday it once was ; the end of the year is approaching, and we are led to reflect. We in England, are accustomed to regard it as a season of thankfulness, when long-separated friends come together once more,

when differences may be reconciled, and injuries forgiven. How many homes are made happy on that day! Sons and daughters, who have left the paternal roof to follow their vocation in busy town or crowded city, now revisit the scene of their childhood, where gathering round the fire as in days gone by, they recall pleasant memories of the past, sing old songs well-nigh forgotten, while the familiar sports, the forfeits, riddles, the country-dance, blindman's-buff, or hunt the slipper, which delighted their youthful years, are once more welcomed and enjoyed with a renewal of youthful feeling. Aged parents fancy themselves young again, as they witness the happiness of their children, at times down to the third generation, and few there are who do not find the quieter pleasures of our time as good for heart and mind, as our forefathers did their noisy revellings—perhaps better.

Christmas releases children from school, and sends them home in high exultation at the prospect of a holiday; and for—to them—a too brief season, they exchange the restraints of discipline, and the saying of lessons, for the love and the liberty and the gladness of home.

Christmas awakens sympathy: then friend to friend, relative to relative, child to parent, parent to child, send presents to one another from all parts of the land in such number, that railway stations can hardly contain the sudden influx of parcels, baskets, and hampers, and railway trains are overladen with the testimonials of good-will—and so year by year are kindly recollections cherished.

We need not therefore repine, because the Christmas of the present is not the Christmas of the past, even were it such as the poet pleasingly describes:—

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly-green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,

Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the 'squire and lord.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

ABOUT PEPPER AND MUSTARD.

PEPPER is the produce of a plant which grows in various parts of the torrid zone, but mostly in the East Indies, in Borneo, Java, and other islands of the great cluster known as the Indian Archipelago, the best kind as is said being found in Malabar. It has been known from the earliest times; the ancient Greeks made use of it under the name *peperi*, and are supposed

to have obtained it from the Hindoos, whose name for long pepper was *pippul*, and from one of these two names our word pepper is probably derived. It is a climbing plant, perennial and juicy, and includes forty or fifty species, grows with a slender stem from eight to twelve feet long, and is trained to the stems and branches of other trees set for the purpose in the

plantation, and is left to itself for four years before any of the fruit is plucked. This fruit, which may also be called pods or seeds, grows in various forms; the sorts mostly known in this country are the long and the round. To make black pepper, unripe pods are gathered while they are still green, and dried on mats spread in the sun, where they become black by the heat. Some care is necessary in choosing the right time for gathering, as the pods if taken too young, turn into powder by the drying. When thoroughly dried they are cleaned and winnowed, and packed into bags for exportation; and being afterwards ground with the husk on, form the ordinary black pepper sold by grocers and dealers in spices. White pepper is the very same seed with the husk taken off, gathered when fully ripe, the soundest and best picked out and soaked in water, which causes the outer covering or skin to peel off, and leaves the seeds smooth and of a grayish white, sometimes almost a yellow colour; they are not, however, so strongly scented or high-flavoured as the black.

The aromatic odour of pepper is supposed to be owing to a certain oil which it contains, and the pungent taste to a resin: this resin is said to act beneficially in certain cases of fever. Whole black pepper has long been known as an "old wife's remedy" against coughs, spasms, and some kinds of fever and ague; the popular mode of preparation being to soak it in ardent spirits. A pepper plaster will serve as well as one of mustard to raise a blister on the skin, and is sometimes added to mustard to increase its effect. Pepper is also used prepared as an ointment for diseases of the skin, and also for fistula; but it should never be applied without proper advice from some trustworthy medical man. If an over-dose be taken into the stomach, it is apt to disturb the bowels, and to bring on great thirst, accompanied by feverish pains, and in some instances, inflammation and death have been the consequence. Besides the common pepper, another kind called *piper cubeba*, or cubeb pepper, is much used in medicine.

In hot countries the consumption of pepper is very great, its chief use being to aid digestion, and give a relish to food, for which the enervating climate leaves

but little appetite. It mostly happens, however, that too much pepper is taken, and as an excess of pepper is prejudicial to the liver, that is the reason why so many people who have lived in India are troubled with liver complaint; but with cold food or raw vegetables the moderate use of pepper is beneficial. Pigs are said to have been poisoned by eating black pepper.

About fifty millions of pounds of pepper are grown every year in the East Indies, of which three millions are brought to England, and the greater part of the remainder is sent to China. Not content with this as a condiment, the natives of eastern countries chew the leaves of the *piper betel*, or betel pepper, and of one or two other species, mixed with catechu and lime, as a stimulant to the sluggish powers of the stomach, a practice which turns the teeth quite black, and gives them a very unwholesome appearance. In fact, betel is as much chewed in the east as tobacco in the west; and it is considered very unpolite and disrespectful for any one to address a superior without a plug of betel in his mouth.

Some years ago, the duty on pepper was 2s. 6d. per lb., it is now 6d. only, and it is considered that a still further reduction might be made without loss to the revenue; the total amount received as duty in 1850 was more than £85,000.

In common with almost every other article sold in shops, pepper is greatly adulterated; the experiment has been tried of purchasing pepper at twenty different places, when not more than eight—less than half—were found to be genuine. The adulterating substances are bruised meal, or ground oil-cake, husks of mustard-seed, and wheat and pea-flour, besides the dust of pepper husks and sweepings of spice warehouses. Formerly cheating peppercorns were made of clay, oil-cake, and a small quantity of cayenne, a fraud no longer profitable now that the duty is diminished. It is not easy to tell true from false pepper without the aid of a microscope; but on mixing black pepper with water, there will be seen "little particles of three different kinds, intermixed with a fine powdery substance; some of these are black, others reddish, and the last white." The black are portions of the outer husk, the red are those of the inner skin, and the white

are the powder of the seed itself. In a recent case in London, it was shown, as usual, that the pepper most praised by the seller was the most adulterated. Some fraudulent dealers have been prosecuted by the government, and we must hope that if they will not become honest for conscience' sake, they will from fear.

What is called cayenne pepper is not pepper at all; it is a species of capsicum which grows abundantly in the Island of Cayenne, and being dried when ripe is ground into powder. When green it is often pickled and sold as *chillies*. There are several varieties of capsicum, which, though natives of warm climates, grow and ripen in England. If gathered in September or October, and slightly dried, they may then be pounded in a mortar, about one-fourth of their weight of salt being mixed with them to prevent the dust flying into the eyes. It is said that "this is the only way to have genuine cayenne, and that the English has a finer flavour than the foreign, though not half the heat."

Mustard plants, of which there are forty or fifty species, grow mostly in temperate countries of the northern hemisphere; those most known and cultivated are the *Sinapis alba*, or white mustard, and the *Sinapis nigra*, or black mustard. The former is a native of Britain, the latter grows wild by the road-sides, and along the hedgerows and ditches all over Europe. The white is chiefly eaten as salad; the seeds of the black when ground, form what we call mustard, a name derived from *mustum ardens*, or *hot must*, the must or sediment of wine which was once used to mix with the mustard-flour. Cultivators of mustard say, that it should be sown moderately thick, either broadcast or in drills, six or twelve inches apart, and then be harrowed or raked in. When two or three inches high, the young plants are to be thinned, if necessary, and weeded. They soon run to stalk, and ripen their seed in July, August, or September, according to circumstances, and when cut are tied in sheaves, and let to stand for three or four days, but must be guarded from rain, as damp does great injury to the crop. Black mustard is very exhausting to the soil, and when once sown is difficult to get rid of, as the roots go deep, and spread themselves in all

directions. The seeds will grow after having been buried deep in the ground for a hundred years.

Both black and white mustard are annuals; the flowers and seeds of the black are smaller than those of the white. It is usual to sow white mustard for salad in February and March, in warm borders, and in shady places later in the season, in shallow drills a few inches apart, with not more than a quarter-inch of earth to cover the seeds. It can also be grown under a hand-glass, or in a room near the fire in winter. When Captain Parry wintered in the Arctic regions, he grew mustard in his cabin for the benefit of several of his crew who were afflicted with scurvy.

Mustard is reduced to powder by crushing between two rollers, and pounding in mortars, after which it is sifted; the coarse particles left are called dressings, and a second sifting yields pure flour of mustard. A bright yellow mustard is that generally preferred for use, but at Durham the husk is not separated from the flour; the colour of Durham mustard is consequently darker than that prepared elsewhere, and the flavour is much more pungent. Mustard is largely cultivated in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, as well as in Durham.

Black mustard has been known and cultivated for many ages; one kind found in Palestine grows as high as horses' heads, or to the height of 9 or 10 feet, so that small birds might easily settle on the plants, and larger ones lodge beneath it, as the quails under corn.

Black mustard contains numerous chemical properties, and gives out a volatile oil on being mixed with water. The cake left, after the seeds have been squeezed for their oil, will dissolve in water; it then becomes a powerful and quick vesicant or irritant, quicker than an ordinary mustard poultice; the action may be stopped at any moment by washing the part with sulphuric ether. The powder is said to be quite as strong after the oil has been pressed out as before, and may therefore still be used as a condiment. The oil is light-coloured and mild, and does not freeze, except at a temperature below zero; that is at something more than 32 degrees below the freezing point. Sometimes vinegar is used for the mixing of

mustard poultices, but water at a temperature of 100 degrees is found to be preferable. A simple and cheap emetic may at any time be made by stirring one or two tea-spoonfuls of mustard into a tumbler of warm water. Mustard-whey is sometimes given in dropsy.

Mustard-cake being too hot for cattle, is generally used as manure. At one time the seeds of white mustard in doses of a table-spoonful were recommended for rheumatic complaints; but they could not be taken without risk, as they are apt to lodge in the bowels, as is sometimes the case with magnesia. Some persons always mix their mustard for table with rich new milk to improve the colour; it will not, however, keep long when prepared in this way.

Cheating mustard is adulterated with

wheat-flour, mixed with turmeric, flavoured with pod-pepper, and not unfrequently with Indian meal. It is worth taking a little pains to find out where genuine mustard can be bought, as it is highly useful in many cases; like pepper it assists the digestion of fatty and gummy substances; but as before stated, hot spicy condiments should be taken in moderation—"they may afford temporary benefit at the expense of permanent mischief. It has been well said that the best quality of spices is to stimulate the appetite, and their worst to destroy, by insensible degrees, the tone of the stomach. The intrinsic goodness of meats should always be suspected, when they require spicy seasoning to compensate for their natural want of sapidity."

THE BRIAN FAMILY ;

OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING-MAN.

PART THE FOURTH.—"CHILDREN'S MARKS."

THINGS sometimes happen accidentally, as pat as we could desire; and so it was when Reuben Spencer next called upon us, for father, and I, and Madge, were talking to Nurse Edwards, who had turned in for a gossip. 'Now,' said I, 'Madge, if Mr. Spencer should happen to call, it will be your time to pull him over the coals about the marks on children, for our young folks are out of the way, and you have got nurse to help you.'

'I wish he would call,' said Madge, rather boastingly, 'but no such luck.' Hardly were the words out of her mouth, when Reuben gave a rap at the door. I couldn't help rubbing my hands together when he came in; for, thinks I, 'now we shall have a fair stand-up fight, any how.' To make the matter short, to it they went in fine style, Madge striking the first blow. Sitting himself down on a chair, Reuben Spencer then spoke thus:—

'The world will never think alike on all things, but we should be always ready to hear the opinion of others, and to render a reason for our own. I believe the popular opinion is, that children often bear the marks of what their mothers longed for, or were frightened at, before the children were born.'

'Yes, and that I'm sure of,' says Madge.

'And so am I,' chimed in Nurse Edwards, 'and all the world couldn't convince me to the contrary.'

'Well, let us reason the subject over quietly,' said Reuben. 'Perhaps in nine instances out of ten of the wonderful tales which are told of this kind, the causes of the marks are assigned after, and not before the birth of the children, when nothing can be easier than to make up a story that will suit the case. I have never yet met with a single instance that would stand the test of a careful and searching inquiry. Understand me right, I do not deny that extreme fear, or extreme desire may have a general, or a particular effect on both mother and child, because we have reason to believe that fear has sometimes taken away life, but what I contend for is this, that the thing desired, or feared, does not and cannot *leave its resemblance* on an unborn child.'

Madge would have it that it did, and Nurse Edwards was ready, at an hour's notice, to bring forward half a dozen children to prove it.

'If,' continued Reuben, 'the doctrine be true, there must be hundreds, nay,

thousands of instances of the kind around us, for every nurse, and almost every mother, believes it, and can relate cases that she has seen or heard of. Now, if any man were to tell me, that in country places hundreds of peacocks were flying about the fields, and he, when I went to see them, were to point to a flock of crows, telling me that they were the peacocks of which he had spoken, I should have just reason to smile at him for his folly. Now my opinion is, that the marks on children are not a whit more like the things which are said to have produced them, than crows are like peacocks.'

Nurse Edwards seemed to be getting desperate fidgetty, and looked as if she should vastly like to have a claw at him. I was sadly afraid, too, that Madge would break loose. Thinks I to myself, 'the fat will be in the fire by and by that's certain,' but though Madge did get a little rosy, she behaved herself better than I expected.

Nurse Edwards being quite unable to keep her tongue between her teeth, told us of a rich lady who, in consequence of a fright, her mother received from an old sow, was born with a face like a pig. As a proof, she said, that it was true, the lady had a silver trough made to eat out of.

'Now, Mr. Spencer,' said my Madge, beginning to crow, 'What do you make of that?'

'I make this of it,' said Reuben, 'that I have one or two reasons for not believing it. In the first place, my grandmother told me the same tale, between thirty and forty years ago; and in the second place, that silver trough which is brought in so nicely, on purpose to make people believe it, will make most thinking people doubt it, for if a rich lady had a face like a pig, she would be much more likely to hide it, than to show it off by eating out of a silver trough. Why should she not use her hands, and a knife and fork like other people? or does it follow because she has a face like a pig that she must turn pig in reality, and eat wash and grains?'

Here Nurse Edwards looked daggers. I felt half-inclined to cry out, 'Reuben for ever!' and I should have done it, if I hadn't been sorry for poor Madge, but she seemed so much taken a-back, that I couldn't find in my heart to be so cruel.'

'But now,' said Reuben Spencer, 'give me a fair hearing, for I feel satisfied in my own mind that I shall be able to shake the faith of any thinking person present, who believes in the popular error I am combating.'

'If it be true that the object feared or desired in any case impresses its visible resemblance on a child, that resemblance must consist in one of three things, *size*, *colour*, or *form*: let us try each of them. If a mother be frightened at a mouse, or have a strong desire for a bunch of grapes, there is room enough, certainly, on the child for the resemblance in size to be impressed. But suppose, and this case is quite as likely to occur as the other, that the fright is occasioned by a man in an ugly mask, or a runaway horse, or a bull, or an elephant, at a wild beast show. Or suppose the thing desired is a large china jar, a sofa, a chest of drawers, or a house. Here we see that any resemblance in *size* is altogether impossible. As large things, then, are more likely to occasion fright than small things, and as things desirable are large as well as small, so the fallacy of the popular belief as *size* is concerned, is made apparent. As I said before, it is altogether impossible.'

Nurse Edwards, judging by her looks, appeared to be ready to maintain to the death, that a great bull might be impressed in full size on a little child, rather than give the matter up, but as my Madge didn't support her so stiffly as she expected, she remained silent. Reuben had now won one of his three points.

'We will now try *colour*,' said he. 'It is rather a suspicious circumstance that the marks on children usually assume much the same colour. They usually resemble a stain. This might agree very well with the popular opinion, if mothers never desired anything else than port wine, raspberries, and currant-jam; but as they no doubt, now and then, long as ardently for pine apples, melons, diamonds, gold watches, purses of money, and shot silk gowns—and as they are not unfrequently frightened by speckled snakes, brindled bull-dogs, and flashes of lightning, so I have a right to ask why the resemblance of these things on children is never seen? Surely if it be so common for children to be marked by fear and desire, among all the cases that occur,

a few can be found bearing the resemblance of these things; if not, to make the very best of it, it is a very suspicious circumstance. Until, then, a child is produced bearing a mark resembling in its proper colours, either a pine apple, a melon, a diamond, a gold watch, a purse of money, a shot silk gown, a speckled snake, a brindled bull-dog, or a flash of lightning, I feel bound to maintain that the belief respecting the marks found on children is as great a delusion with regard to *colour*, as it is with regard to *size*."

It was clear enough that both Madge and Nurse had received a damper, and what made the matter worse was, that Reuben Spencer asked Nurse, though she might have met with a score children marked with a stain of the colour of port wine, if in all her experience, she had ever met with a single instance of a child being marked with the likeness, in the proper colour, of a shot silk gown, or a brindled bull-dog?

Nurse Edwards said rather sharply, that if she had not, she had met with things quite as strange; but as this was no answer to the question, it was clear enough that Reuben had won his second point. I could have clapped him on the back if I durst.

Reuben now came to his third point, which he disposed of in the following manner. I wish our pictures could have been taken as we sat together, father looking as steady as Old Time, Reuben Spencer full of self-possession and confidence, I chuckling inwardly at his success, Nurse Edwards irritated, and poor Madge, bless her heart of her, puzzled, and cast down, and nipped like a kidney-bean by the frost.

'If,' said Reuben, 'these marks on children are defective with regard to size and colour, they are at least equally so, in respect to *form*. There are plenty of blotches and red moles, which are called strawberries, but not a single instance of a form so well defined that different people would agree as to what it is like, still less to what has occasioned it. If there were the least truth in this delusive doctrine, we should see on children the resemblance of human beings, beasts, birds, and creeping things. We should have roast ducks by dozens, and spiders by scores; and we should see, at least now and then, the

figure of a bull on the back of a child, a lobster salad on his bosom, or a sovereign, with St. George and the Dragon, on his knee-pan. It is because none of these forms are to be found, that I venture to doubt, and, indeed, to deny, that the desire for, or fear of anything ever yet produced on an unborn child a resemblance of the thing that called up these emotions.

Here father, who had up to this time sat as mum as a mouse, put in a word. 'Give me leave, Mr. Spencer,' said he, 'to read a verse or two in God's holy word that seems to bear upon the point, for though we shall do well to set our faces against delusions and superstitious notions, every point that is argued, should be argued fairly.' Saying this, he pulled out his pocket Bible, and read as follows. — "And Jacob took him rods of green poplar, and of the hazel and chestnut tree, and pilled white strakes in them, and made the white appear which was in the rods. And he set the rods which he had pilled before the flocks in the gutters in the watering troughs, when the flocks came to drink, that they should conceive when they came to drink. And the flocks conceived before the rods, and brought forth cattling-streaked, speckled and spotted."

'Now,' said father, 'if the pilled rods in this instance produced such effects, Mr. Spencer, may not other causes produce effects like them?'

Thinks I to myself this is a knock-down argument, and how Reuben Spencer will meet it, I can't tell. Madge and Nurse Edwards plucked up their spirits a little, and began, as I thought to calculate on a victory, but they didn't know who they had to deal with. Without at all being put out by what father had said, Reuben Spencer thus replied in a very respectful way.

'Your argument, Mr. Brian, at first sight appears a very fair one, but if you will consider a moment, you will agree with me that your Scripture quotation is not a case in point, for Jacob's sheep neither *longed for* the pilled rods, nor *feared them*. I will, however, for a moment give you the advantage of supposing that any strong emotion may produce the same effects as desire or fear. How will the case stand then? You will not conclude, I am sure, that because an un-

common occurrence took place thousands of years ago, it is therefore commonly occurring in our day. Aaron's rod when thrown on the ground by him became a serpent; and when Moses struck the rock at Horeb water gushed out, but though these things are recorded in Holy Writ, that is no proof that they are continually taking place amongst us now. When Daniel was cast into the lion's den, the lions did not hurt him, but that is no evidence that any man can go uninjured into a lion's den. These were especial dealings of God with his servants on especial occasions, but as they do not warrant us in supposing that such things are occurring now, neither can the fact of the sheep of Jacob being streaked, speckled and spotted, justify us in believing the fiction that children, at the present day, have particular marks put upon them by desire, or fear, before they are born.'

My father frankly acknowledged that Reuben was right in his judgment, and Nurse Edwards and poor Madge appeared driven to extremity.

'It is high time,' said Reuben Spencer, 'that this idle fallacy should be done away. That many children are born with marks on them—some from injury, and some from other causes—is a certainty; but that these marks are the resemblance of any outward object which has produced them, is all a delusion. The story of the lady with the pig's face, must be ranked among the "*I have heard it said so*" tales, of which there are hundreds abroad in the world. If, however, Nurse Edwards thinks otherwise, and will bring me a child with a pig's face, I will engage to find a silver trough for it.'

This jest was far from being enjoyed by Nurse Edwards, and Madge was as mute as if her lips had been glued together. 'To show that I am in earnest,' said Reuben, 'I hereby bid five shillings reward for every child that can be produced with a natural mark upon it, not of the odd things I have mentioned, but of the likeness of any person or thing that the world contains, provided half-a-dozen, ay, or three creditable people shall agree in opinion respecting it, before they are told of the supposed cause that has occasioned it.'

At this Nurse Edwards was up in a

moment, and began to put on her bonnet and shawl, my Madge rendering her all the assistance in her power. Thinks I to myself, 'we shall have two or three young urchins here, marked with port wine, before the clock strikes,' and so I jokingly told Mr. Spencer to get his money ready.

Nurse Edwards was soon back again, bringing with her a bantling which had a purple mark on its cheek, of rather a diamond shape, but not so pointed, about two inches long, and as much broad, and was about to give the whole history of it, but Reuben stopped her, saying, that the fairest way would be for me, my father, and himself to write down on paper what we thought the mark most resembled, and then, after Nurse had given her account of it, to read what we had written. This was done, and the papers turned down on the table. Nurse then gave us a lengthy account, how the mother of the child, before it was born, had a great desire for a fried sole, which she could not get; and both she and Madge maintained that the mark on the child was the very picture of a sole lying in a fishmonger's shop. 'Now, Mr. Spencer,' said Madge, 'please to hand over your five shillings.'

'That I will cheerfully,' said Reuben, 'if our papers all agree that the mark resembles a sole. Let me, however, before we examine the papers, just ask why it is, if the mother of the child desired a *fried* sole, that the mark is the very picture of a *raw* sole in a fishmonger's shop?'

This was a puzzler, but Nurse said rather fiercely, that if it was like a sole that was enough.

'But,' said Reuben, 'a small sole is at least a span long, and this is but two inches.'

'That does not matter,' said Madge.

'Then again,' said Reuben, 'the mark is purple. Did you ever hear of a purple sole?'

'Never mind the colour of it,' said Nurse angrily, 'it is like a sole.'

'Where is the head?' asked Reuben.

'It has no head,' said Madge.

'Where is the tail, the fins, and the scales?'

'You can't say that it's not like a sole,' persevered Nurse Edwards.

‘Well,’ replied Reuben, rather provokingly, ‘if it be like a sole, it must resemble a purple sole, two inches long, without head, tail, fins, and scales. Now let us examine our papers.’

The papers were then turned up, when

it appeared, to the disappointment of Madge, and the utter confusion of Nurse Edwards, that Reuben had likened it to an escutcheon, father to a patch for a bed-quilt, and I to a pair of bellows without a nozzle.

GOOD SOCIETY.

THIS common phrase is generally used in relation to some imaginary standard by which the respectability of individuals is measured. It is used by those who move in the highest ranks of fashionable life, in that large and important class which comprehends the members of the liberal professions, and the minor aristocracy of the land, and (passing through all the intermediate grades) even by the characters of ‘High life below stairs.’ The servants of ‘My Lord Duke,’ and ‘Sir Harry,’ have notions of ‘good society,’ among themselves. ‘Mrs. Kitty,’ the housekeeper, and the maids of ‘Lady Bab,’ and ‘Lady Charlotte,’ make distinctions between the servants who wait on the high nobility and those who serve lords and ladies of inferior ranks, and commoners ‘of low degree;’ and the gentleman’s ‘own man,’ and the butler, who wear plain clothes, do not consider the coachman or footman who are decked in livery—‘the gilded badge of their servility,’ as ‘good society’ in the servants’ hall.

Among shopkeepers, tradesmen, and mechanics too, there are conventional notions of genteel and vulgar society, not founded on moral or intellectual qualities, but on the fancied degrees of respectability belonging to their several callings. The wholesale dealer in tobacco, sugar, or pig-iron, does not think the retailer of the same articles ‘good society’ for him. A shopkeeper in one branch of business considers that he moves ‘in a higher sphere’ than his neighbour who is engaged in some other trade.

Now, though such distinctions in humble life appear ridiculous to persons in the upper walks of life, the same motive which causes the desire of mounting a step or two higher than one’s natural level, is influential among all the classes of society in which it is possible to have gradations of rank.

The desire for good society in its proper sense is laudable, the wish to be ranked with persons of high, moral, or intellectual attainments, tends to elevate the individual character, and to raise the general tone of society. This desire stimulates to honourable exertion, and produces the feeling of self-respect, without which man is a contemptible creature.

But the longing after what is in the popular sense understood as ‘good society,’ is frequently a very despicable passion. It is mere vanity—a restless anxiety to be noticed by persons who have distinctions of titles, or property, or fashion, or station of some sort above our own—and to get into such society, or maintain a place in it, in numerous instances causes men and women to violate the sacred ties of blood-relationship, to forget old kindnesses, to sever early and once dear connexions, and wound the sensibilities of old friends, if the changes and chances of life deprive these of the houses, and tables, and equipages which belong to the ‘good society,’ and the ‘station’ on which the heartless pursuers of the vanities of life pride themselves.

What is good society, correctly so called? Is it of such confined limits as to exclude people generally? I think not. The following is a just definition of it:—“Society, every society is good that is composed of men and women of good character, good manners, and good education; and there are many millions of such men and women.”* There are degrees of rank, and fools only will be dissatisfied with their own proper places, or be ashamed of the society of the good in their own station. No one person will ever fret at not gaining admittance into a clique of any grade which calls itself good society, merely because its members

* Blackwood’s Magazine.

may be higher than himself in rank, wealth, or power.

Every one, however, should endeavour to acquire those attainments and manners which will qualify him or her for the intimate society of those who by station may be supposed to hold a higher place, if Providence should open for them the avenue to it.

And the *young* of both sexes, more especially, whose dispositions are comparatively pliable, and whose habits, sentiments, and manners may be formed to the nicest forms of good society, should undoubtedly aim at resemblance to the best models, but without affectation or contempt, or avoidance of the estimable—though these may not be, in very good society, in the worldly sense of the term.

Every one who professes self-respect should shun what is low society, properly so called ; that is, a society composed of persons of vulgar minds, irreligious deportment, and low pursuits.

Individuals who might from birth or profession, properly belong to good society, frequently from low tastes and a contemptible desire to be at the head of their company, feel themselves more at ease in the presence of their inferiors as to station and knowledge of the conventional usages of society, than when associating with their equals as to rank.

Any one who can enjoy social familiarity with those from whose companionship nothing good or improving can be derived, is certainly unfit for good society.

M. D.

SCRAPS FROM AN OBSERVER'S NOTE-BOOK.

MUCH discontentment would be removed by remembering that "Riches consist not so much in the abundance of possessions, as in the limitation of desires."

When we do wrong, we are generally ready to throw the blame on any thing or any body rather than on ourselves.

Whenever we hear of any atrocious crime having been perpetrated, it is but a voice bidding us "Take heed lest we fall."

When I was a child, I used to amuse myself with looking at objects through coloured glass. I fear that since then I have frequently viewed other people's actions and characters through the variously coloured glass of prejudice.

The conversation of an intelligent person may be likened unto sand from the bed of the river Rhine—wash it, and it is found to contain gold.

The best of characters too frequently repulse a faithful admonisher with a

frown, and bestow their favours upon some deceitful flatterer.

Visitors to London cannot fail to notice the beautiful gin-palaces. Should curiosity prompt them to enter any of those dens of vice, they will find that "they are like whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of all uncleanness."

A miser will not suffer his soul to fly to heaven, but binds it to the earth with the strong cord of the love of money.

A good character is invaluable; and Christianity is the only sure foundation upon which it can rest.

Scandal is a bane, which destroys the happiness of millions.

Happiness is what we all seek ; and the only true guide-book to it is the Bible.

A *well*-formed character is more likely to be stable than a *reformed*.

D. M.

CHEER UP!

Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear,
Providence ever benignant and kind
Gives with a smile what it takes with a tear.

All will be right!

Look to the light!

Morning is ever the daughter of night,
All that is black, will be all that is bright.
Cheerily, cheerily then, cheer up!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow a blessing most true—
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious and joys ever new ;

Stand in the van,

Strive like a man,

Trusting in God while you do what you can
This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Cheerily, cheerily then, cheer up!

WINTER EVENING'S AMUSEMENTS.

WHAT IS IT ?

THAT which I am now about to describe to my readers, will appear a very extraordinary thing, especially when I begin by informing them that it is made alternately, of gold and silver, wood and iron, *soap and sand*! Notwithstanding this, it is seen daily in some form or other, in every dwelling in the land, and no one is unacquainted with it! There is a melancholy page in history which speaks of one made of flesh, and blood, and bone, but as this happily is quite an exception, I will not dwell upon it.

This curious thing is sometimes a room, sometimes part of a one—often a mere space, sometimes a gate, and often altogether a fiction, a mere abstract thing of the imagination.

It is at once both a bane and antidote. The terror of the guilty, and the resort of the

innocent, and whilst it often confers a stigma upon a man, yet there are many men of family and fortune who are not ashamed to be named after it, and who have studied to attain it.

Another peculiarity of this thing is, that it is much feared by navigators and the stoutest admiral trembles on approaching it. Again—*five* placed together have proved an impediment to a troop of horsemen, though they have generally come off conquerors. Although not naturally musical, it is present at every concert, and no piece of music can be performed without it. To conclude,—it has a place in our House of Lords and Commons. It is found in every court, and in *palaces*, and also in pig-sties; and yet it is ever near you,—at your family fire-side!

REDEEMING FORFEITS.

THE numerous games of forfeits with which Christmas merrymakings are enlivened, are sometimes apt to flag before the forfeits are all cried; there is often difficulty in finding sufficient variety in the modes of redeeming the forfeits; the same things have to be done over again until all their funniness evaporates. We have met with the following collection of amusing things to be said, done, or submitted to, which we think will in some measure remove the difficulty:—

It will have been observed that the apparent purpose of most of the preceding games is to obtain forfeits from the company; and the redemption of these forfeits, or 'selling pawns,' as it is called, is as amusing a game as any of them. Sometimes the pawn merchant sits in a chair with his or her eyes blindfolded, while another holds up one of the forfeits, and the former mentions at what price it may be redeemed; but more commonly mamma, or the governess, or perhaps the little old maid, is coaxed into taking charge of the pawns; and one of the company kneels, or sits on a low stool at her feet, and places her head in her lap, with her face downwards, so as to answer the purpose of blindfolding. Supposing it to be done in this way, which I like the best, perhaps because I am most accustomed to it, the person who sits holds the pawn or forfeit over the head of the kneeler, and says, 'Here is a pretty thing, and a very pretty thing; what shall the owner do of this very pretty thing?' The seller asks, 'Is it fine, or superfine?' If it belongs to a girl, the reply is that it is superfine; if to a boy, that it is fine? and the punishment is awarded accordingly, giving of course the milder task to the

fair sex. If the forfeit belongs to himself, the pawn merchant very disinterestedly leaves his place, and some one else conducts the sale. The following are some of the most approved methods of regaining a forfeit:—

1. Perform the laughing gamut rapidly without mistake—

ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha

2. Say five flattering things to the person sitting next you without using the letter *L*.

3. Compliment and banter every one in the room.

4. Stand in the middle of the room with a lamp in your hand, and first make a very woful face, and then a very merry one.

5. Stand with your face to the wall, while some one stands behind you making silent signs indicative of a kiss, a pinch, or a box on the ear. You then choose, without knowing the rotation of the signs, whether you will have the 'first,' 'second,' or 'third,' and abide by the result.

6. Recite a piece of poetry, of a humorous character if possible.

7. Laugh in one corner of the room, cry in a second, yawn in a third, and sing in a fourth.

8. Kneel to the prettiest person in the room, bow to the one you consider the wittiest, and kiss the one you love best.

9. Propose a conundrum, or repeat a stanza of poetry.

10. Sing a song, or, if unable, tell a short story.

11. Kiss yourself in a looking-glass.

12. Kiss a box or bag inside and out without opening it. This may be done by first kissing it *in* the room, and afterwards taking it *out* of the room and kissing it there also.

13. Walk round the room, and kiss your shadow in each corner of it. Sometimes it is added, that if you cannot refrain from laughing, you must pay another forfeit.

14. Keep a serious countenance for five minutes, without either laughing or frowning, whatever your companions may say or do to disturb your equanimity.

15. Imitate, without a laugh or smile, any animal your companions may name.

16. Repeat whatever your companions tell you, however difficult; if you make a mistake, you must pay another forfeit.

17. Compose two lines in rhyme.

18. Your companions give you a line of poetry, and you must repeat another to rhyme with it, or pay a forfeit.

19. Guess a riddle or conundrum, or pay another forfeit.

20. Relate an anecdote.

21. Count twenty backwards.

22. Ask a question of any of the party which cannot be answered otherwise than by 'yes.' The question is, 'What does y-e-s spell?'

23. Mention the name of some remarkable person, and repeat an anecdote of him. A forfeit if you fail.

24. Repeat a proverb.

25. Spell Constantinople syllable by syllable. When you have spelt Con-stan-ti-, all the party will immediately cry out, 'No, no!' and if you do not know the trick, you will stop in great surprise, wondering how you have made a mistake, and will begin over again. But do not be alarmed; spell their 'no,' saying politely 'Thank you,' and finish the word.

26. Stand upon a chair, and perform whatever grimaces or motions you are bidden without laughing.

27. Hop on one foot from once to four times round the room as you are bidden.

28. Dance a solo, such as a minuet or hornpipe.

29. Rub one hand on your forehead, and at the same time strike the other on your breast; if you change or leave the motion of either until you leave off altogether, you are liable to another forfeit.

30. Bite an inch off the poker! This is done by holding the poker to your mouth, and biting the air at the distance of an inch from it.

31. Make a good cat's cradle.

32. Repeat these four lines rapidly without a pause or mistake:—

"As I went in the garden, I saw five brave maids

Sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids.

I said to these five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds,

Braiding broad braids, 'Braid broad braids, brave maids.'"

33. Put yourself through the keyhole. This is performed by writing the word 'yourself'

on a slip of paper, rolling it up, and pushing it through the keyhole.

34. Allow yourself to be fed with water till you guess who is feeding you. To perform this, you are blindfolded; a glass of water and a teaspoon being provided, your companions then each pour a spoonful into your mouth by turns, until you guess who is doing it. It is to be hoped you are a good guesser.

35. Perform a statue. To do this, you stand on a chair, and your companions all give you a new position added to the last, until they have exhausted their ingenuity. The first will perhaps put one of your arms a-kimbo; some one else will place the other over your head; the next performer will point your toe; the next will bend a finger; another will loop your tresses (if you have any) over your fingers; another will open your mouth; the next will command you to shut one eye; another to hold your head back. And now, being fully engaged with these different attitudes, I will leave you to descend and require your forfeit, while I show you how to redeem another by performing

36. The 'Dutch Doll.' This is played by a boy, who, unobserved by the company, lies down on his face under a table, which should be covered with a large cloth, so as completely to conceal him excepting his feet, which are raised soles upwards. Two of his companions then dress the feet with clothes, so that they have the appearance of a large, ugly doll. When everything is prepared, the exhibition is opened, and the figure begins to act, the legs making comical movements, such as might be supposed to be performed by a galvanized doll.

37. Stand in a corner until some one asks you to come out. You must answer 'No,' to every question, and yet will leave the corner at last. Thus he will ask you, 'You like being in that corner, do you not?'

'No.'

'You would not object to remaining all night though?'

'No.'

'Then I may leave you there?'

'No,' &c.

'You will not object to my taking you out?'

'No.'

The last 'no' meaning an affirmative to his request, you are then led out.

38. After a sixpence has been stuck upon your forehead, take it off without touching it with your hands. This is a very good trick to play upon a person not acquainted with it. Some one showing him a sixpenny-piece, presses it hard against his forehead, previously wetted; and although the coin is instantly taken off and concealed, the impression remains, and the victim is haunted for a long time by an imaginary sixpence, which he supposes to be sticking to his forehead. He will then begin shaking his head, and rubbing it against different places, but all of course to no purpose; his companions in the meantime receiving with shouts of laughter his efforts to dislodge—nothing at all. He must not use his hands, or he pays another forfeit.

39. Two forfeits may be redeemed at once by those to whom they belong lamenting the death of the king of Bohemia. They go to opposite sides of the room, and walk slowly towards each other: one puts her handkerchief to her eyes, and says disconsolately, 'The king of Bohemia is dead!'

'Is it possible?' cries the other, bursting into tears; 'sad news indeed—sad news!'

Then repassing one another with their handkerchiefs to their eyes, they both cry, 'Alas—alas! let us cry for the king of Bohemia!' If either of them laugh during this lamentation, a forfeit is exacted for the impropriety.

40. Two more may be regained by their proprietors performing the 'Dumb Orator.'

41. Two boys may redeem their forfeits by performing the 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance and his Squire.' The knight takes a candle in his hand, and marches round the room, stopping before every girl; the squire kisses the hand of each girl, and afterwards wipes the knight's mouth with his handkerchief. Both during the operation must preserve grave, sad faces. If either laugh, he pays a forfeit.

42. A number of pawns or forfeits may be

redeemed at once by some merry girls performing 'Mrs. M'Tavish.' The first cries out to the others, 'Mrs. M'Tavish has fainted away!'

'Is it possible? How did she faint?'

'Just in this manner,' and the first lady throws herself fainting into a chair.

'Mrs. M'Tavish has fainted away!' cries another.

'You don't tell me so! How did she faint?'

'It was thus,' rejoins she, and falls down upon the carpet in a state of insensibility.

'Mrs. M'Tavish was nearly fainting!' cries a third.

'It is not possible! How was it?'

'So;' and the speaker throws into affected attitudes, fanning herself with her handkerchief, and calling for water in a faint voice. And so it goes round, until every one, after fainting away, or nearly doing so, recovers sufficiently to take back her forfeit.

43. When all the forfeits except two or three have been regained, these few may be redeemed all at once by the performance of the 'Cats' Concert.' To do this, the whole company sing at the same time, each song and air being different.—*Fire-Side Amusements.*

LOZENGE MANUFACTURE.

WE lately noticed the purchase of the handsome suburban grounds and residence of Col. Fulton, at Maxwelltown, Paisley, by Mr. Wotherspoon and subsequently, we have had an opportunity of inspecting one branch of the extensive line of manufacture which it is the intention of Mr. W. to set up on his new premises. We had previously imagined that half a dozen or perhaps a dozen of persons at the utmost, constantly employed, would have made lozenges sufficient for the nation. In this we have been sadly mistaken, however. Besides an extensive establishment in the east end of Glasgow, where the manufacture of various kinds of confectionery is carried on by steam-power, in Turner's Court, the Messrs. Wotherspoon have an establishment equal to a good-sized cotton factory, almost exclusively applied to the manufacture of lozenges. In the attic flat of the establishment some of the lighter descriptions of confectionery are made, at which a good number of men and young persons of both sexes are employed, with machinery to aid them. In the next flat, the lozenge manufacture is carried on as follows:—A number of men mix and bake the material, which, when brought to a proper consistency, is then handed to women, who roll it out to the proper thickness in large sheets, much on the principle that oat-cakes are baked up. When this process is finished, it is next passed to young girls, who cut out the confections into a great variety of shapes with remarkable speed

and exactness, while a little boy attends on each, to place their productions on drying boards, and to deposit them on shelves. After the lozenges remain in this state for a day or so to consolidate, they are next passed to stoves heated by steam, where about 48 hours longer is required to harden them completely, as they are disposed of in the market. From the stoves they are sent down to a third flat, where they are taken charge of by a fifth or sixth class of workers, packed up in hogsheads or boxes by them, and made ready for the warehouse in a fourth flat under, or for their destination otherwise, perhaps London, or some distant colony. In this process of baking, rolling, cutting, drying, and packing, there are from sixty to seventy persons employed in one set of the premises. The whole of them earn fully better wages than are to be made at textile manufactures, and in some departments they are highly paid. When the whole of these confectionery works, and other departments which the Messrs. Wotherspoon conduct, are set down in one place, they will employ several hundred people, it is presumed; and we believe that, to accommodate these, the buildings about to be erected at Maxwellton will cover at least an acre of ground. It is also important to remark that the lozenge trade, in particular, will be much extended when a patent machine, just invented by Messrs. Wotherspoon, is brought into operation in place of the hand process for cutting them out.—*Renfrewshire Reformer.*

AN OLD YULE RHYME.

YULE's come, and Yule's gane,
And we ha'e feasted weel;
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel.

VARIETIES.

THE TREE OF THE VALLEY.

The tree of the valley
 Waves gracefully round,
 Its green leaves in beauty
 Adorning the ground;
 But dark 'neath its verdure
 The broken bough grieves,
 And deep are its storm wounds,
 Though hid by the leaves.

'Tis thus with ourselves;
 To the world we appear
 All smiles, as unknowing
 A sigh or a tear.
 And little they think
 Whom the light bough beguiles,
 That hearts which are breaking,
 Hide sorrow 'neath smiles.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

IMPAIRED HEALTH IN PARENTS.—As connecte with this subject, I may mention that Sir James Clark has the merit of having drawn attention to the important fact, that a state of impaired health in the parent, *whether constitutional or acquired*, and particularly if caused by imperfect digestion and assimilation, is as productive of a tendency to scrofula and consumption in the children, as if it had descended by hereditary transmission. If parents in general were duly impressed with the truth and bearing of this fact, many of them might be induced, on account of their children, to take that rational care of their own health, which they seem to be incapable of doing for its own sake.—*Combe*.

"ONCE CAUGHT TWICE SHY."—Many years ago (says Mr. A. Smee) I caught a common mouse in a trap, and, instead of consigning it to the usual watery grave, or to the unmerciful claws of the cat, I determined to keep it a prisoner. After a short time the little mouse made its escape in a room attached to my father's residence in the Bank of England. I did not desire the presence of a wild mouse in this room, and therefore adopted means to secure him. The room was paved with stone, and enclosed with solid walls. There was no hope for him that he would ultimately escape, although there were abundant opportunities for hiding. I set the trap, and baited it with a savoury morsel, but day after day no mouse entered. The poor little thing gave unequivocal signs of extreme hunger, by gnawing the bladder from some of my chemical bottles. I gradually removed everything from the room that he possibly could eat, but still the old proverb of 'Once caught, twice shy,' so far applied, that he would not enter my trap. After many days, visiting the apartment one morning, the trap was down, the mouse was caught; the pangs of hunger were more intolerable

than the terrors of imprisonment. He did not, however, accept the unpleasant alternative of entering the trap until he was so nearly starved that his bones almost protruded through his skin; and he freely took bites of food from my fingers, through the wires of the cage.

THE LITERATURE OF THE GALLOWS.—The taste of the lower orders in 'last sorrowful lamentations,' 'life, trial, and confessions,' 'particulars of the execution,' 'condemned sermons,' 'death verses,' &c., is extraordinary. Mr. Mayhew, in his work on the London poor, states, that two millions and a-half of copies were sold relating to the murderer Rush; the same relating to the Mannings; and the cost of songs and broadsheets, &c. relating to these assassins amounted to £48,000! The spread of education, (of *religious* education) and the improved and humanising tendencies of the age will surely diminish, if not destroy, the taste for this degrading literature.

PENNY THEATRES.—'Penny theatres,' says Mr. Talbot, 'have been the ruin of thousands. Wherever a penny theatre exists it is not only an intolerable nuisance to the neighbourhood, but it is sure to draw all the children of the lower orders to witness the most obscene and immoral performances, and when once the habit of attending these places is fixed, it is sure to lead to prostitution and robbery, and all imaginable crimes.'

DRAPER'S ASSISTANTS.—Draper's Assistants, above all others, stand in need of a superlative stock of patience. There is a certain order of the fair sex with leisure on their hands, who, though they come to purchase, will buy nothing till they have seen everything, and who, rather than take the precise article they want, will walk out of the shop to enjoy a rummage elsewhere, if the salesman insist on recommending it before they have satisfied their curiosity. Perhaps they consider themselves entitled to overhaul the whole stock by virtue of the small outlay they intend to make: if this be their fancied privilege, they certainly enjoy it to the fullest extent, and reward the complaisance of the shopman by leaving him work for a good hour after the shop is closed.

The Corner.

THE aggregate amount of Christian duties may be reduced to these three things—*faith, obedience, and patience*: the vital principle which animates them all, submission. Faith is a submission to the oracles of God; obedience is a submission to the commanding will of God; patience is a submission to the chastisement of God.—*Dr. South*.